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### ODE TO LOVE.\*

CHILD OF EDEN !- born in light, Where Creation's wandering fires Jewelled first the brow of night, And the angels swept their lyres !-Scraphs then by thee impelled, Bent before the august throne, And in ecstasy beheld Thy bright effluence alone-Glowing-burning-flashing down, From Jehovah's awful crown!

CHILD OF PARADISE !- thy wings Glorious as the morning spread, When by Eden's glassy springs, Earth's first pair of mortals wed ;-Lions terrible in strength Courted man's approving look,-He before the serpent's length Not as now in terror shook, And the harps of angels played Notes unearthly in the shade.

COMFORTER OF EARTH !- we kneel, Drunk with pleasure, at thy shrine, And in boyhood's rapture feel Presence naught so sweet as thine. In the mother's eye of blue-In the virgin's blushing cheek, Where the bright soul sparkling through, Utters more than words can speak,-In the first long kiss we see Mirrored thy divinity.

Roll the battle's stormy drum !-Wave the banner !- peal the fife !-Hark! the fearful cry, "They come, Sword to sword and life for life !" See the patriot moved by thee, Bleeding falls upon the sod; Still he shouts " your watchwords be FREEDOM! NATIVE LAND and GOD!"-Hark the cannon's dying roll Victory utters to his soul!

MURDER scowls his haggard brow !-BLACK Revenge sits waiting by !-Now the knife is lifted-now Passion rolls her blood-shot eye!--Softly-sweet thy words implore, And thy smiles the brow have wreath'd; Passion's burning rage is o'er--MURDER's glittering knife is sheath'd,--For as brothers-friends embrace In thy rosy dwelling place.

\* Love is here to be taken in its universal sense as the spirit that pervades all creation.

Leaps the storm-king from his cloud-Bursts the whirlwind from his lair-And the giant wood is bowed In the tempest-troubled air !-Save him, Heaven ! the sheltering onk Quivers-crashes on the ground ;--Scatheless of the thunder stroke;-Tremblingly he looks around !-Thine, oh! Love, the sheltering power In Creation's darkest hour!

Gods from rugged marble start-Blossoms gem the withered tree-Glory is where'er thou art-Ruin when bereft of thee !-Ceased the ancient hymn of spheres-Suns became at noon-day dim-Mourning angels stood in tears-Even shook the throne of HIM-When thou for us glorified In the mortal, suffered-died.\*

MERCY'S SYMBOL !- at thy word (Where the Tempest rear'd his form, But his voice no longer heard,) Rainbows wreathed the dying storm ! Thunders in their darkest ire Lightnings in their wildest flash-Ætnas quench their deadliest fire-Stormy oceans cease to dash-When thy sunny brow appears Sparkling from the clouded spheres!

Essence Bright !—thy fingers sweep Nature's harp-strings, and her song From the torrent-rill and deep, Peals eternally long. Where no eye has seen but His Through the soundless sea of space, Worlds by thee impelled in bliss Roll with majesty and grace :-Yes! where cherubs fear to tread, Thou the dance of stars hast led!

GLORIOUS CHAIN! whose links unite Earth to God's eternal seat-Where the golden orbs of night Are but clay beneath its feet-Man-archangels-worlds adore thee-Mountains-rivers-forests-flowers Torrents-oceans, bow before thee-And the everlasting hours :-Earth's assembled thousands bending Round thine altar breathe the prayer-Hail the day when seraphs blending In the crimson clouds of air, Ope thy temple--yet untrod And unveil its monarch-God Louisville, Sept. 1, 1839. W. WALLACE.

\* Crucifixion.

† Deluge.

# SECLUSAVAL;

OR THE

SEQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG LAWYER IN THE GOLD COUNTRY.

When I wrote the former part of my story, I expected never again to hear of Judith Bensaddi. Her residence was in England-mine in the Apalachian mountains-among which, or at least within sight of their blue summits, I expected to spend my days. Whatever fortune might betide either of us, it seemed improbable that any intelligence of the one should ever reach the other. Heaven seemed to have ordained that our future experience should have nothing in common, except the sad remembrance of our disappointed love, which we might each in our far distant homes continue to cherish in secret, and I at least would cherish in loneliness and sorrow, to the last hour of life. But the way of man is not in himself. The power that rules our destiny had ordained that I should visit London, and there receive most affecting intelligence of Judith. What I heard-what followed to agitate and perplex me still more-and what the issue was-I shall now proceed to relate, after premising a brief recapitulation of my former story, in order to refresh the reader's memory.

I was studying law, when symptoms of consumption drove me from my native Rockbridge to spend a winter in South Carolina. In the spring I set out with renovated health, to return home by way of Charleston and the sea to Norfolk. In the stage I found Eli Bensaddi of London and his lovely sister Judith, going by the same route towards Boston. We travelled in company, mutually pleased to have met, and I somewhat more than pleased with the beautiful black-eyed sister.

On the first day of our voyage, poor Eli fell overboard and was lost. Judith, in her first paroxysm of grief, also fell into the sea, and was saved by my leaping into the water as she sank. I took charge of the lovely mourner, and was conducting her to a friend of hers in Boston, when my ankle was so sprained in Philadelphia, that we were detained ten days, until her cousin Von Caleb came from Boston to take her home.

Meantime, my love for this pure and amiable young lady grew so intense, that I declared myself and offered her marriage. She frankly confessed that our love was mutual; but, to my great surprise, informed me that she was a Jewess; and because I had not known and considered this fact, she would accept my offer of marriage, only upon the condition that after my return home, I should deliberately and freely ratify the engagement.

From her cousin Von Caleb, and a miserly Jew named Levi, I first learned that her father was a wealthy banker, and that an uncle had devised her an independent fortune of three thousand pounds a year.

Judith and I parted with deep sorrow. On my return, a fit of despondency came on me and presented my intended marriage with a Jewess in gloomy colors. After a severe and protracted struggle of opposite principles, I was able to decide in favor of the marriage through the influence of Judith's miniature, which she had given me. I wrote two letters; the one to go by the

miser Levi from New York, as had been arranged in Philadelphia; the other to go by the usual means of conveyance. The former was probably suppressed by the designing miser, who desired Judith to marry his son; the latter must have been accidentally lost by the way. I waited in vain for an answer till the next spring, when I prepared for a voyage to London that I might solve the mystery; but was deterred from going by the loss of Judith's portrait. This unfortunate accident threw me into another fit of mental gloom, and unfortunately put an end to all hope, and all exertion to secure the lovely prize of my heart. I rashly concluded that my innocent Judith was false.

The ensuing August I was surprised by the receipt of a letter from her, giving me the history of her disappointment and despair at my long silence—her struggle with hopeless love for me—her conversion to christianity through the persuasive eloquence of an amiable young gentleman, whom she had met with among the lakes in the north of England,—and her final consent to marry that gentleman, to whom she was indebted for her christian hope and consolation.

This letter filled me with grief, with self-reproach, and with unutterable despair. Such was the unhappy conclusion for the time, and as I then thought forever, of my love-adventure with the beautiful, the accomplished, and the pure-hearted Judith Bensaddi.

All that I could now do, was to love without hope, and to mourn without consolation for my lost bride, until time and some other engaging pursuit, should distil their mitigating balm into my deeply-wounded heart.

Now I would fain hear no more of my lost one; that I might ever think of her as my own lovely bride, snatched by some evil fate from my arms, between the betrothal and the nuptials. I abhorred the conception that she lived on this earth, as the happy or the unhappy wife of another man. Whenever I found the train of my thoughts leading towards this painful conception, I shuddered and broke off the train, saying with king Lear in the tragedy, "Ah, that way madness lies."

My only hope of relief from paralyzing melancholy, was to engage promptly and assiduously in the practice of my profession. My preparation was thorough and complete. Experience had now taught me the evil effects of indecision and melancholy. Dearly had I paid for the indulgence of these native tendencies of my mind. I was reduced to such a state that I must rally or perish. I summoned all my remaining energies to the rescue. I resolved to make the weak points of my character the objects of constant watchfulness, and of strenuous efforts at moral improvement. With the Divine blessing I succeeded in overcoming them, not wholly nor at once; (for vices of character are not cast off by a single effort;) but to such a degree from time to time, as to encourage persevering exertions, and to furnish a salutary example for the imitation of other young men.

My circumstances required a field of action more wide and promising than my native Rockbridge. I determined to try my fortune among the gathering population and stirring pursuits of the Carolinian gold country.

The day before I left the home of my youth, I took

a farewell ramble over the loved scenes of the vicinage. | Among other spots of peculiar interest, I visited the one by the river side, where I had so unfortunately dropped my Judith's miniature. I searched once more, if peradventure I might find the golden locket-case; for the portrait I presumed to have been blotted out forever by the envious water. To my joyful surprise, I found the elegant case lodged in a crevice of the rock above the level of the river, now shrunken by the drought of summer. Eagerly I pressed the spring-the lid flew up-and so did my heart, when I beheld the unsullied likeness of my Judith, whose lovely self appeared once more to look upon me. The picture had been preserved by a glass cover sealed hermetically to the raised edge of the case. I conceived I know not what vague hope from this unexpected discovery. Heretofore this picture had operated with talismanic power to revive my love, and to brighten my matrimonial prospects. But now, when Judith was spell-bound by solemn vows to another, what potency could there be in this or any other charm to disenchant my lost bride, and bring her again within the reach of my arms? I could not tell; but nevertheless, the recovery of the miniature diffused a new warmth, and an obscure glimmer of something like hope through my soul.

Again I hung the precious jewel in my bosom, and ceased not to wear it for years afterwards. A thousand times did I open the case, and feel anew the fascinating beauty of that countenance; as often did those dark eyes of love seem to give me an inspiring look of encouragement. But when I would close the case, and look around at the realities of my situation, all my sweet visions fled and left me to utter solitude of heart.

I reached the gold country in time to attend the fall terms of the courts. I was so fortunate as to obtain immediate employment, first in a criminal case and then in a civil one; and each time I happened to make such a creditable effort, that I sprang at once into reputation and a lucrative practice. Whatever portion of my first success might be attributed to good fortune, I strove with all my energies to sustain and to elevate the reputation so happily acquired. I labored night and day to extend my knowledge of the law, and to prepare myself thoroughly upon every case put into my hands. I knew full well, that with ordinary talents, such diligence would ensure success, and that no degree of natural talents could give me ultimate success without laborious application.

So lucrative was my practice, that within six months I found myself in possession of more than a thousand dollars of clear gain; and what was of more value, my heart was relieved from melancholy; my soul was prompt to resolve and vigorous to pursue the course resolved upon. Such were the happy effects of diligence in an honorable vocation.

Speculation in gold mines began to rage; but I felt no inclination to deviate from the safe road of my profession into the hazardous experiment of gold mining. I was too full of law to think of gold in any shape but that of fees. Avarice was not my passion—chicanery I disdained—but the fair rewards of professional ability I sought, and felt justified in seeking. Yet was I incidentally involved in the gross earthy process of digging for gold.

A poor man had employed my agency to recover a

meager tract of land, out of which he had been defrauded by a speculator. But success in his suit was likely to make him poorer than before—for the soil would not repay the labor of cultivation, and the failure of the speculator in some mining experiments upon it, made the tract unsaleable as gold land. At last my poor client came and besought me to give him eight hundred dollars for his eight hundred acres of barren hills and vales. More out of pity than the hope of gain, I paid the man his price, and sent him rejoicing with his family to the rich lands of the west. For this charitable purchase I was ridiculed by the knowing ones, and had to hear sundry unfavorable auguries respecting my prospects of future wealth.

However, I was not discouraged, but immediately employed an honest man, acquainted with the business, to search my barren freehold for the precious metal. In a few days I turned the laugh against the knowing ones, by the discovery of a rich deposit of gold, in a little valley which had not been scrutinized by the speculator. It was the most productive mine yet discovered in the country. Besides the fine grains usually met with, lumps of gold weighing often an ounce and sometimes a pound, were picked out of the gravel. My clear profits from this source amounted to about a thousand dollars a month.

Now my attention was drawn to the mineralogy of gold mines. I began to study the subject at intervals, by way of relaxation from the arduous labors of my profession. I examined the localities of the mines, noticed the character of the minerals among which the gold was found, observed the conformation of the hills and vallies, and marked how the layers of rock were disposed. In this new pursuit I derived an unforeseen advantage from my college studies. In the course of my education I had gone through the mathematical and physical sciences, more with the view of gaining the honors of scholarship, than with any hope of practical benefit in future life. How often do young men mistake their true interest, when they neglect, as unprofitable, any part of those studies which the wisdom of ages has prescribed as necessary to a good education! My knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology-imperfect as it was-enabled me to pursue the study of gold mines with facility and success. In less than a year I had acquired considerable skill as a gold-finder.

A gentleman of my acquaintance was involved in a law-suit about a valuable gold mine in Georgia. I accepted his offer of a liberal fee to manage the case for him, and consequently had to make a viait to the newly discovered gold region of Georgia. This was about six months after I had commenced the study of mines. I embraced the opportunity of improving my knowledge of the subject by examining the Georgia mines. The suit was not tried until the succeeding spring, when I went a second time to the same country, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict in favor of my client, and thereby an additional fee of one thousand dollars for myself. But this was only a small part of my good fortune in Georgia.

On my return homewards, wishing to see the hill country, I was skirting the Cherokee border by an unfrequented route, when my attention was arrested by indications of gold. A torrent filled by extraordi-

nary rains, had lately torn up the ground in a ravine, and exposed the rocks at the base of a mountain. After a diligent examination, although I discovered no mine, I was strongly persuaded that gold might be found about that locality. I went to the owner of the land in the open country below, and found him disposed to sell, but so disgusted with mining speculations, by reason of his ill success in digging on this very land, that he refused an offer of partnership. I bought the tract, and immediately hired men to dig for gold. In a few days a rich and extensive vein of gold was discovered on the mountain side, where I had observed the favorable indications. A professed mineralogist examined it, and certified to its great value. The agent of an English company immediately offered me fifty thousand dollars for my discovery. I refused to sell, until further exploration should more completely test the value of the property.

Thus by a lucky accident in the first instance, and by a fortunate exercise of scientific skill in the second, I found myself become a wealthy man, within twenty months after I had left my native land, a poor young lawyer, to seek my fortune in the gold country.

Had I been less fortunate in my speculations, I might have continued to pursue the hazardous game of mining. But my extraordinary success itself alarmed me-after two such brilliant prizes, I could not hope for another-I might rather expect to find myself, the next time, on the descending side of Fortune's wheel. I resolved to quit the pursuit at once, before the spirit of adventure should grow into a habit, and lead me, as it leads most of its slaves, to misfortune, debt, and imprisonment. For the better security against temptation, I resolved also to sell the mines which I had discovered, as soon as I could get a fair price for them. My prudent resolutions on this subject were aided by the influence of another scheme, more congenial with my natural temper than delving in gravel and quartz rocks after the miser's god. What this new attraction was, I shall proceed to unfold in the next chapter.

#### CHAPTER II.

### THE VALE OF SECLUSA.

During the first nine months of my residence in Carolina, I toiled incessantly at my profession, until my health was seriously injured. After the discovery of my Carolina gold mine, I diverted myself occasionally with mineralogical studies, but they were not sufficient to reinvigorate my overwrought system. When the summer heats became oppressive, I laid aside all my studies, that I might take a few weeks vacation in the mountains. Often had I looked with desire towards the great Blue Ridge of this country, whose magnificent summits cut their waving outline in the western sky. In Virginia this range of mountains is broken, to let the rivers pass through from the Alleghany to the sea; here it casts off the rivers from both its sides, and compels them to seek a passage from its impenetrable flanks by winding and tearing through other mountains of less stern and massive solidity.

To this sublime wilderness I directed my course, with the intention of exploring its deepest recesses and its most eminent summits. My good horse soon carried

me out of the realms of anxious gold-seekers to the forest wilds, where the herdsman and the hunter dwell in solitary huts, and breathe the free spirit of the mountains. About the sources of the Catawba, the Broad and the Saluda rivers, I found the most gashed, craggy, and savage region that I had ever seen. It was the very sort of country that I would have chosen to visit; consisting of ancient, steep, forest-covered mountains, rent, rugged, and grim with deep ravines, or dissevered by rich vallies of less horrid aspect-all watered with perennial streams, clear as crystal-here hidden beneath impenetrable thickets of evergreens; there leaping over precipices in splashing cascades, or gurgling through loose rocks in damp mossy ravines, or purling over gravelly beds in the rich low grounds of wider vales, and eddying here and there under crumbling banks and bare tree roots, in deep bluish trontpools.

With delight I threaded the vallies, crossed the ridges and mounted the tall peaks, catching every hour some new aspect of Nature's wild magnificence. Sometimes I lodged in dwellings of hewn logs in the wider vallies, where civilization had begun to make inroads upon the savage wilderness. At other times I partook of the hunter's fare in his smoky hut of round logs, in the deeper recesses of this rugged land. One while I wrought my solitary way along horse paths in dusky glens, or up and down the mountain sides; then again my journey was through pathless wilds, and to desolate summits, where the deer ranges and the wolf makes his den.

In the course of these laborious rambles, my attention was attracted by a remarkably high summit, on knob, a few miles south of the main Blue Ridge. The whole region about it was distinguished by the cragginess of its mountains, and the richness of its vales. I resolved to scale this conspicuous observatory. A pleasant valley led up to its base, where the valley contracted itself, and was parted into two deep, narrow ravines; the one on the left seemed to be impassable to my horse; so I took the one on the right, which led me up by the north-eastern side of the great knob, where it expanded into a beautiful vale, sufficiently large for a moderately-sized farm. Near the head of this lonely vale, I found a practicable way to the top of the mountain. The sides of this great eminence consisted in part of almost perpendicular precipices, supporting broad terraces of ground, so gently sloping that arable fields might be formed upon them. The top was capped by a flat rock, elevated upon high natural walls, that gave it the appearance of a vast, half-ruined castle.

The view was immense. On the side of the Blue Ridge, nothing was visible but huge mountain masses, with deep rents between them: but on the east and south, I could overlook the craggy-sided mountains of the vicinity, and see the pleasant hill country next beyond them; and over the hills again, I could discern at a great distance the lower champaign, stealing out of sight under the blue veil of the atmosphere.

After I had looked awhile over the distant regions, I cast down my eyes, and was smitten with admiration at the romantic beauties of a valley, that lay under the southern side of the mountain. It was enclosed on every side by mountains of great height and every diversity of form and aspect. The sides of these moun-

tains were deeply cut with wild narrow glens, one of which lay directly under my feet, beneath a perpendicular precipice a hundred fathoms deep. These glens all converged towards the centre of the valley; from their dark, shady recesses, streamlets flowed out, and uniting their cool pellucid waters, they formed a brook, which passed out of the valley by the deep contracted ravine that I had avoided as impassable.

The main valley was more than two miles long, and at the broadest part not less than a mile and a half in width: but the outline was so irregular, that its shape is nameless and indescribable. The surface was as irregular as the outline. Low-grounds nearly flat, dales of various width and curvature, hills of every shape, round-topped, flat-topped and ridgy; smooth or rockyall gave an infinite diversity to the surface. The valley looked like a terrestrial paradise. Nature luxuriated in all possible wildness, richness and variety; requiring only the hand of man to prune and dress its profusion, to make it outvie all the pastoral beauties of Arcadia in the golden age.

When I descended, I entered the valley by the uppermost and longest glen, which led its murmuring streamlet from the main Blue Ridge. I had no sooner plunged into its dusky solitude, than I lost sight of all the sunshiny world; the lofty tree-tops formed so dense a screen, that the few straggling sunbeams which penetrated to the moist ground, were not recognised as daylight, but looked like glow-worms or fallen stars amidst

the surrounding gloom.

Not a sound was heard for some time, but the soft purling of the brook among the mossy stones, or the occasional chirp of birds in the lofty boughs over head. After I had proceeded some distance towards the main valley, I heard the splashing of a waterfall. The sound appeared to rise from a deep cavern. I soon discovered that the brook fell into a chasm, a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and then flowed out between precipices of limestone into the main valley. There was a romantic wildness about this cascade, in some respects exceeding any thing that I had ever seen. The water fell into a deep shady pool, where I could discern scores of trout enjoying themselves.

When I got into the main valley, I followed a blind cow-path, which led me a winding way, by hill and dale; one while in the dusky shades of the forest, another while through native lawns and shrubbery, until I found myself at the base of a flat-topped hill that projected from the foot of the great knob, on the upper side of the deep glen, which I had seen under my feet from the mountain-top. This hill was about midway between the upper and lower extremities of the valley; and I knew from its position, that it would afford me the best general view of the landscape, that could be had from any point within the valley itself. I ascended its gently sloping side, and from its brow, had a near and delightful view of the dales and hills and glens and mountain sides. I gazed in a sort of ecstasy over the charming landscape. Never had a place so captivated my fancy. The scenery was so various and so richso wild, so sweet, so majestic; the place was so shut up from the bustling and contentious world, that it seemed to have been made for a hiding place from the storms of life; yet was it not so completely cut off from the haunts of men, as to wear the aspect of a pri- cured the good will of their master. When I first enter-

son; for on looking through the ravine that let out the waters, I caught a glimpse of the open country of hills and vallies at a distance.

"Here, (I exclaimed in a transport of admiration,) here is the place where in all the world a lover of nature, of retirement and of books, might find the most delightful retreat: and yonder is the loop-hole through which he might still look forth upon the outer world of insatiate passions and self-tormenting hearts. So sweet a nook shall not be nameless: I call it The Vale of Seclusa, or in one word, Seclusaval. This flat-topped hill which opens at once all the beauties of the landscape, but especially the romantic glens on every side, is the hill of Glenview; and you lofty mountain-head, which frowns so haughtily over this nearest glen, through which I look up at his sublime crags, is Craggyhead. I thank his grim majesty for giving me the first sight of this lovely Seclusaval, which, if Divine Providence grant the wish of my heart, I will purchase and improve, and make the retirement and the resting place of my future days. Oh! had it pleased God that she, the lost one of my heart, should enjoy with me the rural beauty and quietude of an abode so perfectly agreeable to her taste. The world might be searched in vain for a place where we could have spent our lives together so happily, as in this beautiful and romantic valley."

These last reflections saddened me; and thus I experienced that delight may be the immediate cause of sadness by suggesting some painful reminiscence. I looked again silently over the thousand beauties of Seclusaval; I drew from my bosom the portrait of my lost Judith; those eyes of love seemed again to beam into my soul; and then I sat down to weep, under an overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation, amidst the thousand beauties of Seclusaval. At length I closed the locket case and returned it into my bosom. The shadows of evening had covered the valley, and were following the sunlight up the pine-covered precipices of the mountain. I led my horse down the hill and directed my course to a solitary hut near the lower end of the valley. Here a hunter had pitched his habitation, and cleared a field in the rich low-grounds of the valley, and seemed practically at least to be "monarch of all he surveyed;" for it must have been a rare thing for any stranger to visit this secluded valley. I went nevertheless with confidence to seek a lodging in the "poor man's nest." On approaching I was met by three fierce mastiffs, that forbade my entrance without leave of the family "first had and obtained." The man came out, and, after calling off his dogs, invited me to enter. I stepped in, saluted the wife, and took my seat on a three-legged stool. After some introductory account of myself, I asked the favor of a night's lodging. It was granted, of course-but with more appearance of coldness and suspicion than is usual among mountaineers. It behooved me to make myself more decidedly welcome.

I had no sooner been seated in the character of a guest, than the dogs came in and smelt at me as if to try my quality. Finding the scent of the woods upon me, they wagged their tails; and when I patted their heads they gave me the friendly salutation of tongue and paw-licking my hand and leaping upon my breast; all of which I took very kindly, and thus se-

ed the house, I saw four or five children run and hide themselves under the bed, and then slily peep at me. When I had done with the dogs, I called a little fellow coaxingly, who had ventured to put his head out of the hiding place. But at first they all drew back, and seemed frightened at my invitation. Finally, however, I got the boldest one to venture near me. I patted his frizzly pate, and took the dirty urchin upon my knee: after which I soon had the whole swarm upon me. Thus I won the mother's heart. I assumed an easy familiar manner with the whole family, and took every thing as if I had been accustomed to such accommodations. Consequently I was soon treated, not as a guest merely, but as a friend. The good woman did her best to show me kindness. She prepared me an excellent treat of jonny-cake, venison, and onions. She could have treated me also with new milk; but she was not disposed to put me off with such homely fare. She burnt some coffee berries to cinder, tied them in a linen rag, pounded them on the hearth-stone with the axe, put the pulverized charcoal into water, and boiled the mixture in a skillet. She then poured the black bitter liquid into her queensware bowl with blue flowers pictured on it, and putting in a little milk and maple sugar, handed me the finished product of her kindness. The water was irretrievably spoiled by the process: but what of that? Should I not drink the well-meant gift? Certainly I should, and did, with the firmness of resolution and fixedness of muscle, which the occasion required. And let me say unto thee, gentle reader, that shouldst thou ever be placed in like circumstances, then drink thou also,-yea drink heartily, for the giver's sake. Think not that thou canst ever show good breeding by turning up thy nose at the poor woman's fare :- nay, on the contrary, thou wouldst but show thyself impolite, ungenerous and every way ill-bred, to scorn the kind hospitalities of the poor. Therefore hould the draught be never so bitter, drink it even to the dregs, wher than mortify thy kind entertainer. Away with silly pride and contemptible affectation. Remember, that in a few years thou wilt be as poor as thy neighbors. Death will soon bring down thy pomp. and thy circumstance, and put an end to thy affected airs of superiority. But I will not tire thee with my

From Larkin Strone, the hunter, I learned that Seclusaval was in the midst of an extensive tract of mountain lands, owned by Major Mudge, an old gentleman who resided at the distance of thirty miles in the country below. The next morning, after a farther exploration of the valley, I made my way out with some difficulty by the ravine, and went straightway to Major Mudge, confirmed in my resolution to attempt the purchase. I found him eager to sell: for being an indulgent father, and having several sons brought up to no useful occupation, he was greatly embarrassed to pay the expenses of their prodigality. The demands of their creditors, and of his own, were just now so pressing, that he offered at once to sell me his thirty thousand acres of mountain lands for the small sum of five thousand dollars. The price was very low; for notwithstanding the ruggedness of the country, the tract contained several thousand acres of rich vallies and arable mountain sides. Seclusaval alone was in my estima-

offer without hesitation, and proceeding home immediately, I raised a sufficient sum from the profits of my gold mine, to make the first payment, and to commence a system of improvements on my new acquisition. I was peculiarly fortunate in obtaining an agent to manage my intended improvements.

Seven years before, Major Mudge had brought from England an intelligent and judicious gardener, whose name was Baylor. This man had conducted the improvements on Mudge's estate, with a union of taste and economy that pleased me exceedingly. He operated on the plan of following and assisting Nature, instead of attempting, by dint of labor and expense, to force upon the place a set of features and embellishments inconsistent with the design of Nature herself. Hence the garden, the park, and the other grounds of Major Mudge's estate, were all beautiful, because every operation of art was conformable to the genius of the place.

Major Mudge, for an obvious reason, was glad to transfer Baylor to my service; and Baylor knowing the old gentleman's pecuniary embarrassments, readily accepted my offer of employment. When he saw my valley, he was delighted with its appearance, and rejoiced in the task of assisting its natural beauties with the touches of art. He not only understood at a glance my theory of improvement, but suggested several things that I had not thought of, but which, on hearing his observations, I heartily approved. The primary operations were to be directed to the following objects, namely: first to open a farm and build mills in the valley three miles below Seclusaval; secondly, to convert the rich low-grounds from the ravine of Seclusa up to Glenview into a meadow-retaining, however, many of the fine trees, either singly or in clumps: thirdly, to convert the beautifully sloping sides of Glenview into a garden, retaining here also a number of the fine trees, shrubs and vines; and lastly, to beautify the remaining hills and dales of Seclusaval, by removing unsightly trees, and cleaning the surface, so that grass could flourish in these native parks. My faithful agent went promptly to work, whilst I returned home and resumed my professional avocations.

I did not revisit my wild barony until December, when I was on my way to Georgia. Seclusaval was already assuming the appearance of a park. Whatever was unpleasant to the eye, was disappearing from the noble woods; sweet lawns, winding and branching in various ways, not only gave variety to the landscape, but opened to the eye, as one passed through them, the most delightful views of trees, hills and mountains, on every side. The plough and the spade were preparing the soil for the grass of the meadow and the vines and shrubbery of the garden.

Baylor now suggested a sort of improvement that I had never thought of: this was to cover the lowest grounds of Seclusaval with the waters of an artificial lake. I was pleased with the idea of a lake, but hesitated to incur the expense, until he informed me that he had taken all the levels and measurements, and had carefully estimated the cost, which was surprisingly small. He showed me first a narrow cleft in the ravine where a dam could be easily built of the loose rocks near the spot. Supposing the dam to be twenty-eight feet high, the water would be thrown back a mile and a tion worth the whole price. I therefore accepted his half to the foot of Glenview. He then traced for me the exact boundaries of the lake. On the meadow side, the outline would wind beautifully with divers sinuosities. On the opposite side, the water would lave the bases of the hills, some with sloping, some with precipitous sides. At one place, half a mile below Glenview, a little bay would run a furlong up a dale between gently swelling hills; at another place, near the lower end of the lake, a narrow glen with steep rocky sides, would conduct the lake water to a spring-head, deeply hidden in the flank of the mountain, where the atmosphere was ever cool and dusky, between tall crags and densely interwoven tree tops. At the broadest part of the lake, the water would spread out to the breadth of a hundred rods; but generally the shores would be from fifteen to thirty rods asunder. The fountains that would supply the lake, being cool, clear and perennial, the lake would consequently never become stagnant; and would not only be at once beautiful and salubrious, but would moreover yield both pleasure and profit as a fish pond: thousands of trout and other fish, could live and fatten in its pellucid waters.

By the time that Baylor had shown me all these things, I became enthusiastic: "Mr. Baylor (said I,) I thank you for this delightful scheme of improvement. Go to work, and by the next summer, let me see the lake of Seclusaval reflect every object around it, from the green meadow banks up to the cliffs of old Craggyhead." "It shall be done, sir," was the prompt reply.

My income from my gold mine, and from my lawpractice, was sufficient now, I thought, to justify incipient measures for the erection of a permanent dwelling on Glenview. I resolved to build a stone cottage on the brow of the hill where some fine trees of majestic stature overtopped a dense thicket of undergrowth, embowered and festooned with a profusion of wild vines. Baylor had already commenced pruning this tangled wilderness, which needed only his skilful hand, to convert it into a labyrinth of umbrageous walks and rustic arbors, romantically sweet, "for whispering lovers made." My fancy was pleased at the thought; but a twinge of sadness came over me, when I reflected, that all the charms of this lovely place would be in a great measure wasted on the lone heart of a bachelor, who had lost his bride, and could never love again. Nevertheless I ordered stone cutters to be employed, and materials of all sorts to be prepared for a neat rural mansion. What better could I do? If I was lonely, I needed the more to seek pleasure and consolation, from all the sources yet open to my desolate heart.

I did not again visit Seclusaval until the next spring, when I was returning from Georgia, after the discovery of my second gold mine. I found the improvements going on to my heart's content. Tenants had been settled in several rich vales, besides Seclusa. The mills and the farm near them, were in a state of great forwardness. A passable carriage road was made from the older settlements below, to the mills, and thence through the ravine into Seclusaval. The dam and area of the lake were prepared for the waters, which began to fill their destined bed, as soon as the massive wall of the dam was closed by casting earth upon its upper side to stop the crevices. I marked with interest the hourly growth of the lake. In three days it was full, and began to shed its superabundant waters in a pretty cascade over the dam; while the glassy expanse above

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reflected the budding woods on the margin, and the hoary steeps of Craggyhead. I launched a rude boat on the calm waters, and circumnavigated the sweetly indented borders of the lake. I was delighted with the scenery on every side, but most interested with the romantic wildness of the dusky glen, now filled with water between its craggy sides. When I entered its narrow channel, it looked like some infernal river, with its dark still waters pent up between frowning precipices and the sombre foliage of the pine and the hemlock, that stretched their branches over the chasm. This stygian recess was the more impressive to the imagination, from the circumstance, that while we let our boat lie still on the water, and held our peace, not a sound was heard; unless it were the low murmur of the foliage in the breeze, and the soft gurgling of the fountain, which at the head of the glen, poured its little contribution into the lake, through loose rocks coated with moss. But no sooner did we speak, or strike the oar upon the boat, than a dozen echoes awoke and multiplied the sound, as if we had roused a troop of angry spirits to mock us from rock and tree. Hence I gave this the name of the Echoing Glen.

When we returned to the open lake, a light breeze came up through the ravine. Hoisting sail, we were soon wafted to the foot of Glenview, where the garden had already begun to look beautiful, and gave promise of becoming in another year a paradise of delights.

The recent discovery of my Georgia mine, determined me to enlarge my plan of improvements. I ordered the foundation of my cottage to be laid immediately, on a larger scale than I had intended, and pretty cottages to be erected for my steward and other tenants. Among the rest a shepherd's cot was to be set in a romantic place at the foot of a precipice, on the opposite side of the valley, for I designed to give little of my beautiful grounds to the plough; but to make Seclusaval a pastoral scene, where flocks and herds might graze the lawns and mountain sides, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe mingle with the song of birds and the chime of waterfalls, to animate the beauties of the landscape. The natural loveliness of my valley, inspired me with ambition to make Seclusa the most charming of all the ten thousand vales embosomed in the Apalachian mountain.

#### CHAPTER III.

### THE VOYAGE TO LONDON.

The purchase of my lands, and the improvement of Seclusaval, involved me in so much expense, that I was under the necessity of selling one of my gold mines. For reasons formerly explained, I resolved to sell them both, and to renounce all future connection with mining speculations. Immediately on my return from Georgia, after my fortunate discovery there, I sold my Carolina mine for thirty thousand dollars. I could have obtained a higher price, if it had been set to sale a few months sooner; for it was becoming less productive than it had been, although it still yielded a large profit.

My supply of cash was now sufficient to complete my scheme of improvements, and to leave me still a considerable surplus. I had before made arrangements to transfer my residence to a village about twenty-five miles from Seclusaval. Here I took up my abode now, this new place of residence also on account of its agreeable society. Several families from the low country, had left their estates and settled in the neighborhood. The scenery was pleasant, and the climate salubrious: the nucleus of an intelligent and refined society was thus formed; and around this attractive centre, new families from below were yearly gathering. Literary institutions would naturally arise among such a people. An academy for boys had been founded and put into successful operation. But an attempt to raise funds for a female seminary had failed. The subscriptions were insufficient to erect the necessary buildings. The cause of the failure was an obstinate dispute about the location of the seminary; some desiring to place it in the village beside the academy, while others insisted that it should be located near a country church, lately erected at the distance of four miles from the village. The contest became so warm, that the whole scheme was abandoned. Thus it often happens, that a dispute about some incidental and subordinate matter, defeats the most important enterprises.

On my settlement at the village, I found several persons regretting the failure of so useful an undertaking. Now the question occurred to me, whether I was not morally bound to contribute, out of my abundance, to an object of such great and manifest utility. I was a bachelor indeed, and never expected to have a daughter to be educated: but that circumstance seemed to increase my obligation to aid literary institutions; inasmuch as my exemption from the burden of a family afforded me the more abundant means to become a public benefactor. I was a member of the society of mankind, and no less than others dependant, for my welfare, upon the intelligence and the good morals of the people. Divine Providence had given me extraordinary success. For what end? Not surely that I might consume this affluent store on personal gratifications. And then I considered, what an amount of blessings would flow from a well endowed seminary for females; what expansion of intellect, what refinement of sentiment, what elevation of character, what new sources of happiness, to the individuals educated, and through them to society and to posterity. The more I contemplated the object, the more did the feeling of obligation grow upon me. Finally, I thought of Judith Bensaddi; how much more charming, how much more useful, she was, by reason of her excellent education. I drew forth her miniature by the golden chain to which I had attached it, and caught fresh inspiration from the sweet picture of my beloved. "I have lost her, (said I,) but she shall be my good genius on this occasion. I had thought of subscribing a moderate sum for the seminary; now for her sake, I will make myself responsible for the undertaking. With the blessing of Heaven I will be the founder of a seminary, and will make up all deficiences in the contributions of others. The institution shall be complete, in every thing necessary to the good education of females."

Such was the conclusion of my meditations. I instantly set to work. I headed a subscription with two thousand dollars, which I bound myself to pay, upon the condition that double the sum was raised by others. I called meetings of the people, and addressed them earnestly on the subject. In a week my condition was Baylor.

that I might be near my beautiful valley. I preferred | complied with, and six thousand dollars were secured for the seminary. The location at the country church, was named in the paper, and was preferred by me on account both of the beauty of the situation, and its shorter distance from Seclusa. It was in the valley that led up to my intended home. Seven gentlemen were nominated as trustees; of whom I refused to be one, because I was soon to be absent on a long peregrination, and because I was a young bachelor. A plan of the building was soon agreed on, and contracts made for the erection of it without delay. I told the trustees to adopt a liberal scale of building, and if they fell short of funds, to consider me responsible for half the deficiency. Thus I had put a most benevolent enterprise into operation; and I felt a pleasure in reflecting on this good deed-a pleasure in some respects more heartfelt and consoling, than all the gratification that I had experienced from the treasures of my gold mines, or the delightful scenery of Seclusaval. It was a pleasure which, if less exhilarating at the moment, was felt to be of such durable stuff, that time could not wear it away, nor could misfortune poison its sweetness.

Before I had engaged in this labor of love, circumstances had directed my thoughts to the subject of a voyage to London. I desired to sell my Georgia gold mine, and to invest the proceeds in some productive stock. I was advised to sell in England, where speculation in gold and silver mines had risen almost to a mania. Mining companies had agents abroad, exploring America from Chili to Carolina in search of mines. In London I could sell under all the advantages of competition among the buyers. Though I had received constantly increasing offers for the purchase, yet none came up to what I considered a fair price.

Continued explorations had laid open the extent of the vein along the hill side, and proved the richness of the ore. Several mineralogists had examined it; two of these were agents of the Londoners, and all gave me satisfactory attestations of the value of the mine. These and all other needful documents being provided, I gave notice to the agents that I would sell the mine at auction in London about the first of August.

When I was prepared to set off, I made a parting visit to Seclusaval on the first day of June. My beautiful valley was putting on still new charms. A hundred varieties of trees, vines, shrubs and flowering plants, were blooming in the garden and about the margin of the lake. The meadow was green with its first crop of grass. Birds were merry in every grove. The cottage on Glenview was rising in beauty; and carpenters were busily constructing other cottages in pleasant situations. Baylor, my faithful steward, now recommended another improvement, which I adopted instantly. He had ascertained that the spring which flowed out of Craggyhead through the glen that opened by the side of Glenview, had its source at so high an elevation, that it might be conducted in pipes to my cottage for family use, and the overplus made to water the garden on the hill side.

"It is an excellent notion, (said I;) and I will order you a set of iron pipes in Philadelphia. Meantime have the ditch made and the pipes laid, in the course of the following winter." "It shall be done, sir," was the answer to this and all my orders to my worthy

Having given directions about the various improvements to be made in my mountainous barony, I rode on horseback to the nearest stage-road, and then travelled rapidly to New York, where I embarked for Liverpool in a packet ship on the fifteenth of June.

The thought of my going to London, where, as I supposed, my beloved Judith dwelt, kept her dear image more constantly and more vividly present to my mind, than it had been during the two last years of my busy and enterprising life. The renewed habit of meditating on this dear lost one, gave a strange susceptibility to my fancy. Often when I obtained but an imperfect view of some young lady of her size and somewhat like features, I conceived that it was Judith herself, and my heart fluttered as if the notion were not imaginary.

A notable instance of this sort occurred when our ship was leaving the harbor of New York. We met in the narrows a French ship from Bordeaux. The day was fine, and the passengers were on deck admiring the scenery of the noble bay. The near approach of the vessels turned the attention of each party on the other. I was immediately struck with the appearance of a lady on the French ship. She was dressed in mourning. Her form and stature first, then her black locks and dark eyes, (as they seemed to me,) reminded me of Judith Bensaddi. Her eyes seemed to be directed towards me individually. The more I looked at her, the more did I think her like my Judith. I was so fascinated by this apparition, that I forgot to use the telescope in my hand, until the vessels were full twenty rods apart. When I directed the instrument towards this interesting object, I could get but a momentary glance of her features; but that glance put me in a tremor, for I saw those lovely dark eyes still fixed upon me, and the whole face was to my conception the face of my lost one. So persuaded was I for some minutes that it could be only she, that I would have returned instantly to the city, if an opportunity had been given me. But before the pilot left us in his boat, I had reasoned myself into doubt, as I soon after did into utter disbelief, of the truth of my impression. "How can I believe (said I to myself) that Judith of London, married no doubt and settled in her native country, should be just now landing at New York in a French ship from Bordeaux?" Thus I soon got rid of the agitation produced by the strange lady. By the end of the voyage I ceased to think of the circumstance.

On my arrival in London, I applied myself instantly to the business on which I had come. I called on the officers of several mining companies and exhibited my documents. I advertised the sale of my gold mine in three of the principal journals. My papers and statements were authenticated by two agents, and an American gentleman of science who had seen the mine and knew my character. Thus I was able to give purchasers the most ample assurance that all was right. Bidders manifested a high spirit of competition, and ran up the price to the unexpected sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Having thus successfully concluded my chief busi-

ness, I spent a few days in making purchases of books, scientific apparatus, and various other articles, for myself or for the female academy. I was then prepared

to leave London for Paris.

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But how could I stay a month in London, and not even inquire for my lost Judith? Yet I did so, though I did it with an aching heart. But, although I felt the most anxious curiosity to know her present state, I dreaded to learn it; and although I longed most intensely to see her lovely face once more, yet I shrunk from an interview with one so beloved, when the sight of her, and the living look of those eyes that had awakened unquenchable love in my heart, could only pain me now, and might affect me beyond the power of self-control. To see her as the wife of another, was intolerable-I could not encounter the shock of feeling that such an interview must produce. Nor could I believe that she would meet me now, without the most distressing emotions.

Still, when I found myself on the eve of departure, and no remnant of business served to divert my thoughts from the tender theme; my heart began to smite me sorely, for having been so long in London, and at last intending to go away, never to return, without even a word of inquiry after Judith Bensaddi. She would not have treated me with such cruel neglect, had she known that I was so near her dwelling place. I was aware too, that I must feel exceedingly unhappy, if I left my ardent curiosity unsatisfied, and learnt nothing of her, when I could so easily gain intelligence. I therefore resolved to call at her father's house in Piccadilly, and having obtained whatever intelligence I deemed interesting, to hasten away from a place that contained an

object so painfully dear to my heart.

I had brought with me a memorandum which Judith gave me in Philadelphia, containing an exact description of the situation and appearance of her father's house. Guided by this, I found the house without difficulty. Just as I had satisfied myself that there was no mistake, and was approaching the door, I was startled by seeing a young gentleman come out with an elegantly dressed lady of Judith's size. A cold shudder ran through my nerves, when I conceived that this might be Judith and her husband. But I was soon relieved by a sight of the lady's blue eyes and light hair. When they had gone, I stepped up to the door, and to my astonishment read upon the knocker the name-not of Nathan Bensaddi-but of Sir David Monteith. Yet this must be the very house described in the memorandum-remarkable in its appearance, and one of the

most magnificent on this splendid street.

Presently I knocked and was admitted into the hall. From the porter I learned that Sir David Monteith had occupied the house but a few months, and that the previous occupant was a Jew named Bensaddi, as well as the porter could remember. I sent in my card to Sir David, requesting the favor of a brief interview. After I had waited ten minutes, I was ushered into a parlor, where I met a brawny red haired gentleman, who bowed with haughty coldness, and stood before me as if to signify, "What is your business, sir?" I took the hint and instantly inquired, "Have I the honor to speak to Sir David Monteith?" "You have,"-and another cold bow. "I came to this house, sir, expecting to find it occupied by Mr. Bensaddi, the banker. I desired to see some of his family with whom I became acquainted two or three years ago in America. Being a stranger in the city, I would take it as a favor if you would give me such information of him or his family, as might enable me to find them."

The cold haughtiness of Sir David relaxed immediately; he saw that I was not a designing nor an idle intruder. He asked me politely to be seated, and began to tell me several things in answer to my inquiries, until he gave me the intelligence, of which the following statement expresses the substance.

"I will with pleasure give what information I possess, respecting Mr. Bensaddi and his family. It is a mournful story. I never knew any of his family, but I was personally acquainted with him in his character of banker. About two years ago I had some claims on him, and hearing at Edinburgh, where I then lived, some alarming accounts of his losses, I hastened to London to see him. He had lost heavy sums by failures of houses indebted to him; but he so well satisfied me of his safety, that I not only left what I had before in his hands, but increased the deposit to a considerable amount. No banker in the kingdom had more of the public confidence, both in respect to his personal uprightness and his sound condition as a banker. He seemed to have completely recovered from the shock, when about a year ago, I was astonished to learn his sudden and total bankruptcy. This catastrophe was brought about by one of the most artfully contrived frauds, of two as nefarious villains as ever deserved a halter. The one of these was old Levi, a Jew, whom he had imprudently trusted too far as an agent, and lately as a small partner in the bank. This old villain combined with the other, who was no less than the sonin-law of Bensaddi himself. His name is Branniganhe is an Irishman-a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who imposed on Miss Bensaddi by the most lamb-like airs, until he made her his wife. After he had drawn what he could from Bensaddi in the way of dowry, and was admitted as a partner in the bank, he joined Levi, and by embezzlement and other villainous manœuvres, which have never been fully unfolded, they got most of Bensaddi's funds into their clutches, and then left him to meet all the demands of the creditors. So vast was the sum which they embezzled, that on settlement the remaining assets were found sufficient to pay the honest creditors only twelve shillings in the pound. Now Bensaddi's amiable daughter came forward, and did an act which deserves to be engraven forever on brass and marble. She had a large fortune left her by an uncle. This, I presume, she retained in her own hands by the marriage settlement; for, although she was neither legally nor morally bound to pay her father's debts, yet she promptly came forward, and at the expense of her whole fortune, paid up all just claims to the uttermost farthing; saying that she would rather labor for her daily bread, than see her father's creditors go unpaid. She separated from her villainous husband, I infer-yet I do not know the particulars-however, when I came here to reside, about four months ago, I heard with sorrow, that she had gone in bad health to the south of France, along with her father, whose health was also very low; and about two months ago, I was grieved to learn, that after burying her unfortunate parent, she died of a broken heart, and was laid by her father's side."

Here my feelings overcame me, and I exclaimed, "Dead! Did you say that Judith Bensaddi is dead?" "You mean Mrs. Brannigan, I presume. I grieve

to say that she is unquestionably in her grave. I saw

the fact announced in the papers."

When the baronet thus solemnly confirmed the doleful intelligence, I groaned-I gasped for breathmy eyes grew dim-my ears tingled-and I was sinking into a swoon, when Sir David observing my situation, sprang up and brought a glass of water, some of which he sprinkled on my face, and the rest he gave me to drink. This timely application revived me, and I gradually recovered the faculty of speech. I then felt it incumbent on me to explain the cause of my deep emotion at the news of my Judith's sad fate. I gave him, therefore, a succinct account of my acquaintance with her, including the chief incidents of our mournful love story. He was so interested by the narrative, that he called in his lady and a beautiful blue-eyed daughter of eighteen, and after presenting me to them, and explaining the object of my call at the house, he requested me to repeat my story to them. I did so, and went more fully into the particulars. I spoke with a natural pathos, prompted by my feelings, and so affected the ladies, that they wept at my story, and continued to shed tears for several minutes after I had concluded. This sympathy on their part, unsealed the fountains of my own tears, and I uttered my lamentations with a freedom, which nothing but the tears of my auditors could have justified in a stranger like myself. After our feelings had subsided a little, I rose to take my leave; but they pressed me to stay and spend the evening with them.

e I staid several hours. Lady Monteith added some particulars that she had heard respecting the Bensaddi family and their misfortunes-all going to confirm my belief, that the hapless Judith had married an archdeceiver, and had sunk to the grave in the flower of her youth, broken-hearted. "There at last (said I to lady M.) her many sorrows have come to an end-all lovely as she was in the beauties and the virtues of the earth, she is lovelier now, when arrayed in the unfading charms of a glorified spirit. It is selfishness, therefore, in me to complain of a dispensation of Heaven, which has taken her from a world that was not worthy of her, and has left me only this memorial of her lovely features." On saying these words, I took out the miniature from my bosom, and slipping the golden chain over my head, put the open picture into lady Monteith's hand. She expressed her admiration of the countenance, and handed the case to her daughter, who looked steadfastly at the portrait for a minute-then lifting her eyes glistening with tears, she said to me, "How unfortunate, that one so lovely should have been deceived into a fatal marriage, and thus taken from a gentleman who could appreciate her beauty and virtue, and would have made her happy. How unfortunate!" I felt that this was not a fashionable compliment, but the unstudied effusion of a sympathetic heart; and I loved the beautiful speaker, for the interest she took in my ill-fated love and its more ill-fated object.

When I expressed a desire to copy the article in the newspaper, which announced my Judith's melancholy death, a search was instantly made among Sir David's files, and the paper being produced, I read as follows:

"Died, at the village of Clairfont, in the south of France, on the 20th of last month, (April,) Nathan Bensaddi, late banker of London; and on the 30th of the same month, his daughter, the unhappy wife of Patrick

Brannigan. She had gone with her father to seek health and retirement for him and for herself, from unpropitious skies and more unpropitious connexions. But bright suns and kind strangers could neither restore their bodies to health, nor their hearts to enjoyment. They have found repose in the grave. This notice is sent by a surviving friend; that all who yet care for a once flourishing, but now ruined family, may know the sad fate of the father and the daughter who trusted and were betrayed."

I felt so melancholy, after reading this notice, that I took leave of the worthy baronet and his family; although kindly invited to become their guest, during as many days as I might choose to remain in London. I could stay no longer in a city where such distressing intelligence came upon me, and where all was strange and now gloomy to my imagination. I hurried over to Paris, where I spent a fortnight, and endeavored to divert my melancholy thoughts by looking at the gay sights of that metropolis of pleasure. But I had come in vain; unless it were that I purchased some books and other articles for my retreat in Seclusaval, to which I designed now to confine myself, as soon as I could make the necessary preparations. From Paris I went to the south, into the districts where wine and silk are cultivated. Here I engaged four protestant families to come over and settle on my estate. My object was to employ them in the culture of the vine and the mulberry, in a warm sandy valley of my estate-a place thought to be excellently adapted to these productions, I visited Clairfont, and with difficulty found the obscure graves of Bensaddi and his daughter. No inscription marked the spot-no friend resorted to it with tears. The sexton, after some consideration, pointed out the two hillocks, side by side. "This (said he) is the father's, and this the daughter's." "This, then, (said I) is my Judith's grave !" It was all that I could say. I shed a thousand bitter tears on the holy earth; and having thus recorded my grief, I went to Bordeaux.

Near the last of September, I embarked with my colonists for Philadelphia, where we landed after a voyage of five weeks. Here I chartered a schooner to carry my colonists, my water pipes, and various articles of furniture to Charleston, the port most convenient to Seclusaval. I intended to go by land directly to my native country of Rockbridge, and after seeing my friends there, to continue my journey to Seclusaval, to travel thence no more, until I passed "the bourne from which no traveller returns."

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In Philadelphia I made a safe investment of the greater part of the money obtained for my gold mine. The stocks which I purchased then and afterwards, would altogether, yield me a revenue of more than six thousand dollars a year.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE LADY IN BLACK.

In Philadelphia I took up my lodgings in the hotel where Judith and I had spent the ten most interesting days of my life—where in sadness and in delight we had lived like brother and sister—and where we finally separated with hearts intertwined and bound together in bonds of the purest and sweetest affection. Now, after an interval of three and a half years, I found my-

self again in the same house, but with feelings and under circumstances, O how changed!

I desired on my arrival, to visit the parlor which we then occupied, but was told that a family of strangers with a sick lady were now in possession. Five days afterwards, when I was about to depart for the south, I again inquired about the parlor, and was told that the family were just leaving it, and would go off in the carriage and sulkey at the door. The same moment I saw a gentleman and four ladies passing out in travelling dresses. One of the ladies was dressed in deep mourning and wore a thick veil. My curiosity was excited. I also went out to look at the party. The lady in black was behind, and got in last. She seated herself so as to face my position; but the veil concealed her face. Just as the carriage began to move, she drew her veil aside, and what was my astonishment to recognise in her features, a strong resemblance to Judith Bensaddi! Her whole person agreed with the description of my buried Judith; her raven locks, her black eyes, her oval face-all were like my lost one. But before I could scan the resemblance, to see if it were perfect, she was driven off, and I was left trembling, amazed and unsatisfied. So far as I could judge, she was exactly like, probably the very lady, whom I had seen on the French ship, when I was going out of the harbor of New York. I could not believe that this was my poor Judith, risen from the dead; yet, laying all fancy aside, the resemblance was so evident, that I was sorely perplexed.

When my stupor of astonishment had somewhat abated, I went to the clerk at the bar and inquired the name of the family. He told me that they were the family of doctor La Motte of South Carolina, returning home from a tour in the north. I asked if the lady in black was a daughter of doctor La Motte. " No, (said he,) I think she is the governess of his daughters, and that her name is-let me see-oh, here it is in the register-Miss Bersati." Here was another curious circumstance; the resemblance of the names; yet a difference too. A painful curiosity to know more of this lady, was excited; but how to learn more was the difficulty; for nothing was known here of the family, except the few particulars already mentioned. I could not discover even the quarter of South Carolina in which doctor La Motte resided.

I paid a mournful visit to the now vacated parlor. There was the identical sofa on which Judith and I had so often sat, while she nursed my sore ankle; there the very spot where we had mingled tears and throbs, and all the joys of our innocent love, on the night when we parted. I now left the hallowed spot with an aching heart, and in a few hours more was on my way again, by Lancaster, to my native Rockbridge. I gave my parents and friends-my alma mater, my native hills and vales-a visit of two weeks; and then, as I supposed, "a long and last farewell"-and proceeded southward to shut myself up in my own Seclusaval, there to live and there to die, a mourner and recluse; not that I had made a vow to do so, or that I intended literally to imprison myself in my mountain-bound retreat. But there I expected to abide in seclusion from the wide world; and only to make excursions beyond the limits of my estate, when some important occasion should

I arrived first at the village, near which the female | academy was located. I received a hearty welcome from my friends there, and was gratified to see the walls of the academy in a state of considerable forwardness. The books and apparatus, bought in Europe for the institution had just arrived, and were stored away until they should be wanted. The next day I proceeded to Seclusaval, and found every thing going on well. My beautiful cottage was almost finished. The parlor and library were already furnished; the hill-sides about the house were all trimmed and arranged in their garden style; multitudes of shrubs, trees, and plants of various kinds, had been growing in pots and boxes through the summer, ready to be set in their destined places in due season, so that by the next spring the garden would be complete. The other grounds and buildings would be in their finished state of improvement by the same time; so that Seclusaval would, the next season, exhibit innumerable beauties to charm the senses, and to make it one of the most delightful scenes of rural beauty in the world.

When my good steward, Baylor, led me into the parlor of my cottage, I remarked that he had arranged the furniture very tastefully. Among other things in this room, was a piano forte of German manufacture, which I had bought in New York with other furniture, on my way to Europe. I had taken a fancy to this instrument, because its tones were remarkably sweet, and because in appearance it resembled the one in Charleston, on which my lost Judith had played the airs which so entranced my soul. But why should a lonely bachelor have an instrument which he could not play? "Because, (said I to myself,) perhaps some lady visitor may two or three times in a year awaken its silent strings, and cheer my lonesome habitation."

When I saw the instrument now in its place, I said to Baylor, "This piano, I suppose, has never yet made music in Seclusaval." "Yes, sir, (he replied,) I was just going to tell you about it. Just a week ago today, I was directing the men about a terrace in the garden, when I happened to cast my eye down the valley, and behold, a carriage and a sulkey were coming up the lake side, full of ladies, except the sulkey, which had an old gentleman in it. A young gentleman on horseback led the way. They stopped several times and looked all round, as if they were admiring the scenery-and well they might admire it, Mr. Garame. When they came near the foot of the garden, I went down and asked them if they would not drive up to the cottage. 'Have you a good road up the hill?' (said the old gentleman.) 'O yes, (said I,) two of them; you had better drive up this way by the glen side, and you can come down by the other side. You will then have all the beautiful views from the hill,' So I led them up by the glen road. They kept looking about every way and praising the landscape—as they had reason to do, you know, Mr. Garame. When we got into the park, on the hill here behind the house, they stopped several times to enjoy the glimpses and vistas through the trees. You will say that I have improved them since you went away. I have cut a glimpse for the top of Craggyhead, and a vista for Rocky Nook cottage over the valley yonder. Well, when we got to the foot of the great tulip tree, out yonder, and the whole valley and mountains burst on their view at once, they cried

out, 'Oh how beautiful.' There was a lady in a black mourning dress, that seemed to be all in raptures at the landscape. When they had looked a little, and I could speak without interrupting them, I invited them into the house. They came into the parlor; but for some time they could not rest for going to the door, and looking through the window over the valley. Presently I asked the favor of the ladies to play on the piano and tell me if it was in good tune. First, a young lady in white played a tune very prettily. 'That is a very sweet instrument, (said the black-eyed lady,) and it is in very good tune.' Then she went and played herself, and such delightful music I think I never heard. She sung a mournful song, 'Mary's Dream;' and when she had finished and left the piano, I saw tears falling from her eyes. The old lady, Mrs. La Motte, then began to ask me about you. She said the people at the village below had praised Mr. Garame's beautiful valley so much that they had come up just to take a look at it. She finished by saying that you must be going to take a wife, as you were making such a beautiful home. 'No, indeed, (said I;) he told me that he intended to live a bachelor all his days.' 'Why what is the matter? (said she, joking;) is he a woman hater?' 'No, (said I,) he is an admirer and friend of the ladies: but I think from what I have heard him say, that he once fell in love with a London lady, and somehow their love did not prosper-and having lost her, he expects never to love another.' When I said this the beautiful lady in black suddenly burst out a crying, and ran out into the yard to hide her feelings. The rest of them went out too, and after they had comforted the lady in black, they returned into the parlor and said they must go. I had refreshments brought in. At first they only tasted them sparingly; but I told them to make free and help themselves plentifully; for that you would not be pleased with me, if I let genteel strangers go away without partaking liberally of the good things in Seclusaval. Then they ate and drank freely; and when they left the house, I mounted a horse and rode with them about the lawns, and took them up to the dark cascade. When we came back, I proposed that they should take a little voyage on the lake: they consented to be rowed into the Echoing Glen. When they again mounted their carriages to drive away, the old gentleman staid behind a little, talking with me about the valley. Presently, he alluded to the lady in black, and I found out that his object was to apologise for her breaking out so, when I mentioned your being crossed in love. He said that Miss Julia Bersati, the lady in black, was in deep affliction; that she had lately lost her father, had lost her only brother before, and had like you been unfortunate in love. This was no doubt the reason (he said,) why she was so affected, when she heard of your case. He told me that she was a very amiable and accomplished lady, bred in London, and once in prosperous circumstances there; and being now reduced to distress among strangers, and a lady of tender sensibility, she was easily overcome by her feelings, when any thing reminded her of her misfortunes. When he had finished his apology for the strange behavior of the lady in black, he thanked me for my kindness and followed the company."

Such was my steward's account of the lady in black; and the reader will easily conjecture the impression that

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such a tissue of strange coincidences made on my mind. | from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would In spite of what I had heard and seen in London, I was almost persuaded that this lady in black could be no other than Judith Bensaddi, with her name slightly changed, probably for some motive of concealment-There was one circumstance which had escaped my notice in the tumult of my feelings, when I first heard in London of Mrs. Brannigan's death. Judith had a sister married to a christian gentleman, whose name I had never heard; nor had I heard the name of the gentleman to whom Judith had engaged herself. Sir David Monteith-being unacquainted with Mr. Bensaddi's family, might possibly be mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Brannigan was the daughter who gave up her own fortune to pay her father's debts. This noble act was certainly done by Judith, whose uncle had left to her the fortune that she gave up. So that there did seem to be a possibility, after all, that my Judith might be alive. I regretted exceedingly, that in the sudden perturbation of my feelings, I had not thought of Judith's sister while I was at Sir David Monteith's, and that I had left London without inquiring, or thinking to inquire, more particularly about the two sisters. Being left in some doubt now concerning my Judith's fate, I was prone to hope that the striking coincidences both personal and historical, between this lady and my lost one, were not accidental. Judith, I felt sure, would never have chosen to visit my dwelling without a previous explanation with me ;-but I could imagine plausible reasons to account for this circumstance, so inconsistent with the well known delicacy of her feelings. She could not object to coming with her employer's family, without giving a reason that would betray what she would rather conceal; and knowing that I was from home, she had no reason to object: nor could she presume that the Mr. Garame of Seclusaval, was the same person as the poor student of Rockbridge, whom she had known and loved three years before.

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of doctor La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded then to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like; that, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte with his family had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. L.'s residence was on the island of St. Helena upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. L. was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles tenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

probably guide me to my object. When Dr. L. left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudain, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Purysburg on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudain in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N. suspected instantly the cause of my agitation; and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had been attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but on my expressing a desire to see Miss B., she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her (said she) to step into a private room, that so joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat, until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment, I got up and paced the room; then sat down again; but in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudain returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar: beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few moments to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of a person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's plume, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility through my nerves. "My Judith, (I exclaimed)-my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralyzed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undeceive myself. I discovered-to my inexpressible grief and disappointmentthat the lady in black was not Judith Bensaddi. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather smaller and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her coun-

giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. "Alas, my dear stranger, (said I,) we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me." "Oh! sir, (said she,) you were announced to me as a dear lost friend of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!" Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who in so many points resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

"Lady, (said I after a while,) your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will

you favor me with an outline of it?"

"I will, (said she,) if my feelings permit." "I have heard (said I,) that you are from London." "I am, (said she;) but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed at the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bred me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city, induced him to consent: and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

"The next spring, when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation; for on that very day, we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage.

She rose after some minutes to a sitting posture, and | The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came into view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow passenger on the voyage.

> "I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New Orleans, where he might hope to retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assured me of his unchanged affection; and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter from him dated at New Orleans; in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. I wrote again; but no answer was returned. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the mean time, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. L. wrote again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards."

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to my vale of Seclusa. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. "Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?" "Yes, Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bensaddi." "Judith Bensaddi! Judith Bensaddi!" said she, in a sort of amazement : " Is she the lady whom you loved ?"

"Yes,-whom I loved and lost: did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music-teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune ;-and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there." "Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard some years ago, that she was expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her: but although my father was so often at Mr. Bensaddi's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them: I do not think that I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; but I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my inquiries terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and to her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal; -but on the whole far inferior, especially in the undesigning simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendant loveliness: not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings, was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

### CHAPTER V.

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# THE MUSIC TEACHER.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal, if not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just but generous to my agents, tenants and dependants: and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when genteel friends or strangers should visit my ments, I was happy. The constant stimulus that kept

lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable for the style of my hospitality, as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its mazy rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant sward of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trouts seemed to find peculiar joy in the cool pellucid element. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure: but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf grazed by flocks and herds began to cover and adorn the ground. Lawns here and there permitted the eye to penetrate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led it gradually up to the top of Craggyhead. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggyhead, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,-such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America, - which if not very costly, were all that I desired—did I not feel happy? How many are there in this country, male and female, young and old, who fancy that the possessor of such abundant sources of enjoyment, must needs enjoy them and be satisfied. Or, if these alone could not satisfy; if the pleasures of society were wanting in my valley; still as I could easily allure what company I would into so charming a retreat-many perhaps among my readers will scarce believe me when I say, that after the excitement of unpacking, storing away and arranging my late acquisitions was over, and I had nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of Seclusaval and the goods that I had laid up for many years ;-then did I begin to feel a degree of hopeless despondency, such as I had never felt since I came into the gold country. While I was laboring in my profession, and was full of duties and engage-

my faculties in a state of activity, left me no time to | by way of assurance that the promise shall be fulfilled, brood over real or imaginary evils. Now, when my work was done, my fortune made, and a home, lovelier than I had ever dreamed of in my most poetic moods, was mine, to have and to enjoy, according to my pleasure; I first began to feel a sense of weariness and satiety, then of loneliness; then, as the remembrance of one favorite object unattained, came up more frequently and took hold more deeply upon my mind, I became so sad and restless, that I saw no other means of alleviation, than to fly from my quiet paradise and mingle again with the turmoils of busy life. In fact, there was an aching void in my heart; I was alone, and it is not good for man to be alone.

Happily, there was one favorite enterprise of mine yet unaccomplished. The female academy was not yet supplied with teachers. A difficulty arose; and the trustees sent me a request to come down and aid them with my advice. The difficulty was this: The trustees had after much correspondence fixed their hearts on procuring the services of Mr. Danforth, who was teaching a female academy in New York, but thinking the climate too cold for his constitution, was desirous of obtaining a situation in the south. But as his qualifications were high, so, and justly so, were his terms. He required the guarantee of a specific sum for himself during one year, and for his music teacher during three years. He would not engage in a new institution and a strange country, without satisfactory evidence that a complete seminary under good management could be sustained, and this evidence was the guarantee. The trustees could obtain from the families of the country around sufficient engagements to guarantee Mr. Danforth's own salary, and that of his wife ;-but the demand of one thousand dollars a year for the music teacher, seemed extravagant, and the patrons were not willing to join the trustees in securing it.

When I met with the trustees, I found them reluctantly brought to the conclusion, that they could not employ Mr. D., and must look out for another and probably an inferior teacher. When I read his letter prescribing the conditions, I noticed that he spoke in the highest terms of the lady who taught music in his school; he valued her services so highly, that he would not engage any where without her, nor without securing her an ample salary. He said that she was in no degree related to him or his family, and that she was a friendless and unfortunate lady, whom he would not forsake, and whose talents and accomplishments would adorn any station. I was struck with the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Danforth, and conceived such an esteem for his character, that I promptly resolved to make myself responsible for the music teacher's salary

"Gentlemen, (said I,) Mr. Danforth speaks like a man conscious of his deserts; and what is more, like a generous friend to the unfortunate. The high terms which he demands so peremptorily for the accomplished and unfortunate lady whom he has taken under his protection, are to me the strongest reasons why we should accept them. I take upon myself the guarantee of a thousand dollars annually, for three years, to the unfortunate lady :- I will go a step further, and promise the same lady three elegant suits of apparel, yearly, if

I will send to Philadelphia to-morrow for the first three suits. Mr. Lappet sets out to-morrow for that city, and he shall be my agent. So write immediately to Mr. D., and tell him that his terms are accepted: but I forbid any mention of my name in the letter. The music teacher might feel some scruple, if she knew that a young bachelor had bidden so high for her. She might suspect that I have some design upon her."

The letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D. and his teachers would set out in a few days for the academy.

This affair lightened the burden upon my heart for some days. I returned to Seclusaval, but soon began to droop again. I busied myself awhile in superintending some improvements, either not yet finished or newly undertaken. I visited all the new farms on my estate, especially the French colony in Soyevin, the name which I gave the valley devoted to vineyards and mulberry orchards. I found them doing well. Thus I made out to spend the month of April. But when May came, my melancholy increased. The opening charms of nature in Seclusaval served only to inspire melancholy thoughts. I was still alone; and it is not good for man to be alone. But what could I do? Though the Houris that adorn the fancied paradise of Mahomet had all smiled upon me, not one could have touched my heart, so long as the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bensaddi-ever to be loved, and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go. Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the evil in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and brought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotchman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a vil-lage seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerously attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in woful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the outskirts of the village. Hundreds of horses were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or she will come three times each year and play upon the benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, instrument that stands silent in my lonely parlor: and and every seat and every aisle in the church were

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thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads'and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table. Finding it nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scantily sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears. She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent; whether she mourned for parent, or brother; or, what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devotions as not to observe it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I knew not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side, involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I felt hers to be. I was no little gratified to perceive the soothing effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was into mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples; -the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

When we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from any others that I noticed. These were the only observations that I could make, before we parted in the crowd and I lost sight of her. I felt a natural curiosity to know who she was, but had no means of learning, as I could not describe her to another person with any distinctness.

noon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary, unconnected being. If I lacked one tie, of all earthly ties the closest and dearest-if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete-I now felt the drawing of other bonds which bound me to many hearts, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family:-I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down from heaven, into a peculiar brotherhooda brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet effluences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should never seek these living waters. Alas! that so many should infuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the polluted mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chastely and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too uncultivated to relish such refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. "A stranger frae the north, (said he,) ganging awa' south." Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this presbyterial meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I pressed through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Aweel now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud na mind that a bawbee. Ye'll agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is convarted." "Why, yes, Mrs. McCraken, I grant ye, if she be truly and throughly regenerate: but that is nae easily done wi' ane o' them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCracken. And then I wud na mind her being a private christian, like, but I unnerstan that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,-ye know, Mrs. McCracken. Now just think-wud ye like to put your daughter unner a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCraken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a thunder-clap, not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCracken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCracken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCracken," said Mrs. McGraw: and ere I could address either Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in During the short intermission that preceded the after- their neighborhood. But a few moments reflection made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found half the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was about to ask her a question suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking, if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale, -and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Aweel now, she was ;-but ye need na be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sic antipathy to ony christian, though she be o' Jewish bluid." "I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell me is very surprising. Does she reside in this country?" "Na, she is a stranger amang us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are ganging south, I hear, till teach a seminary." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Donfort, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps." "Aye, aye, Donfurth, preceesely." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white claes. They say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher-though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches-some o' their ungadly whuslin lilts, I fear,-for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies, I unnerstan-the mair is the pity." "His music teacher! Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name? O aye, I heard ane tell it till anither : but it is sic a strange name-I canna remember-but it sounded like a Scriptur name too-Beersheba-or Belshazzar-Ach! na-it was na jist a Scriptur name :-- Benhadad-it was amaist like Benhadad-but I canna forgather it." " Was it Bensaddi ?" I asked with almost breathless anxiety. "Bainsawdi! A weel now I think that was it :- But I canna tell: 1 think now it was mair like Baalsamen." "Try to remember, Mrs. McTab-do remember, I beg you." "Ye seem to hae a curiosity about it, Mr. Garame: Ah, here is Jenny: - Jenny, dear, did ye hear the Jewish laddy's name at the kirk yestr'een?" "Nae, mither: I only heard her called the Jewish music teacher."

This was all that I could learn of the family. Though unsatisfactory, it was sufficient to kindle again some trembling hope-at least it stirred up a thorny impatience to learn who this music teacher was. She was a Jewess; she was a mourner; I had caused her to come to our academy; and at the communion table, I had felt that there was a tender and mysterious sympathy between our souls. These alone were points of deep interest-and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was cautious, since Miss Bersati's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

Breakfast had been just finished, and the hostler was saddling my steed, when a two-horse barouche passed by towards the west. I stepped to the door and saw that the hind-seat was occupied by two ladies, one in white, the other in black, with the identical bonnet of the lady in whom I now felt so intense an interest. In she spoke-she was Miss Judith, not Mrs. Brannigan.

five minutes I was on my horse, and ere I was aware I found that I had urged him to a gallop. When I overtook them, a short turn in the road brought the side of the barouche into view. Mr. Danforth sat on the foreseat as driver; but the lady in black was so closely veiled, and so covered from my sight by the other lady, that I could make no discovery. I could easily have passed and turned to look at the faces of the party, but I would not risk a recognition of such importance in such circumstances.

Supposing that they must have taken an early breakfast and would of course stop for dinner, I laid a scheme to gain my end at the house where they would stop. The only convenient house for the purpose, I remembered to be in a rocky vale, where a mill, a store and a smith shop, made a sort of village. When Mr. Danforth stopped the barouche at a brook to let the horses drink, I rode past, holding my umbrella so as to conceal my face from the ladies. I then dashed on, and arrived at the tavern nearly an hour earlier than the barouche.

Telling the landlady that I did not "feel well," (a true saying,) I called for a private room that I might lie down. She showed me first a back room, which I rejected; then she offered me a room up stairs, which I declined also. She looked with curiosity into my face, to see if my pericranium was sound. I asked if she had not a bed-room at the end of the front piazza. "Yes, (said she,) but the sun makes it too warm, at this time of day." "Give me that, madam, it suits me exactly." She gave me another scrutinizing glance, and then led the way. It was within thirty feet of the gate, and had a small window, opening towards the road. Requesting to have some toast and tea prepared, I lay down on the bed. But I seemed to lie on thorns. I got up and prepared the window, by having the sash up and the curtain down, so as to leave a small opening adapted to my scheme of peeping-for I desired to see before I was seen. Meditating on the possibility that this might be indeed my Judith, I considered what I should do in case that it was herself. She was probably a widow, as her deep mourning and sorrow indicated a bereavement more recent than the death of her father thirteen months before. I conceived the outlines of a plan of action; and was absorbed in the subject, when I heard the sound of wheels. My heart fluttered; in great trepidation I took my seat by the window, just as the vehicle stopped.

Mr. Danforth dismounted, and hearing that the party could have dinner, he handed out first the lady in white, who walked straightway into the house. Then he handed out the lady in black, who, as she entered the gate, partially drew aside her veil. A soft dark eye, and part of a lovely face, made me almost faint with fearful joy. Mr. Danforth spoke to her: "How do you feel now, Miss Judith?" "Better every way than I have felt these many days," was the answer; and as she spoke, she turned her face so that every feature was distinctly seen.

I heard-I saw-it was-it was beyond a doubt, my Judith Bensaddi! Her softly beaming eyes, her sweet countenance, somewhat pale and overcast with years of sorrow, but yet all sweet and lovely; the dulcet voicethe name-all agreed. I must have believed, though I had seen her laid in the grave. She lived-she lookedI

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then felt the sweet influence of her presence—as if Heaven designed that our reunion should commence at the holy place where we mingled pious vows, ate of the same consecrated bread, and drank of the same hallowed cup. Now, when all was evident, and my fearful hope was changed to certainty, I sank down upon the floor, smitten almost to death with excessive joy.

Soon after, a servant brought in my tea and toast. He found me apparently very ill,-really ill with joy. I had crawled into the bed; now I attempted to rise and go to the table, but stumbled and fell. I made out to get on a chair and drink a dish of tea, which revived me; but I told the servant to take out the things, as I had no appetite for food. The servant's report of my illness brought in the hostess, who asked if I would have a physician sent for. I told her that I was getting over the fit, and could do without medicine. "There is a strange gentleman here who knows something of physic, (said she,)-he desired me to ask if he could be of any service." "I shall be pleased to see him,"-was my reply. She left me; and the next moment Mr. Danforth entered the room. I told him that my illness was going off and needed no further treatment; but that I wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with him. He cheerfully assented. I locked the door, and after some introductory inquiries and remarks, requested him to tell me what he knew of the late history of his music teacher. "My reason for asking, (said I,) is, that I once knew the lady and was much attached to her; I recognised her as she came into the house, and was astonished to see her; because on a visit to London, nine months ago, I was informed that she and her father had died near the same time in

"Of course (said Mr. D.) you were misinformed respecting her death. I presume that it was her sister, Mrs. Brannigan, whose death you heard of. I will relate to you how I came to be acquainted with her. Bad health led me and my wife to spend the winter before the last in the south of France. We resided some months at Clairfont, a pleasant healthy village near Bordeaux. We chose that village, because it was inhabited by protestants, and was a place of frequent resort for invalids, especially English invalids. Here we became acquainted with Miss Bensaddi, who was attending on her sick father and sister. An English family in the village had known the Bensaddis in their prosperous days. They spoke in such exalted terms of Miss Judith, and compassionated her afflictions to such a degree, that I resolved to seek her acquaintance. Her assiduous attendance on her father and sister confined her almost constantly to the house; but having gained an introduction, we assisted her in nursing the sick, and soon gained her warm friendship, and what is more, acquired such knowledge of her modest virtues and talents, that we felt loathe to part with her. After the death of her father and sister, which she deeply mourned, but bore with pious submission, we proposed that she should come with us to America. We knew that she had nobly surrendered her own large fortune to pay her father's debts,-that she was the only survivor of the family, and that she felt reluctant to go back to London, where nothing but melancholy reminiscences awaited her. I assured her, that in America her talents a secret, for the present. I wish to remain unknown to

Yesterday she sat by my side a devout christian. I and acquirements would gain her an ample support. She replied that her nearest and best friend resided in Boston, and that she would thankfully accept our kind protection, until she could meet with that friend. She declared her intention to devote herself to teaching, that she might gain an honest living, and be useful to her fellow creatures. We embarked at Bordeaux and landed in New York on the fifteenth of June."

"Did you? (said I;) then I was not mistaken, when I thought that I saw Miss Judith on the deck of a French ship, which our packet met in the narrows on that very day. I was then on my way to London." "You remind me, (said Mr. D.,) of a circumstance which then occurred. We observed that Judith looked intently at the passengers on a ship that we passed in the narrows; and at last burst into tears. When we asked what was the matter, she said that she recognised a dear friend on that ship, one whom she had never expected to see again, and probably had now seen for the last time. She was obviously reluctant to mention particulars; so we did not press her, and she never spoke of the circumstance again. You, I presume, are that friend.

"In New York, I again resumed the school which I had taught. Miss Bensaddi addressed a letter to her Boston friend, Mr. Von Caleb; after long delay, she received a letter from another gentleman there, a friend of his, saying that Mr. Von Caleb had gone, just a week before her letter arrived, to reside again in London: that being left in charge of his affairs at Boston, he had opened her letter. He apologised that pressing circumstances prevented him from affording her any aid, but that she could write to her cousin in London, if she would. She desired no aid except friendly advice; so she wrote no more; but accepted my offer of employment as music teacher in my female seminary.

"She lived very retired in my family,-seemed indisposed to mixed society; -but in private, with my family and a few friends, she was a delightful associate; while her extraordinary skill and assiduity as a teacher, were of great advantage to my school and to every puil that she taught.

"But a confined city life did not suit her natural taste and constitution. Though as cheerful as such accumulated misfortunes would permit any one to be, she evidently drooped and pined away; until about the middle of autumn, when we made an excursion up the Hudson, visited West Point, the Kattskills and Niagara. This tour had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits. She was inexpressibly delighted with the scenery on our route, and showed that a country life could alone give her continued health and pleasure. On her account, therefore, as much as my own, I was gratified with the prospect of a residence in upper Carolina, where the climate will doubtless suit me and my wife, and the vicinity of the mountains will suit the taste of Miss Bensaddi. I can see that her health and spirits are already improved by the mere expectation of living near the mountains."

"I hope that she will reside in the midst of them before long," said I, under a sudden impulse. Mr. D. looked surprised, and waited for an explanation. But as yet I gave him none.

"Do me the favor, (said I,) to keep this conversation

Miss Bensaddi for a short time. I reside but twenty | miles from the academy, and will see you there in a few days. I must also at present withhold my name from you, until I can make it known with evidence of its respectability. After he had given me the promise of secresy, lasked him if he had heard of Miss Judith's being engaged to marry a gentleman in England, about three years before. He had heard it from the English family in France, who could, however, give no other account of the matter than this, that the gentleman had died without consummating the marriage. Judith had never mentioned to them any thing respecting it. Though communicative on all other subjects, she had never alluded to any love affair in her past history.

Mr. Danforth being summoned to dinner, I took advantage of the opportunity to make my escape, unobserved by the party, and rode post-haste to the academy.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE SUMMER FESTIVAL.

I arrived at the academy a day sooner than the party of teachers. I hastily visited the trustees,-told them that Mr. Danforth would arrive the next evening,and after suggesting a few particulars of my former love affair with the music teacher, I begged them to avoid all mention of me or of Seclusaval, in the presence of the teachers, until I was prepared to make myself known. . I besought them to humor my whim in this matter, and to prevent, if possible, all knowledge on the part of the music teacher, that such a person as myself existed in the country. In due time I would make myself known; and would soon communicate to them, privately, the scheme which I had in my head. They cheerfully pledged themselves to what I requested. To prevent untimely communications from reaching the ears of the teachers, Mr. Landon, one of the trustees, took his carriage in the morning to meet them on the way, and to conduct them by an unfrequented road to his house in a secluded valley of the neighborhood.

I hastened to Seclusaval and immediately set my steward and tenants to work in a multitude of preparations for a summer festival, which I told them we were to have on the first of June in Seclusaval. I astonished my people with the multitude of my orders, and the eagerness of all my words and actions. They saw that new life had somehow been infused into me, and wondered how I came to be so revived all of a sudden. I told Baylor to collect a dozen laborers at once, and go to smoothing off and beautifying Seclusaval to the utmost. "Make the valley shine," said I. "It shall be done, sir." "Get also some carpenters to make temporary buildings for the festival; keep the saw-mill agoing to furnish materials, and let us have a glorious festival." "Yes, sir, it shall be glorious; we are able to do it, and it shall be done, sir." That was enough; I knew that when Baylor undertook to do it, it would be done.

I next despatched letters and agents in various directions, in furtherance of my scheme; and having thus put things in motion at home, I returned to the neighborhood of the academy, and stopped at the house of you. "This friend of mine, (said I,) settled in another

Mr. Wilson, pastor of the church. He was an old friend and college-mate, and had been lately settled in the neighborhood through my influence. I communica-ted my scheme to him. He was pleased with it, and offered me all the aid in his power. He despatched his barouche to Mr. Landon's to bring over Mr. Danforth. The distance was only two miles; Mr. D. soon arrived and was introduced to me; we smiled and shook hands cordially. I now unfolded my scheme of a summer festival, to which I designed to invite all the country round, and among the rest his music teacher. To carry out my views it was needful, on the one hand, that Judith should know nothing about them, until the proper moment, and should be for a while kept in ignorance of my being in the country; and on the other hand, that she should be prepared for the occasion, and that I should know her present feelings in regard to me; lest, after all, the scheme should turn out to be a painful surprise to her, and a grievous disappointment to me.

After detailing the history of my love affair with Judith, and explaining my object in getting up a summer festival, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Danforth readily undertook the office of preparing Judith for her part in the celebration, without letting her know any thing of the matter. Having visited other friends in the neighborhood, and imparted to them more or less of my scheme of a festival, I returned to Seclusaval, and was busy as a bee in preparations for the first of June.

In a few days I received the following letter from Mr.

Мат 15тн, 1824.

My Dear G .- I now inform you how I have executed the office which you assigned to me. Two days after you left us, I went with my baronche to bring Miss Bensaddi to my house on a visit. While at Mr. Landon's, I took occasion to mention in her hearing, that I was a native of the great valley of Virginia, and that I had received my education at Washington college. I alluded to the fine scenery in Rockbridge, especially the Natural Bridge and the House Mountain, which I had visited with a party of fellow students, and had seen from its top the most splendid sun rise in the world. The moment when I touched on this theme, I saw that she was intensely interested. Her fine dark eyes brightened immediately, as she fixed them upon me with breathless attention. When I paused, she gave an involuntary sigh and gradually sinking her head to a meditative posture, seemed to be absorbed in thought. Finding her indisposed to ask questions, I inquired if she was fond of mountain scenery. She looked up with animation, and for a minute or two poured forth an eloquent expression of her delight in rural scenes, especially in mountainous regions, and how much better she loved to dwell in this land of valleys and mountains than in a city. "Perhaps, (said I,) you would like to read a description of the House Mountain, written by a dear friend of mine, a native of Rockbridge, who is as enthusiastic an admirer of mountain scenery as you are." "Yes, (said she,) I should be much gratified to read it." Her voice had a slight tremor as she spoke, and the color came and went upon her cheek. "Well, (said I,) I have a copy of it at home, that I will show you this evening."

On the way I alluded to you again without naming

part of Carolina, two or three years ago, and soon acquired reputation at the bar. But his success has not made him happy. About four years ago he fixed his heart on a young lady, but by some unfortunate accident he lost her. The wound of that disappointment seems to be incurable, unless Divine Providence should by some extraordinary means restore him his lost bride."

When Judith heard these words, she trembled and turned deadly pale, but said nothing. She seemed afraid to trust herself to speak, lest she should betray

herself.

In the evening, when I and Miss Bensaddi were alone, I handed her the manuscript. When she read the title, and saw your name annexed to it, she could refrain no longer, but started up to leave the room that she might conceal her agitation. Before reaching the door, her strength failed, and dropping on a chair, she began to sob and weep. "My dear Miss Bensaddi, (said I,) what is the matter?" "Oh, sir, I know not what to say; my feelings overcome me." "Did you see any thing in the manuscript to affect you so deeply?" "Oh yes-I cannot conceal it from you: - that name-is the name of a friend who was in the ship with me, when my dear brother was lost in the sea. May I rely on you not to tell how much I was affected on seeing that friend's name once more." " Miss Judith, that friend of yours and mine has told me the circumstances of that disastrous voyage. He told me also, that the young lady who was then so unfortunate, had won his heart wholly and forever. Pardon me, Miss B., for having taken this course designedly to bring about an explanation of your present feelings towards Mr. Garame. I had no doubt that you were the long lost object of his affections. I desire to know whether your feelings are as unchanged as his. I will now inform you, that after your return to London, he wrote you two letters in succession, according to the agreement between you; and that he feared from your silence some change of affection towards him, or he would have gone himself to London. At last he received your letter, announcing your expected marriage. This gave him the first intimation that his letters had not reached you. For this he is a mourner still."

When I spoke of the letters, she seemed at first to be filled with astonishment, and then she broke out into sobs and exclamations. After a little, I said-" Now, Miss B., I think you must see the propriety of letting me open a communication between Mr. G. and yourself. You are both unmarried-your mutual affection is unchanged-or am I mistaken in supposing that your affection for him is unchanged?" After a violent struggle of a few moments, she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I know not what to say. I have betrayed my feelings too plainly. My heart is not changed towards Mr. G. But it becomes not me to profess love for a gentleman, to whose continued affection I have no claim nor right. I am unworthy of him, and I beg that you will not disturb him with any information concerning one who deserves no further notice from

"Miss Judith, you accuse yourself so bitterly, that I must claim the privilege of being your judge: if you will state the case to me, I promise to give an impartial opinion, according to the facts. If I think your self-accusation just, and that you deserve no further notice ought to be seriously considered." "The hand of God is more evident in this matter (said I) than you are yet aware of. This academy owes its erection to Mr. Garame's exertions; and then without his zealous efforts, Mr. Danforth's terms could not have been complied

from Mr. G., then I will let the matter drop where it is."
She then gave me a full statement, of which I have room for a few particulars only.

The English gentleman whom she had consented to marry, after she despaired of hearing from you, was Mr. Wycherly, a pious and eloquent clergyman; who after he had overcome her remaining difficulties respecting the christian religion, accompanied her to London from the lakes of Cumberland, and greatly aided in persuading her father to consent to her baptism. She received this rite from his hands. In the warmth of her christian joy, and her gratitude to so worthy and amiable a gentleman, she listened to his proposals of marriage; and mistaking the real state of her heart, yielded her consent. When she sat down, a few days afterwards, to write you the letter, she began to discover what a deep hold you still had upon her affections. Though hopeless of ever seeing you again, she found that her feeling of love towards you, was of a different kind from that which she felt towards the good clergyman, who deserved her warmest gratitude and esteem, but who had not awakened in her the tender sentiment of personal attachment that she still felt for you.

A few days after she had sent you the letter, she frankly told Mr. Wycherly the state of her heart, and requested a postponement of the marriage. He assented, and returned to his residence in Cumberland. The state of his health was rather alarming, before this time. Symptoms of consumption had already made his marriage of doubtful expediency. The steady progress of the disease, soon put marriage out of the question. Learning the desperate state of his health, she went and did for him, as a tender and affectionate nurse, all that in any circumstances she could have done. She showed me, the next day, a letter of thanks written by Mr. Wycherly's mother after his decease, in which her assiduous attentions were warmly acknowledged.

"Now, (said Miss Bensaddi, when she had concluded her narrative,) you see that I was false to Mr. Garame; because I despaired of his love and accepted another offer, when I ought to have trusted that he was only unfortunate, not changed. And I was false to Mr. Wycherly; because I made him a promise which I could not fulfil, without doing violence to my feelings,"

" Miss Judith, (said I,) neither you nor Mr. Garame were false, but providentially hindered from knowing each other's fidelity. Your promise to Mr. Wycherly was made in sincerity, but under an erroneous impression respecting the state of your heart, and you did your duty honestly in confessing the truth to him when you discovered it. And now, since the design of Providence is manifest, in ordering that you and Mr. Garame should once more be brought together, with hearts devoted to each other, I put it to your conscience to say, whether you can rightfully refuse to let me inform Mr. G. of the exact state of the case. Can you thus make an over-scrupulous delicacy forever separate two devoted hearts, and can you run counter to the evident leadings of Divine Providence ?" " That (said she) is a strong view of the case; I feel that it ought to be seriously considered." "The hand of God is more evident in this matter (said I) than you are yet aware of. This academy owes its erection to Mr. Garame's exertions; and then without his zealous efforts,

with, especially in relation to the music teacher; so | reception. There was a stir of cookery in the kitchen, that he was undesignedly the cause of your coming here, where, through an extraordinary combination of events, you may again meet and renew the tender relations which were so unfortunately broken off."

She was greatly surprised and affected with this information, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is the hand of God. I dare not now refuse your request. But I beseech you to communicate only so much to Mr. G., as will leave him perfectly free to act as his present inclination may prompt. Do not, I beseech you, expose every thing that I have confessed to you. Let him not think that I consider myself worthy of his love, or that I have any sort of claim or expectation, that should induce him to do any thing not perfectly agreeable to his wish, and likely to promote his happiness. I trust to your kindness and discretion, to manage the matter so as not to involve either of us in a disagreeable predicament." I promised to act with a single regard to the honor and happiness of both parties, and finally got her persuaded to leave the whole affair to the unlimited discretion of myself and Mr. Danforth, without whose consent I promised to do nothing. I have conferred with him on the subject, and we agree that you ought to know the whole truth, as I have stated it.

Now your way is clear to prosecute your scheme, and I trust that God will bring it to a happy issue.

Yours, &c.

If ever a man was delirious with joy, then was I, when I read this letter in my library; I danced over the floor like one intoxicated. My final arrangements were put in train immediately. I made a stealthy visit to my friends below, and settled with them the scheme and order of proceedings at the summer festival. I enjoined upon them to keep the whole affair, and even the existence of Seclusaval and my presence in the country, still profoundly secret from Judith. My design was by all possible means to make it a happy day of surprises to that dear child of sorrow. On the 30th day of May, the preparations were complete at Seclusaval, and a letter from my managers below, informed me that all was right in that quarter.

On the last of May, Mr. Landon, who had heretofore kept Judith very much secluded, took her in his carriage with his wife and daughter and Miss Claymore, to visit the mountains; he and the brother of Miss Claymore being on horseback. The weather was fine, and the whole party in good spirits. Judith had gone through such dark years of affliction, that sober cheerfulness was all that she could usually enjoy. The prospect of a trip to the wild mountains, had raised her a degree above her usual cheerfulness, and her mind was prepared to derive pleasure from a ramble so congenial with her taste.

They pursued the valley that leads to Seclusaval; but when they came to the ravine, they turned off to the right, and ascended the vale at the north-eastern side of Craggyhead. At a new farm in this valley, they began to ascend the mountain by a winding road, not good but practicable; a little before sunset they reached a farm house, romantically situated high up on the side of Craggyhead, where a broad terrace of the mountain spread out from the base of the cliffs which supported the castle-shaped summit. Here they found

and a tidiness of apparel among the cottager's household, as if they expected company. When the party stopped at the gate, they were received in the most friendly manner.' On alighting and looking round from beneath some tall trees in the yard, they were detained for some time by the magnificent scenery before them. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the mountain tops, while the deep vales were reposing in the gathering shades of twilight. They contemplated the wild and rugged mountains on the north of Craggyhead, and the less rude features of the eastern landscape; they looked down into the half seen vales and glens about this side of the mountain, until they were called to partake of an excellent supper. After supper they went out to enjoy the soft evening air; they found the moon up in the east, shedding her silver radiance upon the green woods and the gray rocks; diffusing over the vast landscape the dreamy softness of hue, which made Judith in her enthusiasm call the scene before her "the land of the shadow of life." When they had feasted their imaginations awhile on the nocturnal glories of the landscape, they went to bed in small but neat apartments, which seemed to have been furnished specially for the accommodation of such a party.

They rose an hour before the dawn, and now saw the moonlight thrown back from the west upon the opposite sides of the mountains, and shining into a ravine near the house. Through this ravine they were to ascend to the top of Craggyhead by a rough road, but still a safe one for a carriage, to a little fountain at the head of the ravine. From the fountain they made their way on foot, and stood on the table rock of the summit, just as the eastern horizon began to glimmer with the first hues of Aurora, and the moon as she went down was peeping back through the pines of the Blue Ridge. Every valley around Craggyhead was buried deeply in fog, and every high mountain stood forth, dusky and desolate, above the misty sea. It was the House Mountain scene varied. Judith recognised the resemblance, and seemed entranced. "On a rock, whose haughty brow frowned," not "o'er old Conway's foaming flood," but over the lovely vale of Seclusa, was Judith stationed. Her soul of liveliest sensibility kindled and glowed with etherial animation as she looked, first this way, then that way, generally with silent admiration. Now and then her feelings broke forth in expressions such as these, "What a glorious vision!" "Down there! See how softly and silently the mist reposes in yon valley; 'tis like the sea of oblivion." "Oh, the sun! Now the mountain tops begin to glow! How splendid are the green forests newly gilt with morning rays!" "How beautifully yon cliff of rocks over the valley appears with its crown of dark green pines." "Behold, Mrs. Landon, the valley down here begins to show itself! That hill top down yonder-see how its beautiful trees stand out over the mist! How green and fresh the ground looks under the trees. Yonder too is a white cottage, in a nook under the rocks, with a little field and fruit trees about it. Oh! look down this glen under our feet, how wild and thickly set with trees !- and you hill at the mouth of the glen-what a beautiful park, and a handsome house at the brow of the hill! Lend me your telescope, Mr. the new white cottage all swept and garnished for their Landon-I want to see that beautiful garden on the hill

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side ;-I see roses blooming in the garden ; and walks | and shrubberies, and every thing beautiful. There is a green meadow too, just unveiled, ornamented with trees. Let me see! The meadow is almost covered with bloom. How lovely! Miss Claymore, what is that spreading out so smoothly by the meadow side? It looks like water. It is water-a fine lake! with a boat moving over it!" Thus she noticed one object after another, as each was exposed to view. Finally, after the fog had disappeared, and the whole valley presented its enchanting landscapes, she surveyed it a while in silence, and then asked in a sort of ecstasy, if this were a real scene in the mountains, or only a dream. Being presently assured that all was real, she declared it to be the most delightful place in the world, and congratulated herself that it was sufficiently near the academy to admit of her coming to look at it, once or twice a year.

About sunrise the party had been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, and two or three other friends. At seven o'clock, they were all invited to come down to the spring at the foot of the precipice, and take breakfast. They found hot coffee and all the requisites of a good morning's repast. At eight o'clock they mounted their vehicles, and began to descend by the road which leads down into the upper glen of Seclusaval. They frequently stopped by the way to enjoy the new views which successively presented themselves. When they reached the bottom of the glen, they found themselves so enveloped with the shade of trees and rocks, that they seemed to be cut off from all that they had seen, and indeed from all the visible and the living world of sunshine. They stopped awhile at the Dusky Cascade, and admired its romantic wildness. Pursuing their way, they wound along the southern border of the valley, till they suddenly emerged from dense shades and thickets in all the disorderly luxuriance of nature, into a grassy lawn, from which they caught glimpses here and there of wider lawns, and of hills and mountains-but only glimpses enough to excite curiosity, until they suddenly reached the brow of a turfy hill, crowned with a tall open grove. Here a general view of the more improved parts of the valley suddenly burst upon the sight, and drew an exclamation of delight from Judith and several of her companions. The garden and hill of Glenview were seen to great advantage across the low grounds; on the right were the lake and meadow; above was the deep glen of Craggyhead leading the eye up to the towering summit, from which they had looked down upon the valley. Descending the hill, they passed over by the head of the lake, and wound up by the western side of Glenview, into its beautiful park, through which they came forward again to the house on its brow, and here again they stopped and contemplated with admiration the best of all the views of Seclusaval, now shining in its glory, as Baylor said it should.

Here some new appearances began to attract attention. In the mouth of the glen below the garden, half concealed by a grove of tall trees, were two large structures newly erected to accommodate the numerous company invited to the festival. The one was a large shed supported by framed pillars, and set round closely with green boughs to exclude the sun and wind. This was

and in the rear, the smoke and the bustle of cookery showed that the tables were to be used. The other building, though a temporary structure, was formed with more regard to beauty of appearance; it was designed for such in-door exercises and amusements, as might be adapted to the occasion. I shall notice this building again. It was called the Summer Hall.

Already had several parties of guests arrived, and others were seen coming up by the lake side, in carriages, on horses, and on foot, all in gay attire, and with a hilarity of movement indicating that they were pleased and seeking pleasure. When Judith observed these appearances, she inquired whether Mr. Baylor (whom alone she had beard spoken of as residing here,) had invited company to Seclusaval.

"Miss Judith, pardon us (said Mr. Landon,) for not having told you, that there is to be a summer festival here to-day. We were invited to partake of it, and the rest of us agreed not to tell you, until you saw the valley, because we wished to give you an agreeable surprise." "All that I have seen to-day, (said she,) has been so delightfully surprising, that half the time I can scarcely believe my own senses, but suspect that I am dreaming; every thing bears so much the appearance of enchantment." "There is a sort of enchantment going on here, (said Mr. L.) The worthy proprietor of this valley, has converted it into an enchanting place; and I should not be surprised if some of us should undergo strange transformations to-day. I think that you are already so much under the magic influence, that you may ere night be converted into something that you think not of." "If the transformation you speak of, (said Judith playfully,) do not dissolve the sweet visions of this valley, I shall not suffer much." "No fear, Miss Judith, (said Mr. L., in the same sportive strain,) I think the enchanter is a benevolent one, and means only to give us pleasure; and if you should undergo a change, the new form of your being will doubtless be a happy one."

Now Mr. Baylor came out to the great tulip tree under which they stood, and invited them into the house. He acted the landlord on this occasion with a hearty blunt sincerity, which made up for a little want of refinement in the manner of his kindness. His wife and daughter did the honors of the house. The parlor and library had been fitted up handsomely with my holiday furniture.

When the party entered the parlor, they found several acquaintances already there. Judith was asked to play on the piano. She played and sang three pieces of a cheerful character, and in the best style of her unrivalled execution. She pronounced the instrument to be one of the most sweetly-toned that she had ever played upon. I owed her a dress for playing in my house-and I did not forget to pay it in due time.

The company were now joined by Mr. Wilson, the pastor, who whispered a word in Judith's ear, and then took her through the hall into the library, where he handed her a letter which will explain itself. She began to tremble as soon as she looked at the inside. She read as follows:

"My beloved Judith,-Words cannot express my joy to know that you are in Carolina-unmarried-and, as my friend thinks, with a heart unchanged towards furnished with two tables, each a hundred feet long; I me. He informed me by what means he had extracted the dear confession from you. He has also given me the outlines of your late history. Oh how my heart bled to think of the sorrows of my long lost Judith! But you were not to blame for despairing of my love, when I was so unfortunate in the transmission of my letters. But thrice happy shall I now be, if you will permit me to see you, to renew my suit in person, to press my long-wept-for bride to my panting bosom once more, and to solicit a speedy consummation of my ardent wish to call you mine by every holy tie, and then to do what man can do to secure us from future separation and change for life. I am present at this summer festival, and wait your permission for an interview.

Here was a new surprise-she had not suspected that I was in the neighborhood. She was affected to tears by the intelligence; but they were not tears of grief. She handed the letter to Mr. Wilson. "Shall I read it, Miss Bensaddi?" "If you please; I am so bewildered with surprises and unexpected delights today, that I cannot trust my own judgment. Advise me, my friend, respecting the subject of that letter." Giving the letter a hasty glance, he said, "Miss Judith, you now have from himself the ardent avowal of unchanged affection. You see the impatience of his feelings, and the fear that delay may interpose some obstacle to his wishes. But before I advise you what to answer him, I must know the exact state of your heart. Answer me unreservedly, my dear friend. Do you love Mr. G. with such affection as would, in ordinary circumstances, make you freely consent to marry him?" "I must in candor confess that I do-my affection for Mr. G. is entire-he still possesses all my heart." "Well, then, as the mutual friend and confidant of both parties, I give you this advice: That you tempt not, by needless delay, the Benign Providence which now smiles upon your destiny. Open your heart at once to Mr. G., as he has done to you; and when he pleads for a speedy consummation of your union, yield, my friend-make no delay beyond what duty and necessity may seem to require. Thwart not the ardent wish of one who is worthy of you and seeks only your happiness; and be not inattentive to the hand of God so manifestly pointing out the way to this happy marriage." "Yes, (said she, with deep emotion,) I see more and more the evident tokens of God's will in the present extraordinary crisis. I would be blind to my own good, and most wickedly ungrateful to my Divine Benefactor, if I could yield now to a prudish delicacy, rather than to the force of such extraordinary and Divinely ordered circumstances. Oh, my friend, how grateful should I be to the kind Parent of all-how much do I need, at this critical moment, His good spirit to guide my actions. Pray and give thanks for me, my dear friend." She fell instantly upon her knees. Mr. D. also prostrated himself, and performed in a low voice the devotional exercise that she requested.

When this was concluded, Judith appeared calmer, and consented to let Mr. D. inform me that she was prepared for the interview. He came out, and locking after him the door that opened into the hall, he gave me the signal, and I passed into the library through another room. I had denied myself an interview with Judith, during three weeks, that I might now enjoy it, and make her enjoy it the more. How I trembled with

excessive emotion, when I opened the door of my bed chamber behind the library, and saw her sitting with her side towards me, and her head reclining on the back of the chair. I could see a tremor agitating her frame also. When she was aware of my approach, she looked up with a look of indescribable feeling—then she started up with an inarticulate cry of joy. We met. Let silence cover what no language can express. Reader, thy lot hath been a rare one, if ever thou did'st feel in one hour's concentrated delight, a full equivalent for years of dreary absence and of hopeless sorrow.

How long it was ere we could speak, I cannot tell; perhaps fifteen minutes. My first words were, "Oh, my long-lost-my recovered-my dearest Judith-will you now be mine?" She struggled for utterance a moment, and replied, "My heart was yours long ago, and is, and will be, while I live. But my beloved friend, if I be a bride, I must now be a dowerless bride." "None the less precious for that, my dear Judith-if any thing, more precious to my heart on that very account. We shall not be destitute of the comforts of life. God has blessed my exertions, and we can trust Him for the future. So my love, do not refuse me because you have embraced a noble poverty from the best of motives. Oh, let me call you mine without delay-mine by the holiest ties." "I will, my friend, without unnecessary delay." "Thank God for that answer. Let it be this day then, my Judith-this blessed day, while heaven and earth are smiling upon us." "This day, my friend! We are not prepared." "Better prepared in respect to external circumstances than you are aware of. I have been preparing these three weeks, and all is ready, if my Judith's heart is ready." "My heart is always ready-but we are here as Mr. Baylor's guests, upon a very different occasion, and I never saw him till this day." "My Judith, Mr. Baylor has been preparing for our marriage to-day, on the condition that I could gain your consent. Yes, my love, I confess that I meant to take you by surprise, and if I could, to woo and win you to my arms this sweet festal day, while life is young and our joy is fresh-while woods are green, while roses bloom, and every star of Heaven shines auspiciously upon us. Forgive me, dear Judith, for intending to surprise you thus-I meant to give pleasure-I trust that I am not giving pain." "No, my beloved friend-I seem all this day to be in a delirious ecstasy-to meet with you, to find you as I do, with all the freshness and the warmth of the affection that once gave me such delight-alas! so fleeting, and so soon followed by years of affliction, that left me a poor orphan remnant of my family. But this hour has made me compensation." "Then crown my happiness, dear Judith, by permitting me to lead you to the altar." "I refuse nothing, my dear friend, that I am at liberty to grant; but my services as a teacher are engaged to Mr. Danforth." "That too is provided for, my dear Judith. Mr. D. was consulted about my schemes to win you to-day; he would have released you at all events, if you had consented; but I sent to Columbia, and have engaged him a teacher there; so that all is ready." "The occasion is very sudden; I am in a mourner's garb." "Is that the only remaining difficulty, my love?" "I do not now think of any other; and I am not disposed to multiply difficulties. If you can remove this, or if you think it of S

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no importance, then I yield to your desire." "Heaven | son, rose from their seats, and sang with great spirit bless my dear bride-now I am happy. Walk with me, my love."

So saying I took her arm, and led her through my bed chamber to a large closet at the end of it. There I opened a wardrobe and discovered to her three complete dresses, made secretly after her measure, fine and chastely elegant, with every appendage needful to fit her out completely. "Here are the wedding garments, my sweet bride; take your choice; I will send Miss Baylor to your assistance. I give you-let me see-it is now half-past eleven. I give you an hour to meet me with your bridesmaids down at the Summer Hall, where Mr. Wilson will be prepared to receive our hymenial vows. Now, love, 'One kind kiss before we part' for an hour." With a blush and a smile, she gave what I asked-then dropping on a chair, her face all covered with blushes, she hid her modest confusion with her handkerchief, as I left the room. Immediately I sent Miss Baylor and a servant to the closet, and hastened up stairs to equip myself for the happy occasion.

I was ready in half the time allotted to my bride, and went with my attendants down to the Summer Hall, to see the sports of the company. Some were walking through the garden; some were sailing on the lake in pretty boats; some fishing on the bank; some strolling among the lawns and groves, and others listening in the Summer Hall to a band of musicians, and preluding for the expected dance. The Hall had a plank floor and seats rising behind each other on three sides, leaving the middle space unoccupied. The vault of the roof, and the walls were literally covered with branches of evergreens, wreathed and festooned, and adorned with flowers, especially roses, which were beautiful to the eye, and diffused sweet odors through the surrounding air. Pots with living shrubs and plants of various bloom, were set round on shelves within, and outside at the broad entrance to the Hall, where a verdant bower served as a rustic vestibule to the Hall.

Fifteen minutes after twelve, the sound of a bugle called in the scattered parties. At half past twelve the bugle sounded again, and immediately a company of young ladies in white robes left the house on the hill, and winding down through the garden, approached the Hall. When they entered the flowery vestibule, they furled their parasols, opened their thick array, and discovered in their midst my lovely bride, blushing through her lace veil, and radiant with all the charms of her extraordinary beauty. When I saw her now in her bridal habit, every feature expressive of the high-toned emotions of this to her surprising day, I vowed in my heart that she never had looked so transcendantly sweet and interesting.

I took her hand, as she stole a furtive glance at me, and led her to the middle of the floor, where Mr. Wilson in five minutes received our solemn vows, and pronounced the nuptial benediction.

Instantly a joyful shout rang through the assembly; the band struck up hymenial airs; and when I had seated my bride on a chair in the midst of the floor, our joyful friends pressed forward to congratulate us. No sooner was this customary token of good will given us, than a trained band of singers from the village below, headed as usual by their music master, Phil Glea-

the following stanzas:

Human life is like the year, Sometimes cold and dreary, Forcing many a bitter tear From the sad and weary; But the storm will overblow-Blossoms follow clouds of snow. Sore, O bride, thy trials past, Long and deep thy mourning, Brighter days have come at last, Summer is returning: Rosy Summer bids thee hail, Welcome to her lovely vale. Smiling see the breezy lake, Smiling see the meadows, Wood and lawn and tangled brake Smile with twinkling shadows: E'en old Craggyhead above Smiles upon thy wedded love. Now attend, ye festive throng, Join the coronation, Join the chorus of the song, Shout with gratulation:

Bring the wreath, the bride instal Queen of fair Seclusaval. Bring the wreath, &c.

While the singers repeated the last couplet, Miss Landon, with the other fair attendants of the bride, came forward with something concealed in a basket. She first stooped and whispered a word to Judith; then opening the basket, she took out a beautifully twined chaplet of roses and evergreens, and put it on her head. This action was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the whole assembly. Judith, with her usual grace and dignity, but with tears of sensibility in her eyes, now rose and made her acknowledgments to the company: she thanked them most feelingly for the ardent welcome they gave her, and for the sympathy which they manifested in her most unexpected but nevertheless, as she said most happy marriage. "I thank my dear young friends too, for the complimentary coronation with which they have honored me. Though it be but a fading crown of roses, it is so much the more appropriate to one, whose royal dignity on this festive occasion, will so soon pass away. But oh! how shall I express the emotions which the surprising and delightful occurrences of this day have raised within me! I can only say, dear friends and strangers, may God give you all a crown that will never fade away." She then resumed her seat, scarcely able to keep her feelings from overcoming her.

Now, I must inform the reader, that I was myself taken by surprise, when this coronation scene was acted. It was no part of my plot, but an underplot contrived by Gleason and other friends, in order, as they said, to express their good will, and to give me a taste of the surprise that I was so liberally dealing out to my bride. I thanked them for their good intention; but was afraid that it was carrying the matter a little too far. However, it went off very happily.

Soon after this, the bugle sounded to dinner. Mr. Danforth conducted the bride to the dining arbor,

where two long tables were filled with guests. The dinner, though not sumptuous, was excellent, as the company seemed to think; for they complimented their entertainer by partaking plentifully of his fare. When nothing remained to be done but to drink wine and other mild beverages, (for no ardent spirit was used,) Mr. Landon, who presided at the first table, called out in a loud voice, "Attention, gentlemen and ladies! I have a toast to propose; after I have repeated it, let all who join in the sentiment drink standing:-'Long life and happiness to the bridegroom and the bride of Seclusaval." Instantly the whole company rose, and after they had drank, spontaneously gave three cheers. I rose and made a short speech, and gave my own toast in compliment to the company; but neither the speech nor the toast are here recorded.

Now Baylor, who presided at the other table, sprang up in a fit of enthusiasm, and shouted, "Drink to my toast: 'The sweet rose of Seclusaval! long may she bloom and flourish here.' Nine cheers, my friends." And nine cheers made the valley ring again. After some less particular toasts were given, the company rose from the table and returned to the Summer Hall, where music and dancing began to delight those who were fond of the amusement, whilst others betook themselves to whatsoever they liked best. A party of us embarked on the lake and made a visit to the Echoing Glen, where we seemed at once to have got into another sort of region-a region of the shadow of death. When we sounded the bugle in this dark, cool recess, it seemed as if ten thousand shrill-mouthed demons had set up a yell. This romantic spot drew several exclamations of delight from Judith. When we returned to the head of the lake, we saw all manner of sports going on, and every one appearing to be delighted with the festival. About twenty of my friends now occupied the parlor of my house, where music on the piano and pleasant conversation beguiled the time.

After awhile we began to disperse ourselves in little parties over the adjacent grounds, as choice or accident directed. Some strolled through the parks and lawns; some into the wild glen under Craggyhead; some into the garden below the house; while others found their way into the labyrinthine walks of the wilderness, on the brow of the hill by the house. Here densely matted shrubs, vines and trees, were penetrated by shady avenues, leading irregularly, sometimes to little plots of open ground, from which glimpses could be caught of mountain, hill, and lake; sometimes to wide lofty arcades of tall acacia or magnolia trees, festooned and canopied with luxuriant vines. Of all the spots in this romantic wilderness, the most charming was a knoll on the hill side near the garden. The margin of this knoll was overgrown with an impenetrable thicket of hawthorns, pyracanthas, eglantines, and rose-bushes. Within this thorny cincture was a labyrinth of Paphian bowers, formed of every beautiful and blooming species of vines and trees. In the centre was a small wooden temple, circular in shape, open at the sides, but covered with a dome. In the centre of the temple, a fountain spouted its tiny jet so high, that the water fell back in a fine white spray into a gravelly basin, and ran off by a winding channel into the garden.

To this charming retreat I finally led my sweet wife

alone, through an entrance so covered with foliage and pendent vine branches, as to be invisible to one not acquainted with it. I first conducted her round the sylvan bowers, all verdant, blooming and fragrant. We then entered the little temple, and having seated ourselves at one side, among wreaths of clematis and china roses; we looked awhile in silence at the fountain, which would shoot up its foaming jet for a minute, and then cease for an equal space of time.

"Well, my dear wife, (said I at last,) you have now seen enough of Seclusaval to express your opinion of it. How do you like it?" "Like it! why my dear husband, it is the most charming place in the world: such a sweet image of paradise! such a nurse of pure and holy feelings! None but the virtuous and devout should ever dwell amidst such delightful tokens of Divine beauty and goodness. To have spent one day—my happy wedding day—in so sweet a place, will be a pleasure to me whilst I live: and to visit this charming Seclusaval, even once a year, will add to my enjoyment of a residence in this beautiful country."

"Once a year, my love, do you say?—Is that all? Do you not remember the toasts at dinner, and the coronation in the Summer Hall?—Are you not installed queen of this valley?"

"Yes, my husband, (said she, looking up in my face,) I remember the complimentary toasts and coronation: I felt ashamed on my own account, that I so little deserved the compliments bestowed on me: but when I remembered that you were the real object of them all, I rejoiced at such striking proofs of the enthusiastic devotion of your friends: and especially of Mr. Baylor, who is evidently delighted with his own generosity in giving you a wedding feast amidst the thousand beauties of his valley. He must be a devoted friend of yours."

"He is, my dear; but he ought to be my friend; for I have now to inform you, my sweet wife, that Mr. Baylor is my steward."

She gave me a sudden look of surprise and doubt: "What did you say, my husband? Mr. Baylor your steward? Are you serious?" "Yes, love, I have reserved this surprise for the last. I have now to tell you, that among all the delightful events of this day, I deem it not the least that you are so well pleased with your home; for the compliments paid you to-day were all true and appropriate: you are the bride and the mistress of Seclusaval." As I spoke, her eyes, which were still fixed on mine, began to moisten; the tide of emotion rose and colored her cheek: the fulness of her heart was such that for some time she could not utter a word: she fell on my breast, and presently sobbed out, "I have suffered many afflictions, and deserved them all; but now kind Heaven has overpowered my heart with blessings."

#### INCIDENTS.

Trivial incidents in early life give a turn to character. We sometimes see a noble oak bent and distorted, from a twist given to the twig. So, in human life, many a little unheeded incident will tell in future years.

## THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Complaining bird, that sing'st at eve, When all around is calm and still-Why wilt thou make my spirit grieve, And bid me "Whip poor Will!" What has poor Willy done, that he Should be the burden of thy song, As, sitting on you old oak tree, Thou chantest all night long-"Whip poor Will?"

I whipped him once, but ah! in vain; From copse and wood, from glen and hill, That oft-repeated solemn strain Still bids me "Whip poor Will!" And though the little fellow screamed For being whipped he knew not why-Till on yon heavens the starlight gleamed, There came that mournful cry-"Whip poor Will!"

On other themes, oh lonesome bird! Employ thy deep, melodious bill; And let me hear some other word, And not "Will"-" Whip poor Will!" For William is a pleasant boy, A merry-hearted, lovely one-His father's pride, his mother's joy; Why must I whip my son?-"Whip poor Will?"

What! never done! wilt always sing? Can no persuasion keep thee still? Has thy small harp no other string, Beside that "Whip poor Will?" 'Tis even so-'tis mine own thought, And not thy note, does Willy wrong: Then sing away-with sweetness fraught-Sing that complaining, constant song-"Whip poor Will!"

New York, October, 1837.

# . INTERNATIONAL LAW OF COPY-RIGHT.

The protection which society offers to the property of its individual members, marks the gradation of its improvement, and forms a distinguishing feature between rude and polished nations. And in proportion as the right of property is held inviolate, does civilization advance and the comforts and conveniences of life multiply. Hence it is, that in free and well organized governments, wealth accumulates, the arts flourish, science advances, and the cause of sound learning keeps pace with the improvements of the age. The least deflection from this principle, although it may not be felt in its immediate consequences, is injurious to the well-being of society; since it will serve as a crevice to an entering wedge, which would make wide the chasm of national and individual prejudices and hos-

tilities. Justice is the only sure basis upon which the friendly relations and transactions of men can be safely rested. This being true of individuals, it is likewise true of nations; for nothing is more evident, than that the same principles of equity and morality which govern individual, should also govern national trans-

Having premised these remarks, I come now to the consideration of the justice and expediency of establishing a law of international copy-right, between the United States and Great Britain. The object of a copy-right, is to secure to the author the honest rewards of his labor, by granting to him for a limited length of time, the exclusive control over the sale and publication of his work. The propriety of such a law must be plainly manifest, since without it, the author would receive no remuneration whatever; his products are immaterial and cannot therefore be appropriated; they have an indefinite power of self-production and may thus speedily become the property of all. The protection, then, of literary property, is the object of an international law of copy-right. Between the United States and Great Britain no such law exists; and from the community of language of the two nations, British authors are extensively read in our country, whilst the profits arising from the sale of those works, are wholly appropriated to the advancement of individual interest of the American bookseller. Not receiving protection from the laws of our land, their works-as soon as they reach this continent-become the property of every American, who has the inclination and possesses the means of erecting a printing-shop; whence he may send them forth, bearing the imposing titles of being revised, abridged and corrected, or enlarged, improved and stereotyped, according as the prospect of filling his purse presents itself. Hence, it is easy to perceive the gross injustice done to foreign authors. Our publishers-not having to pay the price of copy right-enjoy the twofold advantage of both author and publisher. They reap richly of that golden harvest, the seed of which were sown with care, and fostered by the arduous labors of that class, which in every community, is most illy requited for their exertions. Now, I would ask, can a system be founded in true philosophy which proceeds upon a principle like this-that one man's loss is another's gain; or that regards literary property as no property at all? Does it accord with the teachings of political economy? Are not the products of a man's literary labors, as much his property as any of his agricultural or manufactural products; and does not society derive benefit from all? If so, and none will dare deny it, why does not the law extend to it the same protection it offers to every other species of property? Why this insecurity of literary possessions? When an inhabitant of Great Britain sends to our shore the most paltry production of the soil or any manufactural commodity, it receives all the protection due to property; and should any one dare filch aught from the mass, he would meet with merited and condign punishment. But let the same person write a work, whose far-reaching influence, embracing all countries and circling all time, shall bless and adorn generations yet unborn-and how is he remunerated or what is its security? The rapacious harpies of our coast, seize on it as the vulture does on its prey, and transform it into as many shapes as the fabled Proteus was | capable of assuming; and the injured author, deprived of every means of redress, beholds his work, which cost him the care and labor and toil of years to produce, torn away from him and made the property of another. Call this justice! Then are words unmeaning things and 'twere folly in us to use them! The mildest name that can be applied to a practice like this, is that of literary piracy; and yet it is tolerated by law and sanctioned by custom! But the fact of its not being prohibited by law, does not by any means make it innocent; nor is it disrobed of its guilt, because so many engage in it as to keep each other in countenance. The principle is wrong; and it is beyond the power of man, by any method of association or combination, to make that which is radically wrong, right.

The advocates of this system assert, that British authors receive a sufficient remuneration in their own country, and that, therefore, the surplus rightfully belongs to the public generally. This assertion, I contend, is altogether gratuitous, and by consequence, the conclusion must be false. If true-since the same principles obtain in every species of property-I have the right to demand of my neighbor, the surplus over and above, what will render him a sufficient compensation for his labor. Now, were I to make of him such a demand, I should without doubt, be recommended to the kind attentions of some medical adviser; and since it is natural for us to spare no exertions, in securing what we conceive to be our right, I might in so doing, cause no little annoyance to him of whom I should make the demand, and thus run the risk of having my powers of locomotion restrained within the narrow limits of a straight-jacket!

If they receive, as is asserted, a sufficient remuneration in their own country, whence are those dolorous complaints, long and loud, so often uttered by British authors? Whence those fulsome dedications and that eringing sycophancy which so strongly characterize the productions of the English press? The fact is, and we cannot disguise it, that in most cases their independence is crushed for want of a generous support; and they resort to the menial service of paying court to "My Lord" to secure his patronage and obtain his influence. It is true, indeed, that they can get out a copyright for their works in their own country, and no one dares reprint them except the author's assignee; but in the absence of an international law of copy-right, this is of comparatively small value. An English publisher cannot afford to pay a high price for the copyright of a work, while our publishers enjoy the privilege of reprinting the same work, free from all cost. If he pay a high price-that is, amply remunerate the author-his reprints must necessarily be dearer than those of our publishers, whose only outlay is that incurred in publication; hence, the liability of his being undersold and his consequent loss of capital. So great are the facilities of communication between the two countries, that our publishers are enabled to furnish the English market with reprints of English works at a more reduced price than can be furnished by its own publishers; for ceteris paribus, the cost of copy-right is greater than the cost of transportation. Hence, this irresistible conclusion forces itself upon us, that serious injustice is done to British authors; and that it becomes

us as Americans to make to them immediate restitution. Thus far have I considered the subject on the simple ground of justice; and upon this immutable basis might I safely rest my cause, did conviction invariably follow in the light of truth. But this is not always so; for no doctrine is more universally agreed on by metaphysicians, or more firmly established by the concurring sentiment of every age, than that the passions exercise a controlling, and oftentimes, a perverting influence over the powers of the mind. This, therefore, being true, it becomes the sincere inquirer after truth, to divest himself of all prejudices and prepossessions, that he may weigh in impartial balances the arguments advanced, and detect in either scale, by clearness of perception and acuteness of observation, the least preponderance. In my subsequent remarks, I shall endeavor to show the influence of the present system on American literature; and inquire into the expediency of enacting the law proposed.

From a slight and cursory view of the subject, particularly as it regards our own country, we might perhaps be so far from desiring such an enactment, as even to congratulate ourselves on the non-existence of such a law; since it contemplates so extensive a dissemination of literary and scientific knowledge. This view, without doubt, has hitherto prevented any legislative enactment on the subject, and given rise to much rant and idle declamation. While every port of the Atlantic is considered to be an unfailing source of light, whence emanate rays to gladden and enlighten our land; and while the "march of improvement" and the "march of mind" are the noble themes of school-boy declamation, he who opposes a system, under the auspices of which, all things move so prosperously on, runs no small risk of being denounced a traitor to the best interest of his country. But before the sentence of condemnation is passed, let the arguments that may be advanced, be fairly weighed and calmly considered.

The ground upon which the present system is defended, is, that the absence of an international law of copy-right, favors the cause of American literature, by increasing the number and diminishing the price of books. To ascertain how far this is correct, let us inquire what will be the operation of the opposite system; and if it be found more beneficial and salutary in its effects, it is a sufficient reason why it should be preferred and adopted. By the enactment of such a law, literary property would be rendered more secure; and according to the general laws which govern the application of labor to capital, a greater inducement would be offered to the community to engage in literary pursuits. And moreover, it is a well established principle in political economy, and one confirmed by our own experience, that the greater the encouragement given to labor, the greater will be the amount of productions; and vice versa. This then being true, as the proposed system would present inducements, which did not before exist, the number of books would be increased, and consequently, according to the laws of supply and demand, there would be a corresponding diminution in their respective prices. The prospects of remuneration being held out to all, both British and American authors would enter the field and write expressly for our country. The great number thus brought out on the arena, and the competition between them, must inevi-

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tably reduce the price of works to the proper standard ; ] for more than this, it were unreasonable to ask; since one part of the community have no right to receive a benefit at the expense of the other part. If they did not, however, immediately fall to their proper level, they could not, in the very nature of things, for a long period of time, remain far above it; since, where the use of property is free, it is the invariable tendency of industry and capital to flow from the less profitable to the more profitable employment, until the profits of each shall be perfectly equalized. Where then shall we find that great difference in the price of works, for which the advocates of the present system contend? If there be any, it is nothing more than any honest man should wish to pay; a full and ample remuneration of the With those, who look upon authors and liteauthor. rary men as incorporeal beings, who can live in the secresy of solitude and in the retirement of the desert, independent of the common necessaries of animal life, I am not disposed to join issue; for I have ever been taught to consider them corporeal in their nature, and composed like other men, of bone and sinew, flesh and blood. If it be true, that their highest aim is not pecuniary emolument, it is none the less true, that without some compensation of the kind, they must ere long cease to have on earth a "local habitation or a name."

Having noticed the only argument that favors the present system, let us next consider its general influence on the literature of the day. This we shall find to be evil, and that continually. The first bad consequence to be noticed is, that it places the choice of books into the wrong hands. Since our publishers select the works to be reprinted, they have to a great degree the direction of the reading of the community. They, of course, make selection of such works, as will command the most ready and extensive sale; and in so doing, they answer the demands of one class, while the wants of the more intelligent and cultivated classes are almost entirely neglected. Moreover, there are many most valuable works, which would be brought into wide and free circulation, if once placed before the public, but which our publishers suffer to remain wholly unknown, because the immediate sale of an edition may be doubtful. Consulting merely their own interest, they reprint such works and in such a manner as will yield them the greatest amount of immediate profit; and to judge of the expertness of those panders to the vitiated taste of the age, and of their sphere of usefulness to literature and to science particularly, I may be permitted to cite one out of the innumerable instances which have repeatedly occurred. A shrewd publisher, undertaking to reprint Philip's work on Mineralogy, omitted all the diagrams and scientific characters as he stupidly supposed, to bring down the science to the comprehension of all! Doubtless the same sagacity that suggested this improvement, would likewise suggest the propriety of omitting the figures in geometry, to render that science more easy to be acquired; an act, for which he would be highly entitled to the lasting gratitude of all college students; since it would be the means of effectually banishing from the recitation-room that great object of terror, the black board! But this is not the only instance in which ignorant booksellers and publishers have committed literary murder in the first degree; I call it first degree,

because it is wilful and premeditated; for scarcely any work escapes their clutches without bearing some marks of transformation. They thus send forth works to the public so changed and mutilated that were the eyes of the author to rest upon them he would no longer recognize them as his own. And in the hands of designing men all this is not unfrequently done for party, sectarian or some other hellish purpose which they think to promote by the sanction of the author's name. Thus to pecuniary loss is added the loss of reputation. Again. Novels and other species of fictitious writing, being the most popular productions and commanding the most ready and extensive sale, are the works which our publishers usually set affoat upon the surface of society to send abroad their vitiating influence. If the most valuable work and the most paltry novel be simultaneously issued from the English press, the latter would first be given to the American public; nor should we ever hear of the former until its success had been fairly tried; and perhaps not then, if some such thing as Jacob Faithful or Peter Simple should make its appearance into the world. And this is the boasted result of the absence of an international law of copy-right; this is the encouragement given to literature. But it may be asked, Would this evil be arrested by enacting the law proposed? We think it plain that it would. Had our publishers to pay the price of copyright for all the works they reprinted, it is quite certain that they would not be so fond of catching up and reprinting the trashy works of the day. In their purchases they would look beyond those works which are only kept in existence by the first breath of popular applause, and which, like the glow-worm's lamp, are extinguished by the light of day, to works that would afford them a more permanent revenue. The trifling novel and catch-penny, the cheap nonsense of the day, which excite the momentary curiosity of the public and then sink to be forgotten, would be superseded by works of greater value. The interest of the publisher would then be the interest of the community; and so long as there is a coincidence here, we may entertain high hopes that the republic of letters will move triumphantly on.

But the most pernicious consequence flowing from the absence of an international-law of copyright is the poor encouragement given to native authors. From what has already been said concerning the operation of the present system, it is plain to perceive that this is far from being an idle or unmeaning assertion. Within a few days' sail there is a nation of authors who speak and write our own language, and whose productions can be procured free from all cost. Hence our publishers, true to the selfishness of human nature, are wholly engaged in reprinting the works of foreigners; nor could it be otherwise; for that publisher would be indeed foolish and short-sighted, who would pay a native author a fair price for the copyright of a work which he was not sure of selling if printed, when he can obtain for nothing the work of some English author of such well known popularity that the sale of an edition is certain. Such is the operation of the present system-militating directly against the cause it was designed to promote. Of our authors, those alone of established reputation receive a remuneration for their labors. The youthful aspirant to literary honors meets rise at all, it must be over an array of unfavorable circumstances and opposing obstacles. Before he can become an author, he must not only possess an independency, but must likewise have attained to some distinction in the literary world-requirements almost amounting to a physical impossibility. Were our authors generally men of independent fortunes, they might indeed, though at a great sacrifice, favor the world with the results of their labor. But who are they? Almost invariably men in the most indigent circumstances of life. The wealthy part of our community-those who were cradled in opulence and nursed in the lap of luxury—are in too many cases mere drones in society; feasting on the rich stores procured by the industry of other hands. Their wealth administers to their comfort and they live but to enjoy it. If any one doubt it, let him inquire into the history of the lives of our literary men, and he cannot fail being struck with the fact, that they are almost without exception from the humble walks of society; that they arose not from the mansion-house of the wealthy, but from the lowly cottage of the humble poor. With no riches but his natural endowments, with no reputation but that of unpretending probity and integrity, he begins the labors of an author, dependent solely on the success of his first publication for the means to pursue his literary course; so that, should he meet with a repulse at the very threshhold, his hopes are crushed, forever crushed. But what else can he expect? Who ever heard of a publisher's reading and examining the merits of an original manuscript? And is it reasonable to suppose that he would hazard a large sum on a work, the success of which is uncertain-of the merits of which he is totally ignorant? Nay, verily. Man knows too well his own interest to pay out his money at random; he loves too well the sine qua non to pass it from his hands without the prospect of the quid pro quo. This is the boasted result of the present system; this the encouragement given to rising genius! And let it be said, with shame to our country, that it was this that has driven many of our young authors to the necessity of sending their works abroad for publication. Not receiving encouragement from their fellow-countrymen, who should have been first to have offered it, they sought it in a foreign land, where they must needs establish a reputation before they could receive support at home. It was this that has crushed the youthful genius ere it displayed the first buddings of its incipient greatness, and deprived our country, nay the world, of some of the proudest monuments of intellectual grandeur. And in fine, it was this that has kept and ever will keep the standard of literature so low in our country, constantly subjecting her to the insulting taunts from abroad, as "Where are your learned men?" and "Where are the memorials of their greatness?" And shall we consider this a matter of minor importance? Is a national literature a something little to be desired? Shall we content ourselves to be the mere passive recipients of that which is catered for us abroad? No-it is not the spirit of the American people. Their united voice is in favor of a national literature. For to whom are we to look for a defence of our free institutions, our customs and our opinions, if not to our native born American? Do we expect to receive it from the pen of a foreign writer- | ever be, "Fiat justitia calum ruat."

with no encouragement, receives no reward; and if he one whose education together with all the bright associations of his youthful and maturer years, bind and endear him to the country and institutions that gave him birth? Were this the only source whence we could look for aid, we might now prepare to chant the funeral dirge of our country's overthrow. But no-we look not to this quarter. We look to our native-born citizens-we look to those who have grown up among us-who have been educated in the school of moral and political science, and who know how to estimate those sacred principles which form the basis of our republican institutions. Let ample encouragement, therefore, be given to the cultivation of letters; then, and then only, may we confidently expect to see our country arising in the greatness of her strength to dispute the palm of learning with the most enlightened nations on earth.

Dr. Francis Wayland remarks, that "one of the most efficient means of intellectual improvement which government can adopt, is, that of rewarding those who have been successful in the advancement of literature and science. This is done by the British government; and I see no reason why it is not done wisely; for wherever it is done, learning is essentially promoted. In this country, however, it is, I believe, never practised. The only rewards which we ever confer, are for military or naval service. The propriety of those, I by no means, in this place, dispute; yet, I think it would be difficult to show, that warriors are the only benefactors of mankind, or, that Whitney or Fulton did not deserve as well of their country, for the invention of the cotton gin and the application of steam to navigation, as they would have done, had they captured a fleet on the ocean, or routed a tribe of indians in the forest."

One other consideration and I have done. By the enactment of an international law of copy-right, no possible loss could be incurred, while, as I have endeavored to show, great good would be gained. The standard works of the oldest and best English authors, which constitute the very life of English literature, could not be affected by it; since their term of copy-right has long since expired and they have become the common property of the world. If it seriously affected any, it would be the light and trashy works of the day, from the effects of which our country suffers, both in a moral and a literary point of view. Whilst, therefore, we have nothing to lose but much to gain, we should not hesitate. Justice to our own authors; justice to the cause of sound learning and pure morality, as well as justice to foreign authors, all imperatively demand the protection of such a law. To enact it, we are bound by the principles of the existing treaty of amity between the two countries, and by the general and universal law of reciprocity. England affords to our authors all the protection due to property and all the advantages of a law of copy-right; and we owe it to her, to afford to British authors the same protection and the same advantages. Justice, I repeat, is the only sure basis, upon which the friendly relations and transactions of nations can be safely rested. They have petitioned for a redress of their grievances-let Congress do her duty and all is well. But never, no, never let the honor of our country's fair name be sullied by the foul blot of national injustice; never let it be said that America was recreant to her duty; but rather let her motto

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# LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

### LECTURE V.

### DESTRUCTIVENESS.

This organ is situated immediately above and extends a little backward and forward from the external opening of the ear, and gives to that part breadth in proportion to its size. In graminivorous animals, only a small portion of the brain lies behind the external opening of the ear; while in the carnivorous, a considerably larger mass is situated there. This is well shown by exhibiting the difference in this respect between this skull of the young lion, and this, the skull of the roebuck. This is the skull of a fox; this of a sheep; this of a cat; this of a dog; this of a horse; this of a savage baboon. You notice in all that those of the carnivoræ are broadest just over the ear, whereas those of the herbivoræ are generally broadest higher up. You notice too that the former are all much broader in proportion to their size than the latter. By the difference in this part of the skull alone these two classes of animals are readily distinguishable from each other.

Dr. Gall early noticed this appearance, but drew no particular conclusion from it, till one gentleman sent him the skull of a parricide, and another sent him the skull of a highwayman who, not content with robbing, murdered his victims. On comparing these, he found them both very wide here. This fact, in connection with his previous observations on the skulls of animals, led him to conclude that in this region was situated an organ which gives the disposition to kill. At first his mind revolted at the idea; but finding, on still further examination, that Nature spoke unequivocally, he was forced to believe her. This organ he called by a French name—instinct du meurtre—which signifies propensity to kill, but which was ignorantly translated into English by the word murder. This blunder was the cause of infinite abuse.

This faculty has called forth much declamation. Can it be possible, say the declaimers, that God has implanted such a propensity in the human mind? I observe, in the first place, that others besides Phrenologists have acknowledged the existence of such a propensity. Lord Kaimes names it as the "appetite for hunting." It has been said, indeed, that the pleasure of hunting is in the pursuit and the consequent emulation; but this is not so. I have asked hunters whether, if some machine could be invented to fly before them as the game now does, they would feel the same pleasure in pursuit. The answer has always been in the negative: some animal must suffer, or little pleasure would ensue.

Poets and authors who delineate human nature are familiar with this feeling. Sir Walter Scott describes its abuse as "the ruffian thirst for blood." The author of Recollections of the Peninsula says, that not only soldiers, but others, "talk with an undefined pleasure about carnage." I have met with young men of good moral qualities whose thoughts ran habitually on killing and slaughtering. The impulse was restrained, but they confessed that to smash and slay would give them great momentary gratification. In them the organ was decidedly large.

In regarding the scene of creation, we perceive all living beings destined to destruction. And this has ever been the case, so far as we can trace the history of the earth, which informs us that various races of animals and vegetables have successively been destroyed. The works of art are subject to the destroying hand of time; man himself is destined to destruction. He is surrounded, too, by animals bent on destruction. Moreover, he has received a stomach fitted to digest animal food, and a bodily system which such food is fitted to nourish and preserve. To gratify this appetite, he must deprive animals of life by sudden destruction, as their flesh is unwholesome if they die of old age or disease. To place man on earth, therefore, without an organization fitting him for those circumstances of his condition, would have been any thing but indicative of supreme wisdom and beneficence. By this organ of Destructiveness he is put in apposition with his own destiny and that of the external world.

Combativeness gives us courage to face danger and resist aggression. Destructiveness gives us the desire and disposition to hurl destruction on the aggressor. Those in whom it is large take a kind of pleasure in seeing scenes of suffering, at the sight of which those in whom it is small would be agonized. Thus humane and even cultivated individuals experience pleasure in witnessing executions. They would not put a man to death, but if one is to be put to death they think it no harm to look on and enjoy the performance. It is always found large in good operating surgeons; medical gentlemen in whom it is small, though possessed of all the requisites of knowledge and skill, would refuse-nay, would be unable-to operate. We see, then, that this organ is absolutely necessary even to perform the behests of Benevolence. I knew a clergyman who had very small Destructiveness, and who could not bear to see a person bled. His son was taken with inflammation of the lungs: the physician was sent for, and proceeded to bleed immediately, telling the father that he should want his assistance. The minister screwed up his courage, remained till the operation was performed, and then fainted away.

This organ is always large in cool and deliberate murderers. such as Agnes Clark and John Bellingham, whose heads I now show you. Bellingham murdered Percival, the English Minister, in 1811, by deliberately shooting him in the lobby of the House of Commons. In this see how wide! it is the skull of the woman Gottfried, who, though in easy circumstances, murdered in a series of years both her parents, her children, two husbands, and six other persons. She poisoned them by small does of arsenic; yet by their death-beds she would stand seemingly in an agony of grief, yet in reality gloating over their pro-tracted torments. See the size in the head of Hare, who assisted Burke to murder sixteen persons for the sake of selling their bodies for dissection, and who, after his bloody deeds, would sleep as undisturbedly as though he had been merely killing a pig. This is the head of a man of Belfast who murdered his father. The jury that tried him very properly returned, in conformity with the evidence, a verdict of insanity. He was accordingly confined to an asylum, from which, after some period of correct conduct, he was liberated, notwithstanding his terrific organization. He proceeded to Liverpool, where for a deed of violence he was immediately arrested, and after trial transported to New South Wales. I expect that the next we hear about him will be

that he has there committed some dreadful deed.

Contrast these skulls with that of the Hindoo. How small this is in comparison; and yet it is of the average size of these people. The Hindoos are notorious for their dislike of putting animals to death. In some parts, indeed, they have hospitals for the reception and maintenance of sick animals. Here is the head of a Flat-head Indian; see how large in this region! Here is one of a Charib, which is still more developed. In these heads you will notice that large Destructiveness is combined with small reflective and moral faculties. Its large size, in proper combination, is quite compatible with high moral character. Here, for example, is the head of Captain Parry, in whom it is large, but in whom the intellectual faculties and moral sentiments preponderate. It is large, too, in Spurzheim, as you may perceive by this cast, yet he was an amiable philosopher.

Satire is a combination of this faculty with wit. It must have been large in Byron. It gives point, too, to that sarcastic, cutting speech, which is so unpleasant to those who are the subject of it. Some swear with a heartiness which others cannot imitate. In these, Destructiveness is found large. It gives a force and energy to their imprecations which those who think swearing manly, but whose Destructiveness is small, vainly strive to imitate. There is a softness, a roundness about their imprecations which completely destroys their effect. This organ is the fountain of invective. In Parliament, we find some men with it and language very large; and their speeches were complete torrents of invective-often of nothing else. Yet after such a speech, the newspapers are full of laudatory remarks: " such energy !" " such torrents of invective !" " such manly eloquence !" they cry out. For my own part, I no more admire Destructiveness manifested in this way than when manifested by blows.

With due reverence, I must be allowed to say, that I have neganization fitting him for those circumstances of his condition, would have been any thing but indicative of supreme wisdom and beneficence. By this organ of Destructiveness he is put in apposition with his own destiny and that of the external world.

With due reverence, I must be allowed to say, that I have neticed preachers in whom this organ is very large to dwell principally on the threatenings of the gospel—on "the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched." From those in whom Benevolence is large and this organ small, such threat-

enings are very rarely heard. Preachers of the first class mis- | if by relating the circumstances I can draw attention to the subtake, it seems to me, the fervors of Destructiveness for the inspirations of moral eloquence, and, while they gratify the stern, they harrow up the feelings of the amiable and susceptible. Phrenology will be very serviceable by teaching men the secret fountains of their emotions, and that what is gratifying to them is not necessarily gratifying to others.

Those in whom this organ is small are often deficient in proper indignation. A community of such men would be a prey to the profligate and unprincipled. Contumely and suffering would inevitably be their portion. If aggressors visit a community in whom exists a proper endowment of this faculty, destruction is hurled upon their heads, and others are kept aloof by the terror which such a manifestation of this feeling inspires.

It was exceedingly amusing to see the ebullitions of wit which writers perpetrated against Phrenology on account of this organ, about the same time that the legislature found it necessary to enact laws to curb its activity. Thus the statute 3d, George IV. chap. 71, ordains-that "if any person or persons shall wantonly and cruelly beat, abuse or ill-treat any horse, mare, gelding," &c. he shall pay certain penalties to the king.

It is the great size of this organ and Combativeness which inspires men with such a sympathy for war. Of this sympathy we, a short time ago, had an example in this country. boundary question was agitated, and every mouth breathed war. The excitement has now passed away, and many are astonished now, as I was then, at the violence of their emotions. One great use of Phrenology is to indicate the source of our feelings, and to show us that the propensities ought never to act as the controllers but merely as the servants of reason and the higher sentiments. I met in Edinburgh a young American who said that the United States equalled any European nation in every thing excepting military glory, and that a great war, which would afford them an opportunity for acquiring it, would be a national blessing. I told the young man that his organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness were probably large, which was proved by examination; and added that he was merely mistaking his own propensities for the wishes and interests of his nation.

This organ is sometimes diseased. This is a most important point in jurisprudence. When inflamed, there is an exalted manifestation of its function, and a disposition to burn, kill and destroy. Violence or murder may be committed, and we may hang the person for disease. Against sending men to the gallows under such circumstances Phrenologists protest. A man in a village in Scotland was observed to enter a cottage and presently come out and walk deliberately away. He was thought to be a beggar, and no further notice was taken of the circumstance till an hour or two afterwards, when a neighbor entered the cottage and found the old woman who resided there, lying on the floor with her skull cleft in two by means of a hatchet. It is an important fact that not the slightest article had been stolen. The man was pursued, taken, and brought to trial. The evidence was such that no doubt remained on my mind that the prisoner was a monomaniac. I mentioned this to Mr. C., the attorney for the crown, a very worthy and amiable man, but he could not understand the force of my representations, and my efforts were in vain. A petition was sent to the crown that the man might be confined in a mad-house instead of being hanged but the petition was refused. The day before that appointed for his execution, Mr. C. asked me if I still considered the man insane. I replied, " Certainly I do." At two o'clock in the morning of the day on which he was to be executed, he sent for the mayor of the city for the purpose of making some important confessions. The mayor went, when the man commenced the relation of a whole list of atrocious murders. He said he had killed a child at such a time in such a street of Edinburgh-a man at such another place-and so he kept on, enumerating six or eight murders in the country, in the most circumstantial man-The mayor sent for the superintendent of the police and related the man's confessions, asking him if they could be true, seeing that no such murders had ever been heard of. The superintendent said it was impossible. They were then convinced that the man was staring and glaringly mad; but at that time no person in Scotland had power to stay the execution, so the poor maniac was taken out at eight o'clock the same morning and hanged. I met Mr. C. some time afterward, and asked him what he then thought of the case. "The fact is," said he, "it was an ugly business, and the less is said about it the better." But

ject and prevent repetitions of such manifest wrong, the relation will be serviceable. Like cases are very numerous in the annals of criminal jurisprudence.

Some say, Granting that a man is mad, if he be inclined to commit murder, he is best out of the way. But madness is a disease; and it would be quite as just and humane to hang a man for having the yellow fever, because he was liable to infect his neighbors. Besides, it makes a vast difference to a man's family whether he be hanged or confined as a lunatic. The latter may be borne with resignation, but the former overwhelms with a feeling of mortification and a sense of infamy. Justice, then, not only to the maniac, but to his relatives and friends, demands that we should be careful in our judgments. And let no man treat this subject as one which does not concern him. None of us know but that ourselves or some member of our families. or some one in the list of our friends and associates, may soon be affected in like manner.

Individuals who commit murder or set fire to property without rational motive, often ascribe their actions to the temptation of the devil; they say that he never ceases to whisper in their ears exhortations to mischief. Diseased activity of this organ, filling the mind with the desire to destroy, probably gives rise to such impressions.

Destructiveness is the great fountain of passion; its natural language is to give a sort of wriggling motion to the head like that of a dog in the act of worrying. The foot is stamped and the face wears a howling expression, and the body is drawn up towards the head. In Dr. Chalmers it is very large; and when it is operative in his speeches, he clinches every thing with a blow. When preaching against sin, it seems as though he were endeavoring to pound it out of mankind. Here you see it strongly manifested in a scene of matrimonial strife : the woman is daring her husband, and he stands with his head bent forward, his fists clenched but retracted, his countenance peculiarly expressive of the power which he has to exercise in order to prevent passion from boiling over and relieving itself by blows. If, in a friendly converse with a person in whom this organ is large and Secretiveness small, one happens to touch on some irritating topic, in an instant the softness of Benevolence, and the courtesy of Love of Approbation, are gone, and the hoarse growl of Destructiveness ushers in a storm

#### ALIMENTIVENESS.

That the appetite for food is an instinct not referable to any of the recognized faculties of the mind early occurred to Gall: but neither he nor Spurzheim discovered its situation. In the sheep, the olfactory nerves are perceived to terminate in two cerebral convolutions, lying at the base of the middle lobe of the brain, adjoining and immediately below the situation of Destructiveness in carnivorous animals. This fact gave rise to the idea that this part of the brain may be the organ which prompts these animals to take nourishment. Subsequent observations made by various individuals have proved that there is in man an organ of appetite for food, situated in the zygomatic fossa.

The stomach is to this organ, what the eye is to the sense of eeing. Cut off the communication between it and the brain, and appetite will be lost. This has been tried. A dog was kept without food till he was ravenous with hunger; the pneumogastric nerve was then divided, and the sensation left him at once. A number of cases have occurred, in which a gluttonous appetite existed during life, and these convolutions were found, after death, ulcerated. Dr. Caldwell thinks the burning desire of the drunkard to arise from disease of this organ, and recommends it to be treated with bleeding, cold water, quiet, and attention to diet.

That this is the organ of alimentiveness has been confirmed by Vimont, and since coming to this country, I have seen two strong proofs of it in the collection of Dr. Norton of Philadel-The one was a skull of a Dutch Admiral, who died at Java in consequence of excessive eating, in which the organ is very much developed; but it is still larger in this, the skull of a convict of New South Wales, who murdered seven people in the woods and ate them.

In the Annals of Physiological Medicine, an account is given of a girl who from infancy exhausted the milk of all her nurses and ate four times as much as other children. At the Saltpétrière she ate eight or ten pounds of bread daily as her ordinary quantity; but she had fits of hunger two or three times a month. during which she devoured twenty-four pounds of bread. She

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went one day into the kitchen of a rich family where a dinner party was expected, and devoured the soup prepared for twenty guests, together with eight pounds of bread! On another occasion she drank all the coffee prepared for seventy-five of her companions in the Saltpétrière ! Her skull is small, but the propensities predominate, and alimentiveness is largely developed. Many similar instances of voracity are recorded by medical writers. In these cases the food passes undigested. You may generally tell those in whom this organ is large by the interest they take in the table. This organ has been marked as probable, but I now consider it established.

#### LOVE OF LIFE.

That this feeling is manifested in different degrees by different individuals is certain, the bravest men being sometimes excessively attached to life, while the most timid are often indifferent to death. I know a man, in rather poor circumstances, who declared that his attachment to life was such, that he would rather live in torment forever than suffer annihilation. Another, who was present, and a much more fortunate man, said he could not conceive the feeling which would lead to such an expression. Dr. Combe had a patient who showed extraordinary anxiety about death. In her he found an enormous development of one convolution at the base of the middle lobe of the brain, and the skull showed a corresponding very deep and distinctly moulded cavity. From the situation of the convolution its development cannot be ascertained during life. In the Hindoos carelessness about the continuance of life is wonderful. It is often necessary to subject them to punishment in order to induce them to take ordinary pains for self-preservation. If fatigued on a march, they ask no greater boon than to be allowed to lie down and repose with every chance of being devoured by the wild beasts, or of being overtaken and slain by the pursuing enemy. That species of hypochondria which consists in morbid fear of death, is probably produced by a disease of this organ. Love of life is strongly manifested in the scene between Rob Roy's wife and Morrison.

#### SECRETIVENESS:

This organ is situated exactly in the centre of the lateral part of the cranium, and lies immediately above Destructiveness. Dr. Gall, in early youth, was struck with the character and form of the head of one of his companions, who was distinguished for cunning and finesse. Although a staunch friend, he experienced great pleasure in deceiving his school-fellows. Dr. Gall says his natural language was absolutely expressive of cunning, and such as we see in cats and dogs when in playing they want to give each other the slip. At a subsequent period he became acquainted with another who was not only cunning but perfidious, and his temples swelled out in the same manner as the last person's. His expression was that of a cat watching a mouse. At Vienna he became acquainted with a physician having a similar development of this region, and he often told Gall that he knew no pleasure equal to that of deceiving. He carried his tricks so far that the Government warned the public, through the medium of the public prints, to beware of him. From these facts Gall concluded that there is a primitive tendency toward cunning in the human mind, and that its organ is situated in the region before described. By a great number of observations this conjecture was fully confirmed.

The various faculties of the mind are liable to involuntary activity from internal causes, as well as from external excitement. Acquisitiveness inspires with strong desire for wealth, language for utterance, tone for music. If outward expression were given to these feelings as they arise, social intercourse would be disfigured with a rude assemblage of gross or ridiculous impropri eties. There needs some ever-prompting feeling to curb in these instinctive impulses until the judgment shall decide upon the propriety of utterance. This curb is supplied by Secretiveness. Shakspeare, to whom I often recur for accurate and striking descriptions of the manifestation of feeling, has well portrayed this feature of the mind. Iago says:

"Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false—As where's that place whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure But some uncleanly apprehensions Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit, With meditations lawful?"

Secretiveness is an essential ingredient in a prudent character.

prying curiosity of others. 'When Napoleon,' says, Sir Walter Scott, 'thought himself closely observed, he had the power of discharging from his countenance all expression save that of an indefinite smile, and presenting to the curious investigator the fixed eyes and rigid features of a marble bust.' 'A fool,' says Solomon, 'uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it till afterward.' Scott's character of Louis XI., in Quentin Durward, is a fine delineation of the predominance of this feeling. 'He was,'says he, 'calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, that 'the king knew not how to reign who knew not how to dissemble;' and that, 'for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets he would throw it into the fire.' all astutious persons he was as desirous of looking into the secrets of others as of concealing his own."

This organ is found large, as you see, in the bust of Robert Bruce. Those who have it very large look upon life as one great stratagem, and upon cunning as wisdom. I knew an English lady who was very amiable, but who had a stratagem for the smallest thing. Pope, according to Lady Montague, played the diplomatist about cabbages and turnips, and Johnson says of him that he hardly drank tea without a stratagem. 1 knew a gentleman, a resident of a village east of Edinburgh, in whom it was very large, and who was so desirous of doing every thing secretly that when he had to go to Edinburgh he would walk west, without coat, out of the village, and by a turn come round to the Edinburgh road, where a person would be waiting with the absent part of his clothing. He would thus be able to go to Edinburgh without any of the village knowing, and, I suppose, without any of them caring. It is said a tailor lived next door with as much secretiveness as he. He long wished to know how this tailor passed his time, but could not learn till one night he fixed a ladder, got to the top of the house, removed two or three tiles, and saw him at work in his garret.

Secretiveness is large in the English, who seclude themselves and surround their houses and gardens with high walls, and are reserved about their history or affairs. It is small in the French, who are very communicative, and pass most of their lives in public. When Secretiveness is large, joined to small Conscientiousness, it prompts to lying; joined to large Acquisitiveness, it prompts to stealing. Merchants in whom it predominates, and whose circumstances are declining, frequently conceal their difficulties from their family till bankruptcy bursts upon them like an explosion. They then plead as an excuse for their conduct a regard for the feelings of their relatives, but the real springs of their conduct are overweening Self-esteem, which hates to acknowledge misconduct or misfortune, and inordinate Secretiveness, which is instinctively averse from candid communication.

Humor is a combination of wit and Secretiveness. Hence the English and Italians, in whom this organ is large, are very fond of it. The French, in whom it is small, think humor, buffoonery, and cannot appreciate it. It gives authors the power of hiding the plot till its denouement. Its size in La Fontaine is enormous. It is large in artists and actors. It enables actors to conceal their real characters and put forth the natural language of the assumed one, and without this the words might be repeated, but they would not be charged with the required feeling.

This is the head of Ann Ross, in whom, as you see, Secretiveness and Firmness are very greatly developed. She practised various deceptions for the purpose of exciting sympathy and obtaining relief; but her impositions being discovered she was discarded. She was shortly afterward admitted into Richmond hospital with her wrist severely ulcerated. Dr. Carmichael and others attended her, but no remedial course seemed to afford relief. At length the disease became so bad that amputation was proposed and submitted to without flinching. On examining the arm afterward it was found full of needles which she had purposely stuck there. It is said that she appeared more mortified at the discovery of the trick than afflicted by the loss of her arm. They did not inform her of the discovery till after she had recovered, and when they did it struck her to the ground. I saw the woman after the amputation had been performed.

The natural language of Secretiveness is a furtiveness of look, a soft manner of speech, from suppression of other faculties or propensities, a close mouth, and eyes partly closed, leaving as small a chink as possible, enabling the owner to look out but preventing the world from looking in. Here is a French draw-It serves as a restraint upon ourselves and a shield against the ling called 'Hush:' the mouth is shut and the finger upon the lip, but the designer, being ignorant of natural language, has left the eyes wide open. Nature never makes such mistakes. Observe this portrait of Fouché, Napoleon's minister of police. with his firmly closed lips and half shut eyes.

#### ACQUISITIVENESS.

This organ is situated above the fore part of Secretiveness, reaching, however, further forward. To prevent mistakes, bear in mind that it is backward and downward from Causality.

Metaphysicians do not admit that the desire to acquire is a primitive faculty of the mind. Love of property, they say, is merely a habit originating in the love of enjoyment, and afterward transferred by association to the means of procuring the enjoyment-which is as rational as to say that a man's love of a good dinner becomes, by long indulgence, love of a knife and fork. Lord Kaimes, however, who wrote from observation, recognises this faculty. 'Man,' says he, 'is a hoarding animal, having an appetite for storing up things of use.' Gall discovered it by comparing the heads of the peasants, whom he used to invite to his house, and who made him their confidant. He found some notorious for petty larcenies, and proud of their superior savoir-faire-others, who would rather starve than even partake of what their companions had stolen: in the first he noticed this part of the head to be much developed-in the last, to be comparatively small.

There are many periods of life in which we cannot labor, as sickness and old age. Now, if we were content with satisfying our present wants, and had no disposition to lay up property, what would become of us in the time of need? This faculty prompts us to accumulate, to store our surplus. By its aid, too, we gather around us the comforts, conveniences or elegances of life, which are parts of wealth.

This is the skull of Tardy, the notorious pirate. You see this organ immensely developed. This is the head of Heaman, executed at Edinburgh for piracy and murder. You perceive a great development of this organ. He saw a number of dollars put on board the ship in which he sailed; they excited his cupidity and haunted his imagination so much, that he did not rest until he had persuaded his ship-mates to assist him to take possession of the vessel. They did so, but were unable to manage it, and consequently it ran ashore on the coast of Scotland, and they were immediately arrested. This organ, as you may perceive, is very large in Hare, who murdered people for the purpose of selling their bodies. Owing to its large size in notorious robbers it has been called the organ of theft. This is just as appropriate as to call the stomach the organ of gluttony. Thieving is a manifest abuse of a propensity obviously given for wise and benevolent purposes.

In this, the skull of Agnes Clark, who assisted her husband to murder a number of persons for the sake of robbing them, it is very large. In the skull of Robert Bruce you perceive it comparatively small.

You have all heard of Robert Owen. That gentleman maintains that the institution of private property is wrong. Now, in his head this organ is very small, and benevolence large. And he has expended a property of ninety thousand pounds sterling, or between four hundred thousand and five hundred thousand dollars, in attempting to carry out his schemes of benevolence.

When Acquisitiveness and Benevolence are both large, the individual will show his kindness by personal exertions, by giving advice, by imparting the results of experience, rather than by giving money. Self-esteem and Acquisitiveness large, with Benevolence small, constitute the really selfish character. But a person in whom this organ is large, may acquire for the very purpose of gratifying large benevolence; and though eager in acquiring, have a hand open as day to melting charity.

Acquisitiveness is large in the Anglo-Saxon race, and this accounts for the eager pursuit and vast accumulation of wealth for which it is distinguished. We see around us overwhelming evidence of this organ's activity. For untold ages this vast country was inhabited by Indians, and a few personal ornaments and war instruments were almost the whole extent of their accumulations. The British race appeared—and cities rose, and roads were constructed, and the comforts and conveniences of life were gathered, where the wild beasts had been chased by men almost as wild.

This propensity takes its direction from the other faculties.

Combined with Destructiveness, it leads to crimes of violence for gain; combined with Secretiveness, it induces crimes of fraud; combined with large Ideality, Constructiveness and Form, it stimulates to collections in works of art, as painting and statuary; with large Eventuality, to collections of books, especially of history, memoirs and travels; with large Individuality, to collections of shells, insects and other specimens of natural history; with Veneration large, to the collection of antiques; combined with large Self-esteem, it produces a disposition to acquire and hoard; combined with large Approbativeness, it leads to admiration of the rich, and, if Conscientiousness and Benevolence be deficient, to contempt of the poor.

Acquisitiveness is small in the skulls of the Caribs, who never manifested any propensity to theft, and who always insisted, says Rochester, in his History of the Antilles, when robbed, that the crime was committed by a Christian. It is small in the Negroes, who are not much disposed to theft; and Gall says, that among the Spanish troops he found it small in the Arragonese and Castilians, and lying and stealing were unusual among them. It is large in the Kalmucks, who are incorrigible thieves. Dr. Spurzheim tells us that a young Kalmuck brought to Vienna by Count Stahrenberg became melancholy, because his confessor had forbidden him to steal. Seeing this he was permitted to do so on condition that he should give back what he had stolen. The young man profited by this permission, stole the confessor's watch during high mass, but joyfully returned it when mass was over.

This faculty when predominant is never satisfied. Its pleasure consists in acquiring—and this explains a puzzle in human nature which has attracted much attention. Men, on retiring from business, instead of finding that repose which they sought, that comfort and enjoyment toward which they had long looked forward with glowing anticipation, are restless and dissatisfied. Man's happiness consists in the activity of his faculties; and when this organ is large the other organs become habituated to work with it in associated activity. Taken away from the business which has constituted the daily stimulus of mind, there is a craving which nothing in retirement can satisfy. But when the moral and intellectual faculties predominate, the individual can glide easily and pleasantly from business to private life.

Sometimes this organ is so large that individuals in good circumstances give way to the temptation to steal. A barrister of Edinburgh was convicted of stealing books—and similar cases are on the records of all courts. A gentleman in good circumstances always pocketed, if possible, some silver spoons when he dined out. He was at last detected by the handle of a soup ladle peering out of his pocket.

This organ sometimes becomes diseased. Esquirol mentions a Knight of Malta who became addicted to theft in consequence of disease, and who not unfrequently refreshed himself in coffee-houses, and instead of paying, put the cup, saucer and spoon in his pocket and walked away. Aerel mentions a young man who manifested an irresistible propensity to steal after receiving a wound in the temple.

The organ is found in animals. They have notions of private property. After a winter's absence, the stork will return to the same steeple, the swallow to the same roof, and the nightingale to the same nest which they before occupied. Vimont remarks that it is large in the fox, ourang-outang and cat. He mentions two cats, in one of which it was small, and in the other large. The first would not steal except when very hungry; the other would do so on all occasions. He on one occasion gorged it with as much fish as it would eat, and then left it in the room where a piece of veal was on the table: on coming in shortly after, he found that the cat had stolen it.

In observing this organ you must bear in mind that it is partly covered by the temporal muscle, and that allowance must be made for this muscle's thickness, which may be pretty accurately ascertained by putting the hand on the temple while the individual opens and shuts his mouth.

It is difficult to describe the natural language of this faculty; but after once seeing it well manifested it is not soon forgotten; when predominant it gives a lean, hungry, mean aspect, a one-sided, creeping, sneaking look, half-shut eyes and closed mouth. To use a common expression, such a man seems as if he could skin a flint. His hands often go out at the side as if bent upon grasping something.

[To be continued.]

## EVENING CLOUDS.

See, where, fast sinking o'er the hills
As with a golden halo crowned,
The setting sun with splendor fills
Those massy piles that lie around
His couch, in crimson glory dress'd,
Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest!

Bright, fair, but ah! how fading too
Is all this beautiful array!
A moment given to the view,
Then past amid the gloom, away!
So like the gilded things of earth,
That charm the eye, though nothing worth!

And now eve's glowing star illumes
The chambers of the distant west,
And, scarce discerned, like waving plumes
That flash o'er many a warrior's crest,
There float along the upper air
Thin, fleecy clouds, so clear and fair!

How sweet to gaze upon their slight, Transparent forms, changing so oft, That e'en the zephyr's gentlest flight Scatters them with pinions soft,— Seeming, as down the sky they go, Like wreaths of gently driven snow!

And then, to trace the full orbed moon,
As, struggling on her cloudy way,
She travels on, now wrapp'd in gloom,
Now bursting forth with undimm'd ray,—
Like some high, noble heart, whose pride
Still bears him on, though woes betide.

S. H.

### THE INNOCENT AVENGER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"Phocion. The name? why dost thou pause?

Ctesiphon. 'Tis Ion!

Ion. Well, I knew it would be mine!"

Ion—A tragedy.

Duelling is prohibited in the Netherlands by an express enactment. When, therefore, there springs up any demon of revenge which cannot be laid except by the shedding of blood, or when any infringement of the rigid precepts of the code honorable demands a waste of life, the parties are constrained to choose their ground, and pace their distances on the nearest spot of earth in the dominions of His Most Christian Majesty, the King of the French. It is now ten years since my friend Monsieur de Z-- was, at the age of fifteen, sent by his father, a wealthy merchant in Bordeaux, to learn bookkeeping, in the busiest counting-room in Antwerp. The transactions of an European mercantile establishment occupy the greater part of the day before the dinner hour; after which, as it borders closely upon the evening, no ordinary business is suffered to intrude upon hours of rest or conviviality. Ne exeat is the order of the counting house from nine o'clock in the morning unkind word to her before in his life, now assailed her

until five after noon; and, except by leave, the subordinates dare not disobey the injunction; for the eye of a master is upon them, unless it has gone for a season, to read, in the many glances as keen and inquisitive as its own, the news and fortunes upon 'Change. But dinner is the Rubicon between business and pleasure, activity and indolence. When the sound is heard which gives warning of the approach of that most welcome event, the shadows begin swiftly to pass away from visages bending over huge folios and bundles tied with red tape, and the wrinkles which furrowed the most youthful brows give place to a bland and contented expression; and when at last the mists of care roll entirely away before the beams of joy, there may be heard, succeeding to the stealthy step and the suppressed whisper, a simultaneous burst of voices in quick merriment, hailing the hour of release with the exultation of sea-tossed mariners in sight of a favoring strand.

After dinner each day, it was the custom of the sons of the rich merchants-who were in Antwerp learning the art of making cent per cent far away from home, and from the indulgences always attached to that dear place-to assemble together in a large room in the coffee-house where they had dined. Here might be observed youths of all ages, from the tender, beardless boy, who had but recently arrived from some Spanish or French commercial mart, to the strong, mustachioed initiate, who was not to pass many more months in clerkship ere he assumed the difficult responsibility of a junior partner. My friend, de Z-, was of the former class. He had, however, been in Antwerp a sufficient length of time to contract a warm friendship for Auguste Forêt, a boy younger than himself, yet characterized by a demeanor, and distinguished for abilities, which had won for him the respect of every clerk in Antwerp. Auguste was but fifteen years of age, and the only son of his mother. That mother doted on him to distraction. He was literally the light of her eyes; for all things seemed dark since he had been no longer present to dispel the gloom of her lonely widowhood. Her story was, indeed, a romantic one. Herself the only child of one of the old French nobles, she had mortally offended her haughty father by a plebeian marriage with a young merchant, with whom she had become acquainted in one of those ways which nobody esteem unaccountable except the interested parties. In her solitary morning rides in the vicinity of her father's old chateau, she always encountered a stranger, whose walks chanced to be in a similar direction, prompted, as she thought, by an admiration like her own, for a wild sequestered glen, through which the path wound, overshadowed by century elms, and traversed by a silver brooklet. A cold and silent bow was the first approach towards a mutual acquaintance-a smile succeeded-and at last the stranger ventured a word about the beauty of the place. The lonely daughter of the haughty old marquis deigned a reply. It was not long before this conversation, which commenced like the first flowing of the brook at their feet, with a slender vein, widened into a broad stream, and finally settled into the lake-like repose of a deeply-felt and fully-expressed passion. Emilie was aroused to a lively sense of her indiscretion by a furious explosion of rage from her father, who, never having uttered an abruptly one morning after she had returned from her around upon a very tastefully and elegantly furnished accustomed ride, with a shower of invectives, which were quite as surprising and unexpected to her as a peal of thunder would have been from the unclouded sky that was smiling so lovingly above her. She did not faint, but she was petrified with fear and astonishment,-fear at the consequences of her father's anger, and astonishment at the possible manner in which he could have discovered her interviews with Henri Forêt. She had never till that moment reflected how those interviews were to terminate. Matrimony was an event to which they had not even alluded-so numerous and so absorbing were the other topics which love had presented to their imaginations. She had known from the first that Henri was not noble; he had told her that the nature of his pursuits forbade his associating with the guests who sometimes enlivened her father's solemn life in the chateau. But she had deferred further inquiries on that subject to the more interesting discussion of each other's views, habits, and feelings. When, however, she was so angrily greeted by her till now fondly doting parent, she comprehended the unavoidable consequences of her conduct at a single glance. She made not one word of reply; but when, at the expiration of his threats and denunciations, she was ordered to her chamber, she bowed meekly and retired. Emilie's feelings were not to evaporate, like those of ordinary heroines, in hysteria or impotent ravings. Her's was one of those decided characters which waited not for after-reflections to soften away positive determination. Her father had assured her of one fact, which fixed her mind as firmly in its resolve as her heart was fixed in its affection. After having reached her room, she wrote, and instantly despatched a billet-the effect of which was to bring a post-chaise and horses and Henri Forêt to the spot where the road ends in a gate that opens to the glen where the lovers had first met. The billet, which had such power, simply requested Henri to be ready at the hour of deep twilight near the old trysting-place, with equipage of travel; and to this request was appended the rather striking information that her venerated father had expressed his will that she should on the following day wed a nobleman as old as himself, to whom he had formerly betrothed her. Emilie had no leisure for tears, sighs, or repentance, till her lot had been indissolubly entwined with that of the young merchant by "a friar of orders gray," who consented to administer unto them all the requisite formalities of his infallible church, after having had his conscience salved over with gold enough to have covered it, had it been as broad as by frequent stretching it had become long. Henri Forêt was a young man of a will no less decisive than his loving and beautiful bride's. He had, although she had not, long premeditated the step which had just been taken, and he had so arranged all things that, after the performance of the important ceremony, his "ladye fair" experienced no more inconvenience than if she had been wedded with customary pomp and splendor in the hall of her ancestors, and given into the arms of a magnificent bridegroom by a gratified father. She was, strange to say, quite as happy in a vulgar post-chaise rapidly wheeled over the space of some thirty leagues, as if she had been in a splendid coach drawn lazily by six fat horses. Before

mansion in the Rue de ----, Paris. The young merchant's partner in business had well obeyed his instructions. A house in the most delightful quarter of the most delightful city in the universe stood ready for the reception of the happy pair. Your man of trade does every thing systematically. The books of the house of Arnold, Foret et Ce. probably display at this day the charge of "a house and furniture" to the private account of M. Forêt.

Were I weaving the story of these lovers into a fictitious legend for the amusement of the sentimental, I should doubtlessly, attribute to them length and felicity of days. But alas! my pen has been dipped in the bottom of that well where truth lies, and I must write nothing but truth. The highly respectable firm of Arnold, Forêt et Ce. met with many sad reverses of fortune, and finally stopped payment. So satisfied were the creditors with the honesty and ability of the partners, that they all cheerfully acquiesced in an adjustment of their demands, by which the house was enabled gradually to wind up its concerns, and not only to discharge all its debts, but to present to each of the partners a competent private fortune. This, however, did not satisfy the ambition of young Forêt. He had imbibed the nicest notions of commercial honor, and fancied that his misfortunes had dimmed the lustre of his own; though, to the eye of his friends, they had only been vapors upon the diamond-fading, almost as soon as perceived, from the purity of its brightness. It had been also the ambition of the young merchant to reach, by the potent aid of riches, those honors denied him by birth, and reinstate his wife in that rank from which he had removed her. His mischances swept his air-built castles into night. Not content to live, young and wealthy as he was, upon a small income, he accepted an advantageous offer to remove to the West Indies. Thither he embarked with his wife,-happy as when first she became his own,-and a beautiful boy, their only darling, who was now over six years of age. Forming in Martinique a new mercantile connexion, he lived in that island for seven years, and amassed a fortune which placed within his grasp the glittering prize for which he had been so long striving. On the fourteenth birth-day of the young Auguste, his father prepared to remove once more to Paris with his wife and child. But alas !- on the day when they were to have sailed, he was taken ill with a fever, induced partly by the excitement of his occupations, and partly by infection received in visiting the slave-hamlet, to bid adieu to his faithful negroes. From the moment he fell sick he was seized with a strong presentiment of death. The fever was not violent, and his affectionate and devoted wife vainly endeavored to divert the current of his melancholy thoughts. But the strangest effect of his illness was to alter all his ambitious projects-he expressed himself convinced of the folly of his worldly desires, and having received from his wife an assurance that she had been most happy in the station of life to which he had reduced her, exacted from her a willing promise that she would have the young Auguste, their son, educated to commerce at the house of certain friends in Antwerp, so that he should be the artificer of his own fortune. The presentiment of poor Henri Forêt was she had perfectly recovered her senses, she looked verified. He died, leaving all his large fortune to his

wife, to be disposed of as she pleased at his death. Few ! days clapsed before the heart-broken Emilie and her darling son were on the broad waters, returning to their beloved France. Scarcely had she arrived in Paris before she addressed her father, the old Marquis, who had not stirred from his chateau, informing him of all her misfortunes and of her present situation, and how heartily she entreated his forgiveness. Considering how rich she was, it is no wonder that she was again received into the arms of her doting sire. Old French Marquises do not dislike money. The father insisted, however, that she should not bring home with her that "sprig of commerce," as he called the young Auguste. As she had no intention of this originally-being determined, though it almost broke her heart, that, in compliance with the wishes of her husband, she would send their son to Antwerp for three years-she signified her acquiescence in her father's will; and, parting from her dear, dear boy, with many tears and blessings, she proceeded to her paternal domain, while he, under the charge of a faithful servant, departed for his school of commercial education.

How these facts came to my knowledge is, as a lawyer would say, immaterial to the point at issue. It is sufficient that I have related them for the purpose of enhancing the interest of a thrilling story, in which the young Auguste Forêt is a prominent actor, and to the truth of which, my friend, de Z-, can testify most solemnly, as he was throughout an eye-witness. The events happened ten years ago, and may be found by the curious succinctly noted in the chronicles of the day. Assembled in that large room of the coffee-housewhere they had just dined, and where they were wont to assemble-at about six o'clock in the evening of a rainy Autumn day, were all the most respectable clerks of the first commercial houses in Antwerp. Some were sipping coffee, some were playing at dominoes, and others were discussing the various subjects of interest which for the time occupied their attention. About this hour, certain officers of a regiment stationed in the town were wont to resort to the coffee-house, and amicably mingle with the clerks in their diversions or conversation. This evening the officers had come in as usual, and the usual hilarity prevailed. Suddenly, from a corner of a room loud voices were heard, as if in angry discussion. All other tongues were instantaneously still, and all eyes were turned on the quarter from which the sounds proceeded. A quarrel was so unusual an occurrence, that it attracted universal attention. It afterwards appeared that the dispute arose about a horse, which had been purchased by one of the officers from a clerk who was about to leave the town. This officer, who was an Italian from Sicily, had, before then rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the frequenters of the coffee-room on account of his rude, boisterous manners, his insolent swagger and bravado. He was a tall, ferocious-looking fellow, mustachioed and whiskered in the Fra Diavolo style, and wore a rapier upon all occasions. On the present, the first words he was heard to utter, after bluttering into the room, were-

"The horse I bought from Rodolph is unsound." Rodolph being a Swede and no craven, and knowing that the bully intended the remark for himself, coolly walked up to the speaker, and asked—

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"Signor Alonzo, was that speech intended as a

question for my private ear and inadvertently muttered aloud, or was it spoken audibly for the edification of this good company?"

"They heard it, Master Rodolph, as well as you, and can hear it again if they list. The horse I bought from you is unsound."

"You oblige me, Signor Alonzo, by your frankness. Will you reply to my second query of, whether you mean to insinuate that I sold the horse to you knowing him to be defective, or whether he proved, unwittingly to both buyer and vender, unsound?"

"I mean what I mean;—when a jockey sells a horse to a gentleman, and he proves broken-winded or spavined, or false-footed, the inference as to the jockey's honesty is easy."

At this period of the conversation the eyes of all in the room, both officers and clerks, were turned upon the disputants.

"Gentlemen!" said Rodolph, facing those present, "you are, the most of you, well acquainted with me and with my claims to the title of a man of honor. I shall hold no farther parley with this bully in a soldier's dress, but simply state to you that I yesterday sold him a horse at his carnest solicitation, assuring him at the time that I was no judge of the animal, that I had owned the one in question but a short time, and that he must depend on his own judgment, if he chose to give me the price which I paid for the beast a fortnight before. He took the horse, and now accuses me of being privy to his unsoundness"- Here several voices interrupted Rodolph with "Shame! shame! fie, Signor Alonzo!" "I do not wish, gentlemen," contined Rodolph, "that you should assume my quarrel or invidiously judge between us. Although I said that I should hold no further parley with this bully, I did not preclude myself the privilege of pulling his nose," Saying which, and suiting the action to the word, the impassioned Swede suddenly grasped the nasal protuberance of the officer, and wrung it with surprising effect; for, at first, the Italian bravo recoiled, and the natural ruby of his visage abdicated in favor of a pallor, which was in its turn driven forth by a blush, which succeeded the shame of palpable cowardice exhibited before so large a company. With the velocity of thought, Signor Alonzo's rapier leaped from its scabbard and desperately darted towards the breast of Rodolph, who, with a velocity no ways inferior, clenched the wrist of the arm that wielded it, and, wrenching the weapon from its infuriated master, coolly took the point in one hand and the hilt in the other, and broke it in twain across his knee. This movement not only proved that the officer was as unsuccessful in the purchase of rapiers as of horses, but that his strength was disproportionate to the greatness of his size and the volume of his voice. It was hailed with a general shout, as Rodolph, throwing the disjecta membra of the sword out of the window, walked slowly from the apartment. This departure broke up the assemblage. The clerks, among whom were my friend, de Z- and Auguste Forêt, retired to their several homes, and Signor Alonzo, boiling with wrath, marched off with his brother officers to his quarters.

Every one anticipated a bloody termination to this business, but none more calmly than Rodolph. He said that he was well aware that he had provoked almost certain death; for he was no master of fence, and had never fired a pistol a dozen times in his life. De Z- was a friend of Rodolph, and late in the evening resorted to his apartments. He found Rodolph alone sitting by a fire, reading a German translation of Shakspeare. "Ah, De Z-! I am glad to see youthis English author is the most wonderful of all the poets. I cannot read him in the original, but it strikes me the German must be almost as good, for nothing could be better. Here is a most amusing scene between a Welsh captain and an English bullying ensign called Pistol. The Welshman forces the valliant swaggerer to swallow a leek. The scene has amused me, for it reminded me strongly of this evening's rencontre. I wish I had read before of the great Captain Fluellen's valor-I think it would have augmented my own."

De Z—sat by his side, and entering cheerfully into conversation, the evening had almost glided away, when the servant announced an officer as asking admittance. "Certainly," said Rodolph, "I can be seen;" and turning to de Z—, he simply observed—"The challenge!" The word was scarcely spoken before the officer stepped into the room, and placed Don Alonzo's cartel in the already extended hand of Rodolph. "After the insult received by my friend Signor Alonzo, Monsieur Rodolph, the honor of our regiment requires that blood should be spilt,—in what way will it be most agreeable to you to kill or be killed by Signor Alonzo? and when?"

"I have expected this honor," replied Rodolph, "and will meet your friend the day after the morrow, at noon, over the French border, at such particular spot as my friend Mons. de Z——shall with yourself determine upon. My weapon is the pistol."

Here M. de Z-- arose, and settled with the bearer of the challenge the place and other necessary preliminaries. The three then separated for the night, but the next day saw them-the challenger and the challengedon their way to the fatal spot, where they could meet without fear of molestation from the minions of the law. It was in France, beyond the constituted authorities of Ghent. None were present on the ground save Don Alonzo with his friend, and Rodolph with his friend (and my friend and narrator) de Z-The requisite coolness was displayed on both sides. Alonzo, though a downright coward and bully, and one who would probably have shown the white feather in a general melée, seemed perfectly unconcerned. His selfconfidence was greater than his natural fear. He was sure of his man. He could snuff a candle at twelve paces. The words of command-"one, two, three," were given by de Z-...... Alonzo fired instantly that the word "two" was spoken, and his ball lodged directly under his antagonist's right shoulder; the shock causing a harmless discharge of Rodolph's pistol. Rodolph fell, and was borne by de Z-- and Alonzo's second to the carriage which stood in readiness, and in which he was slowly re-conveyed to Antwerp. The surgeon who extracted the ball pronounced his patient out of danger, if he could be kept in quiet. The clerks, who had hastened to ascertain the result, were pacified, and no danger was apprehended. De Z- was indefatigable in his attentions to Rodolph, who, now that the affair was over, exhibited none of his former cool-

a villain for firing before the word, and a bloody wretch for wishing to murder a fellow-creature on account of a miserable brute of a horse; he tore the bandage from his arm-it was replaced-still he tore it away. No persuasions could mollify him. The result was a high fever and delirium. From his confessions in the latter, it appeared that he was under an engagement to be married to a young lady to whom he had long been fondly attached, and that the day appointed for the ceremony had already gone by. This involuntary violation of a sacred engagement on his part, seemed to have preyed upon his mind, and to have induced all his wild behavior. So great and so frequent at last became his paroxysms, that the surgeon announced the certainty of his death within twenty-four hours unless a change was manifest. In a less time a change was manifest; but such a change! He became suddenly sane. He exhibited his characteristic coolness. He called his friend to his bedside, and thanking him tenderly for all his kindness, said that he had one request to prefer, which he begged might be granted, as it would be his last. He said that he felt he was dying, and that he wished to spend a portion of the small remnant of his life in company with his dear old friends and associates. He wished all the clerks, who were in the coffee-room on the evening of his unhappy fracas, to assemble around his bed. It was then afternoon. In the evening de Z- went to the coffee-house, and finding the clerks congregated, as usual, stated Rodolph's dying request. They all-every one who was present on the occasion of the quarrel-adjourned in a body to the lodgings of their dying companion. They were preceded into the chamber by de Z-, who mentioned their approach. Rodolph's eyes lighted with supernatural fires as he saw them all, the very youthful and the more advanced in age, gather around his couch. There were thirty-four present; with all he was familiarly acquainted; with all he had lived on terms of kindly friendship; with all except one, and that one was Auguste Forêt. So recent had been the arrival of Auguste, and so retired were his habits of life, that he could hardly be said to have a bosom-friend among all the clerks. All loved and esteemed him, however; for he did not shun society, but shrank from contact with a sort of feminine sensitiveness which he vainly endeavored to overcome. Having always lived under the affectionate care of his mother, he had never learned that forwardness of manner which boys call manliness. When Rodolph's earnest request was communicated that the clerks would visit his chamber, Auguste doubted the delicacy of a stranger's intrusion at such an hour. He had never spoken to Rodolph. When he reflected, however, that the request was that all who witnessed the fracas should be present, he hesitated not to accompany the rest. The thirty-four stood in order around the sick youth's bed. Sorrow, deep sorrow was impressed on every unfurrowed visage, as they heard the dreadful words uttered in hollow tones by their late joyous comrade.

surgeon who extracted the ball pronounced his patient out of danger, if he could be kept in quiet. The clerks, who had hastened to ascertain the result, were pacified, and no danger was apprehended. De Z— was indefatigable in his attentions to Rodolph, who, now that the affair was over, exhibited none of his former coolines. He will see the pleasant sun; all will be silent to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your to me.

me to fight him. He dies, and his paltry pay goes to a better man. I I shall die just as I become of age-now that I am twenty-one-the very day that I have looked forward to with such thrilling anxiety passed by me on this wretched bed! My fair domains on the borders of my native river will go to a distant relative. My fair"here his emotions choked his utterance, "but this is unmanly. I do not wish to make you weep. No!" starting up with convulsive energy, and assuming a terrible expression, which was never forgotten by those present. "No! I wish to incite you to revenge! Swear to me-or I shall not die in peace; swear that you will revenge my death!"

The right hands of every one in the room were raised up, and every one, borne away by the strong excitement of the moment, uttered "I swear!" Rodolph's head sunk for a moment on his pillow; and when he rose again, his face was calm. Some one present proposed that they should on the instant draw lots, or rather that all their names should be written on slips of paper, and the name drawn by Rodolph should signify his avenger. To this a general consent was given; and a smile of satisfaction played over the pallid features of the dying youth as the names were written and cast into a hat. He rose once more, but for the last time, on his pillow, and placing, with painful effort, his left hand among the names, drew forth one which he handed to the nearest by-stander to read, and which when read, sounded like a knell on every ear. It was AUGUSTE FORET. "No! No! this will never do!" exclaimed every voice but two. "This will never do-Auguste is a mere child-he is hardly one of us. Let Rodolph draw again." They turned to Rodolph. He was dead. Horror struck them dumb. Auguste was the first to break the silence. "Companions, the lot cannot be drawn again; and if it could, it should not. I came voluntarily to this meeting, and I will abide its event. I never knew yonder poor departed; but I know his wrong, and I came of my own free will to witness his death. I am no craven. My mother's blood runs in my veins, and she was a noble's daughter. My father's blood runs in my veins, and he was one who got, as my mother told me, his patent of nobility immediately from Almighty God. He was, moreover, a merchant. I am to be a merchant. Shall I forfeit the first pledge I have given? Break my first contract? No; I took my fair chance. My duty is plain!"

The clerks did not, however, cease their remonstrances, although quite fruitless. They separated with heavy grief upon their hearts, feeling more sorrow for the luckless instrument of vengeance than he did for himself. He thought only of his mother. He knew that his death would break her heart; but he solaced himself with the reflection, that if she died, they would meet the sooner, never more to be parted. thoughts were all wrong. He mistook his duty: but he acted nobly, and, with some misgivings, conscientiously. "I am," said he to de Z-, as he handed him his written cartel to Signor Alonzo, "a most innocent avenger." His companion refused peremptorily to carry the challenge. He begged and entreated Auguste to allow him to fight the duel. Rodolph was his friend-he was Rodolph's second-it was his right. Auguste was immoveable. The cartel was sent by kill his antagonist at his pleasure. He had been suc-

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What was his life worth? Nothing. | another hand. "You will, at least," said Augusto "be present with the rest at my execution." De Zturned away, and saw him not again until the same thirty-four met once more on the fatal spot where Rodolph had received his death-wound. Before that time, however, a fearful interest had attached itself to He was looked upon as doomed. Auguste. clerks had taken an oath not to divulge the secret, or the arm of the law might have averted the catastrophe. They all hovered about Auguste. They were with him day and night, half drowned in tears, and half roused to indignation at his obstinate firmness of purpose. Every one swore to revenge him if he fell; but this he did not require. Nay, he entreated them to proceed no further after his death. Vindictiveness could not be felt by that calm, sweet, yet bold spirit. When parts of his history became known, he became an object of intense interest. All his friends-and who among that number was not now his heart-devoted friend?-said they would go to his mother, and be her sons. He begged them simply to convey to her his love, his last kiss, and a letter that he would write. How many a weary mile would I journey, what fatigues would I not endure, to see that letter? It must have breathed the soul of pathos. All things were prepared. It was a pure autumnal morning. Some breath of summer still seemed to linger on the breeze. The birds poured out their matin hymns in a clear, rich strain of melody. To an opening in a broad forest, that wove elsewhere a roof of foliage beneath the sky, a party of youths might have been seen slowly winding their way. They were followed by a boy, who had evidently not seen his sixteenth spring. He was a mere stripling. His figure was so slight, but yet so symmetrically fashioned that, while you doubted that if so lovely a face could belong to a young man, you felt assured that the form could not be a woman's. His eye was bright and steady, and he trod with a firm step. When the party halted, the serious expression which every countenance wore gave place to its opposite of joy. "It is the hour appointed," exclaimed one, "and he is not here!" "Wait!" said a calm voice. The speaker was the beautiful boy. It was Auguste Forêt. An interval elapsed. "It is past the time," exclaimed another; "Signor Alonzo has decamped." "Not so speedy, my brave fellow," exclaimed a gruff voice from behind; "not so speedy, we shall see presently who will decamp to h-ll!" The youthful party turned, and saw the antagonist whom they had come to meet, accompanied by half-a-dozen companions dressed in the uniform of the officers of the -- army. One of these stepped forward, and addressing the whole party, said, that understanding the challenger's friends were to be present they had come as the supporters of the challenged; and that, as the challenged, they claimed the right of prescribing the form of the duel, and the more especially as Signor Alonzo had yielded the choice of weapons to Monsieur Auguste on account of his extreme youth. They claimed, and would insist on, alternate fires—that a piece of money should be tossed up for the first fire. To this the friends of Auguste readily acceded, as they thought he might chance on the first shot, and thus destroy his antagonist. It was true that Alonzo was a celebrated marksman. He could wing or cessful in a dozen duels. They were every-day matters to him. Auguste had never fired a pistol skilfully in his life. He had not the nerve to hold one steadily for a moment. He had practised within the past week, and could never hit the mark. His only possible escape from death was his having the first shot. The distance was marked and the parties stationed. It was a fearful sight to behold that fair, spotless young man, standing up in his loveliness as a mark for the brutal sport of the soldier-ruffian before him. Auguste had thrown aside his cap, and freely over his head clustered the rich, wavy curls. In his right hand, suspended at his side, he held the pistol; in his left, his letter to his mother. His countenance betrayed no unusual expression. His lip did not quiver, nor did his cheek blanch. The ridiculousness of his situation seemed to strike even the ruffian, Alonzo. "I will not fight a child," said he. "You are a coward!" said the calm voice of the child. "Go on!" said the other. "Alonzo has the crown," said his second. The piece of money was twirled into the air-it fell-the crown was uppermost. It was the soldier's first shot. "Now, young sir, pray, for your hour is come!" Every eye turned to Auguste. He smiled. Slowly went the soldier's pistol to its deadly level. The report was heard, the slight smoke passed away, and the limb of a sapling fell to the ground. Auguste still smiled. He was unhurt. When my friend de Z- told me of this, I asked him if his party shouted. He said, "No! there was one long, loud breath." Auguste now raised his pistol, but carelessly, and his hand shook. The soldier's face was as livid as death. Suddenly, and evidently to the perfect surprise of Auguste-for he started back-the pistol went off. Signor Alonzo leaped upwards with a convulsive spring, and fell on his face to the earth—dead. "All fair!" said his friends, and as they took up the body, those who turned to look after Auguste were just in time to hear him say, "I did not intend to fire!" and to receive him fainting in their arms.

Was all this directed by a special Providence? Is there not "a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow?" Will my readers ponder over these questions? If they will do so, my story will not have been told in vain. Its sequel was, that on the return of the happy party of clerks to Antwerp, they found the death of the officer had been published in the Gazette, together with the name of his opponent. Auguste, fearing the effect of such news upon his mother, departed with speed for his ancestral chateau, which he entered, in spite of his grandfather's prohibition. The old Marquis was furious at first, but when he had heard all the particulars of the encounter, he comforted his aristocratic conscience with the assertion that there was not a drop of commercial blood in the boy; but that he was a true sinew of the old stock, and should inherit, as he richly deserved, the title and estates of the family.

# DANCING.

A portion of the pleasure taken in dancing, consists perhaps in the individuality of possession existing between two partners.

# TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

Rest, gentle spirit, rest—
From every sorrow free;
The ills that wring the feeling breast,
No more shall torture thee.
Oh for thy magic lyre,
With its entrancing lay!
Oh for thy spirit's liquid fire!
To hymn one strain for thee.

Then should the listening soul
Dissolve beneath the strain,
Enchanted by the sweet control
Of a delicious pain.
But my poor harp is sad,
And faltering in its tone;
Its wreaths have blossom'd in the shade,
Rude winds have o'er it blown.

And I have learn'd to feel
For many a cruel woe,
With which the worldly heart of steel
No sympathy can know.
To sorrow for the lot
So oft to genius given,
Which proves the gifted spirit not
At home, this side of Heaven.

Sweet spirit! I have heard
Thy soft complaining note,
Like wailing of a lonely bird,
On balmy zephyrs float.
So plaintive was the strain,
So gentle in its woe,
The listener almost blest the pain
That bade such numbers flow.

The sickness of the heart
That pines with hope deferred,
Stole from thy lyre, with chasten'd smart
In every tone and word.
Then came a choral sound,
Of rich and hymning lays;
Thy love, thy cherish'd hopes were crown'd
With Joy's luxuriant bays.

But now a solemn knell
Comes booming o'er the sea;
And sadly chanting spirits tell
A bitter tale of thee.
"The gifted one has died
Upon a foreign shore!—
Her magic harp, old England's pride,
Is crush'd forevermore!"

And shall we weep that thou
Wast summon'd to depart,
With fresh young laurels on thy brow,
And rapture in thy heart?
With Joy's full chalice press'd
Unto thy smiling lip—
While fame and honor gave their zest
To every nectar'd sip?

That thou hast pass'd away,
In young life's joyous bloom,
E'er disappointment or decay
Had told the mourner's doom?
That thou hast scap'd the fears,
The agony, the dread,
The bootless hopes, the bitter tears
By fond affection shed?

The painful yearning strife
Of Nature with her foe,
While o'er the last bright chain of life
His hand suspends the blow?
The dear ones' agonies,
As round the bed they kneel?
The bitterness of death are these,
And these thou didst not feel.

We will not weep for thee,
Sweet dweller of the heart;
Thou needest not our sympathy,
Bright seraph as thou art.
For us who yet remain,
Be poured the tear, the sigh,
'Tis ours to mourn, to writhe with pain,
To agonize, and die.

To him whose love thou wert
So many weary years,
Who droops with lone and stricken heart,
To him belong our tears.
Be thou his angel still,
As in the days of yore;
A beacon o'er life's billowy swell,
To where love weeps no more.

LYDIA JANE.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY MESSENGER.

VENCLUSE, August 5th, 1839.

Mr. White :

Having been appointed by the Historical and Philosophical Society of Virginia, to deliver the annual address at their last meeting, the outline of the following essay was prepared for that purpose during the last summer. Before it was completed, I was attacked with disease which confined me during the whole winter, and from the effects of which I have only recently recovered, so far as to be able to turn my attention to the subject. Having been prevented by this cause, from appearing before the society, I informed them, through their secretary, that I would publish, as soon as I could prepare it for the press, the address which I was appointed to deliver to them in person. I now comply with that promise, by offering it to the Messenger. It has already, from unavoidable causes, been too long delayed, and my consequent reluctance to delay it any longer, induces me now to present it in a form more crude than it might otherwise have borne.

A. P. UPSHUR.

## DOMESTIC SLAVERY,

As it exists in our Southern States, considered with reference to its influence upon free government.

The people of the southern states are as strongly attached to their peculiar institutions and usages as are those of any other part of our country. This feeling, however, appears to be, with them, little else than a mere filial instinct, which, although always strong and always active, is never ostentatiously displayed. Our peculiar systems have seldom been subjected to that

analytic and philosophical examination, which is necessary to a proper understanding of their true character. Satisfied that the machine was working well, we have, hitherto, evinced but little curiosity as to the principles upon which it was constructed, and little inclination to inquire by what springs it was put in motion, or how it produced its results. Within a few years past, however, circumstances have forced upon us a more minute and careful examination of the various questions which arise from the institution of domestic slavery.\* The subject is peculiarly interesting to us, and demands from us, the calmest and most dispassionate examination. Domestic slavery is the great distinguishing characteristic of the southern states, and is, in fact, the only important institution which they can claim as peculiarly their own. It enters into all their constitutions of government, and is intimately blended with their ordinary legislation. It is, in truth, the basis of their political systems, and exerts a powerful influence in moulding and modifying both their institutions and their manners. It becomes them, therefore, to understand it correctly and fully. Assaulted as it has been from abroad, and not always defended with proper zeal at home, we ought not to be surprised, if the tendency of the public mind should be against it. Even among ourselves there has not been until recently, an entire concurrence of opinion upon the subject. We have been in the habit of contemplating it rather as a domestic than as a political institution, and of course our judgments have not been altogether free from the influences of our private habits, our passions and our peculiar tastes. It is fortunate for us that we are no longer permitted to view it in so imperfect a light. It is as a political institution that it possesses the highest interest to us, and in that character only I propose now to consider it.

That political liberty can co-exist under the same government with the personal slavery of a particular class of the people, is apt to strike the mind as a strange political paradox, if not as a plain impossibility. Yet, however the judgment may be deceived by the proposition at first view, it will not be seriously puzzled upon a closer examination of it. The subject is far too vast to be treated, in all its bearings, in an address suited to this occasion. It is full of a deep philosophy, whose sources cannot be easily explored nor speedily exhausted. History too, abounds with illustrations which could not be properly omitted, in a full discussion of the subject. On the present occasion, however, it becomes me to confine myself within much parrower limits.

It does not depend solely upon constitutions and laws,

\* The agitation of the subject by our own legislature, gave occasion to the able pamphlet of President Dew, of William and Mary College, in which he traces the institution to its true source, rests it upon its proper principles, and demonstrates the impracticability and utter hopelessness of all attempts at general emancipation. More recently, Judge Harper of South Carolina, has considered the subject with reference to its moral influences, and has clearly shown, that those influences are alike happy, upon the character of the master, and the comfort and well-being of the slave. 'Subjects which those gentlemen have so ably discussed, could not derive any new illustration from me. They have left nothing which need be said in support of their respective positions, and nothing which can be said to overthrow them. Neither of them, however, has made the political bearing of the institution, his particular theme, although both of them have touched it incidentally. I therefore shall have no occasion to trespass upon ground which they have pre-occupied.

whether a people shall be free or not. They must desire liberty in order to win it, and they must understand and appreciate, in order to preserve it. The will alone may achieve the conquest, but something more is necessary to maintain it. The history of the world, and even the world at the present day, presents many melancholy instances of nations, who, in a moment of enthusiasm, have shaken off the yoke of the oppressor, but who have soon fallen back into their pristine condition of slavery, because they did not know how to preserve the blessing they had won. A nation that is not prepared for freedom, will find freedom no better than a poor and perishing boon. It depends on the character of a people, and on that alone, whether they can live under free institutions or not. The love of liberty must be felt, not as a mere impulse of the mind, but as a rational sentiment, the result of a just appreciation of its value. Every man loves liberty, but a few only, even of those who enjoy it, understand in what true liberty consists. Still, however, it possesses a charm to which even the most ignorant and abject of our race are not insensible. It is in our very nature to abhor restraint, and to endeavor continually to resist it and shake it off. So strong and so universal is this feeling, that civil government itself would never have been established but for an overruling necessity. However capable men may be of governing themselves, or rather of governing one another, when organized in political communities, there are very few who can properly govern themselves as individuals. Without the restraints of law, we should all be very apt to run wild with our passions, and the weak would become the slaves of the strong, from the very excess of liberty. Civil government springs out of the ignorance, the vices and the passions of men. In proportion as these abound and are prone to run into excess, the restraints of law become necessary. We are reconciled to these restraints, and submit to be governed only because our own experience proves to us that we gain by these concessions more than they take from us. We maintain government, not as a positive but as a comparative good; we love it, not because it confers blessings upon us, but because it guards us against evils. Government gives no rights, but it takes rights away. The true problem, then, is to discover which of these rights it is necessary to restrain, and which may safely be left to the people. Governments differ from one another in their degrees of freedom, only as these restrictions upon natural liberty are fewer or more numerous. And as these restrictions are rendered necessary only by our passions and our vices, it is obvious that there can be no high degree of public liberty without a corresponding degree of public virtue. Hence it is a received maxim, that the virtue of the people is the basis of republican government. But the virtue which is here meant, is not the mere absence of great vices, nor the soft social virtues of private life. Liberty, which is itself great, elevated and pure, can find a safe foundation only in the corresponding qualities of the people.

These truisms are perfectly familiar to the mind of every one who has bestowed any attention upon the subject of government. I refer to them, because they are the foundation of all just reasoning upon the question before us. No government, not upheld by actual

racter of the people. Government in its turn, however. exerts a powerful influence in the formation of that character; a truth not always duly regarded in the establishment of political institutions. These should always be such as to inspire in the people, feelings corresponding with their own nature and principles. Of this character, in an eminent degree, is the institution of domestic slavery, as it exists with us. Its influence upon the mind and feelings of the master, is such as to prepare him for the love of freedom, and to fit him for the enjoyment of it. Where slavery exists, it is, as Mr. Burke remarks, "not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege" to be free. This remark, which is true of all conditions of slavery, is peculiarly true of slavery as it is in the southern states. Here the slave is black, and the white man never is a slave. The distinction addresses itself to the eye, and is proclaimed wherever the two classes appear. It is certainly well calculated to inspire the humblest white man with a high sense of his own camparative dignity and importance, to see a whole class below him in the scale of society. However poor, or ignorant or miserable he may be, he has yet the consoling consciousness that there is a still lower condition to which he can never be reduced. He sees, continually around him, men whose inferiority to himself is acknowledged, whose rights and privileges are less than his own, and between whom and himself there is an impassable barrier, which every white man, however proud his condition, is interested to preserve unbroken. In this inférier class, he is accustomed to contemplate the worst vices and the most degrading habits and manners of our nature. But to this class he feels himself superior, and he is conscious, at the same time, that he can boast of no greater distinction. This reflection can scarcely fail to elevate his character, to inspire him with self-respect, to teach him the true value of that liberty by which he is distinguished, and to give him a strong abhorrence of those vicious and dishonoring habits, which he is accustomed to regard as the characteristics of the slave.

In our slave-holding communities, the white man, whatever be his condition, is accustomed to exercise absolute authority over the negro, and to receive from him continual proofs of deference and respect. This single fact is enough to elevate his character, to impart dignity to his manners, and to inspire him with a degree of self-respect, which will render him extremely jealous of any encroachment upon his own rights. He will not readily feel towards others the same servility which is daily shown to himself; he cannot be easily persuaded to yield the proud distinction of a master, by becoming himself a slave. The best foundation of political liberty, is personal independence and self-respect; and these feelings are necessarily inspired in a high degree by the very nature of the relation between master and slave. It is not an easy thing to make political slaves of men who are admonished every hour, not only that they are personally free, but that their freedom confers upon them at once, rank, dignity and power.

It is a just remark of president Dew, that slavery in the United States has produced an equality among white men "as nearly as can be expected or even desired in this world." Indeed, it could not well be otherwise. Men who share equally in one great and ennoforce, can long endure, unless it be adapted to the cha- bling distinction, are not apt to acknowledge among one another those of minor importance. All classes of white men are alike interested to maintain this distinction. It is a boon which they hold in common and which no one of them can enjoy, without, at the same time, securing it to all the rest. Hence arises a sympathy among white men, extremely favorable to republican equality. Accordingly we know, that throughout the southern states, where slavery prevails, there is a remarkable independence, freedom and equality among all classes of the whites. There is not, it is true, much of that rude and levelling democracy, which seeks to establish a perfect equality, forbidden by the very nature of man. I shall presently have occasion to show that this agrarian principle, so hostile to true liberty, and so fatal to free government, can never prevail to any considerable extent in slave-holding states. The equality of which I speak, is the equality established by the laws, the manners and the institutions of society, and which displays itself in the fearless address which proceeds from a proper self-respect-in the intercourse, free without rudeness, and respectful without humility. This is, indeed, the character of every society in which negro slavery prevails. We are told by Bryan Edwards,\* that in the character of the British West Indian "the leading feature is an independent spirit, and a display of conscious equality throughout all ranks and conditions. The poorest white person seems to consider himself nearly on a level with the richest, and emboldened by this idea, approaches his employer with extended hand, and a freedom, which, in the countries of Europe, is seldom displayed by men in the lower orders of life towards their superiors. It is not difficult to trace the origin of this principle. It arises, without doubt, from the preëminence and distinction which are necessarily attached, even to the complexion of the white man, in a country where the complexion, generally speaking, distinguishes freedom from slavery. Of the two great classes of people in most of these colonies, the blacks out-number the whites, in the proportion of seven to one. As a sense of common safety therefore unites the latter in closer ties than are necessary among men who are differently situated, so the same circumstance necessarily gives birth among them to reciprocal dependance and respect."

Mr. Burke, in a speech delivered in Parliament, in March, 1775, expresses himself thus:- "Where slavery is established in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them, not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, (as it is in countries where freedom is a common blessing,) may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks among them like something that is more noble and liberal. Thus the people of the southern colonies of America, are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our gothic ancestors; such in our days, are the Poles, and such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves." Burke did not live in a slave-holding country, nor did he speak to a slave-holding people. His views are those of a pro-

found statesman and an enlightened philosopher, who had deeply studied the nature of man and the principles of government. The sentiments I have quoted, were uttered more than sixty years ago, and yet he could not have more accurately represented the present condition of things in our slave-holding states, if he had drawn from them as his original.

The views of president Dew, are in the same philosophic spirit. "The menial and low offices," he remarks, "being all performed by the blacks, there is at once taken away the greatest cause of distinction and separation of the ranks of society. The man to the north, will not shake hands familiarly with his servant and converse and laugh and dine with him, no matter how honest and respectable he may be. But go to the south, and you will find that no white man feels such inferiority of rank as to be unworthy of association with those around him. Color alone is here the badge of distinction, the true mark of aristocracy; and all who are white, are equal, in spite of the variety of occupation."\* Thus the testimony of the historian attests the soundness of the reasoning of the speculative philosopher; and both concur in proving, that negro slavery tends to inspire in the white man a strong love of freedom, to give him a high estimate of its value, and to inspire him with those feelings of independence, self respect and proper pride, which fit him for the enjoyment of free institutions, and teach him how to preserve them. The government receives its form from the people, and gives to them, in turn, a character corresponding with its own; and this happy adaptation affords the best possible security for the preservation of liberty.

As the virtue of the people is the basis of republican government, that condition of society is best adapted to liberty which is most favorable to public virtue. preëminence may be justly claimed for the agricultural state. We love the trees which we plant with our own hands and nurture with our personal care; we love the land which receives our daily toil, and repays us in rich returns of food, clothing and other comforts. The love of country is but the love of home, expanded and enlarged. Nor is this a wavering or transitory feeling. The owner of the soil looks to it as the resource of his life, as the shelter of his age, and as the depository of his ashes. His affection for it is among the first impressions of his infancy; it goes along with him to manhood, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength; and when he dies, the last wish of his heart is to give to his children the home which has sheltered them. It is true, that patriots may be found

<sup>\*</sup> The utility, and indeed the necessity of some outward and visible mark of distinction, between the slave and the free man, has been felt by most, if not all nations, among whom domestic slavery has existed. Even in the earlier feudal ages, we are told that "slaves were distinguished from free men by a peculiar dress. Among all the barbarous nations, long hair was a mark of dignity and of freedom; slaves were for that reason obliged to shave their heads; and by this distinction, how indifferent soever it may be in its own nature, they were reminded every moment of the inferiority of their condition." (Robertson's introduction to the history of Charles V., page 188.) If there he any advantage in such a distinction, it is doubly advantageous when established by nature. There is then no reason to complain of the master's injustice, or to tax him with cruelty. The slave regards his degradation as the flat of God; as an evil not brought upon him by the tyranny of his master, and from which no effort of his own can relieve him.

<sup>\*</sup> History of the West Indies-vol. 2, page 8.

in every rank and condition of society. They are not confined to any one locality, nor to any one pursuit. But those who own the country, are most apt to love it; those whose interests and occupations chain them to the soil, are most ready to defend it. "The shocks of corn," said Xenophon, "inspire those who raise them with courage to defend them; the sight of them in the fields, is as a prize exhibited in the middle of the theatre to crown the conqueror." Men so circumstanced, are not " light to run away." They are themselves the country, and their attachment to it is as strong as their own self-love. While, therefore, patriotism may be found in every class and every pursuit of life, it is in a peculiar degree the characteristic of the owners and cultivators of the soil.

Patriotism, however, although it is the highest, is not the only virtue, to which the agricultural state is favorable. The independence of that life, its ease, its abundance, its quiet uniformity, its retirement, and its comparative exemption from those temptations which disturb the balance of our minds, and call our worst passions into play, all point it out as the best school both of public and private virtues. The love of display, the rivalry of fashion, the ostentatiousness of wealth and the strifes of ambition, will exist, in greater or less degree, in every form and condition of society. But these turbulent passions do not find their proper theatre amid the shades of rural retirement; they do not readily enter the bosoms of men, who are inspired, alike by their position and their pursuits, with a love of quietness and peace.

It may then be noted as among the happy influences of domestic slavery, as it exists among ourselves, that it tends to keep us, as we now are, an agricultural people. The farm is the proper position of the slave. It is true that recent experience has shown that slave labor may be profitably employed in manufactures and in the various mechanic arts; but the number which can be so employed, must be comparatively inconsiderable. The very physical structure of the African, renders it impossible to confine any great number of them together, in the close atmosphere of a manufactory, without certain destruction to their health. And even if this were not so, the demand for such labor must always be too limited to give employment to more than a very small proportion of the slave population in countries where that population is large enough to give character to the institution. Not so with agriculture. Its demands for labor are not easily supplied. In no one state of our Union, has there been, at any time, a redundancy of slave labor; on the contrary, in all of them large portions of their soil have been left uncultivated and profitless, for want of that labor. It has, it is true, often been misapplied, and for that reason has become unprofitable and apparently redundant. But there never was a time when the soil of any one of the southern states would not have afforded useful employment to more slaves than it contained, if that employment had been judiciously directed. proportion as slave labor increases, when properly applied, both production and consumption increase also; so that we may venture to affirm, that slave labor will never superabound until our population shall become so great and our soil so fertile that every "rood of

proper employment of the slave. It is best adapted to his physical constitution, it best accords with his feelings and habits, and it affords the largest share of those comforts and indulgences, which are the proper reliefs of the necessary hardships of his condition. A commercial or manufacturing people never will be slave owners, because they never can profitably employ that kind of labor to any considerable extent. Wherever African slavery exists in a large class of the population, agriculture must of necessity be the chief occupation and the predominant interest.

Do I attach too much importance to this view of the subject? Let the history of free governments, throughout the world, answer the question. In no one of them can the causes of decay be traced to the agricultural class. In states where other occupations constituted the highest interest, and gave employment to the greatest number of the people, there are many melancholy examples of rapid departure from their original free principles, and of the exercise of the straightest despotism under those forms, upon which the people vainly relied for the security of public liberty. But the cultivator of the soil has no motive to make war upon his government, nor to overturn or pervert the institutions under which he lives. Too independent to be bought, too quiet to be urged into faction, and too happy in his condition to be desirous of change, he is neither ambitious himself, nor a fit instrument of the ambition of others. He is the best conservator of public liberty, because he owes to that liberty much more than any other man.

As public virtue is the basis upon which republican government rests, public intelligence and information are its best props and supports. I do not assert that there is any thing in domestic slavery calculated to increase the intelligence of the whites, nor do I consider that institution favorable to the general diffusion of knowledge. On the contrary, it is probable that the poorer classes of the people in slave-holding states, will in general be deficient in the elements of educa-The whites who alone are educated, rarely amount to more than a bare majority of the entire population; and as their pursuit is agriculture, they are necessarily much dispersed in their positions. Hence the establishment of primary schools among them, is more difficult than in countries more thickly settled, and where every child is a proper subject for education. There may be something too, in the habits and pursuits of the slave owner, calculated to make him less patient of the labor of study, and less anxious for the acquisition of knowledge, than those to whom knowledge, in a certain degree, is a necessary means of subsistence. But this reasoning does not apply to that more extended and perfect education which fits men for public station, and prepares them for the higher duties of the citizen. Only a few such men arise in any age, and only a few are necessary for the wise ordering of public affairs and for the safety and prosperity of nations. To the formation of such characters domestic slavery is peculiarly favorable. It removes from the student the necessity of personal labor, and gives him time for study; it relieves him from the sordid and distracting cares which, under different systems, are so apt to chill his hopes and discourage his exertions. Hence earth" will "maintain its man." This then, is the the mind is less trammeled by forms, and is more inde-

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pendent and free to exert its powers. The school room is not the only means, nor even the best means of education. He who is merely taught jurare in vorba magistri, may enjoy the reputation of having passed through the schools, but he does not deserve the character of an educated man. Our northern youth pass their leisure hours, for the most part, either in schools or in listening to itinerant lecturers, who give them the mere surface of a thousand subjects without imparting to them any solid information upon any. While they are thus employed in making themselves masters of the ideas of others, the southern youth are freely thinking for themselves and forming ideas of their own. It is probably owing to this circumstance, that the citizens of our slave-holding states, to whatever quarter they remove, are apt to become prominent in politics, and to be distinguished for the freedom and liberality of their opinions. The same thing has been remarked of the slaveholding republics of antiquity. Chateaubriand, a high authority in matters of this sort, expresses himself thus: "But if I may be allowed to say what I think, in my opinion this system of slavery was one of the causes of the superiority of the great men of Athens and Rome, over those of modern times. It is certain that you cannot exercise all the faculties of the mind, except when you are relieved from the material cares of life; and you are not wholly relieved from these cares, but in countries where the arts, trades and domestic occupations are relinquished to slaves." The great man is not formed by books alone. He must have leisure to think as well as leisure to study; his mind must be free from the distractions and perplexities which attend the necessity of daily labor for daily bread; his feelings must be at ease, and his ideas unconfined, and free to range where they will. Such is the condition of the slave owner; and whether it make him more learned or not, it would be contrary to Nature, if it did not give him a more liberal caste of character, more elevated principles, a wider expansion of thought, a deeper and more fervent love, and a juster estimate of that liberty by which he is so highly distinguished.

There are only two causes of the decline and overthrow of free governments; they fall victims either to the power of a conqueror, or to the corruptions of their own people. Usurpation, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, has no agency in the matter. No one man can subdue the liberties of an entire people, without their consent. Neither Cæsar, Cromwell, nor Bonaparte, was an usurper. It is true that each of them became absolute in his own country, but this was only when the people had created for themselves the neces sity for a master, and had voluntarily put the sceptre into his hands. The conqueror is the only real usurper. Free governments have often yielded to conquest, but not often until they have first yielded to corruptions at home. Indeed, they have generally been successful, not only in repelling invasion, but in adding the territories of conquered nations to their own. This, however, was only while they maintained the purity of their principles, for they began to be weak as soon as they began to be corrupt. Domestic slavery, if it adds nothing to their strength in war, takes nothing from their power of resistance. No country ever sends its entire population to the field. A portion must always

mechanic trades, to manage the exchanges of commerce, and to occupy themselves in all those pursuits which are necessary to provide subsistence, clothing, and all the materiel of war. In countries where slavery does not prevail, and where every man expects to provide for the comfort of himself and his family by his own exertions alone, few can be called to the field, without producing distress and want at home. But in countries where all these labors are performed by slaves, almost the entire free population may be employed in war, because one freeman may superintend and direct the labor of fifty slaves. It is probable, therefore, that a slave-holding state, will, in general, be able to call as many of her people to the field, as will a state having no slaves and only an equal population. So far as history instructs us upon the subject, those republics which have been most distinguished for their power, both in defensive and aggressive war, were, without exception, holders of slaves. Such nations too, are, as I have already remarked, necessarily agricultural. Their own soil generally yields them food, clothing, and whatever else is required to furnish forth an army and maintain it in the field. With them commerce and the arts are a secondary consideration, and of course they are independent of those foreign connexions upon which nations differently situated are compelled to rely. A people whose own soil supplies them with all the requisite means of defence, will rarely yield even to a superior power, so long as they shall continue to be animated with a due love of their independence and freedom. Such a people, whether they be owners of slaves or not, have much more to fear from themselves than from an invading enemy. The gold of Philip of Macedon, effected much more than his arms. A nation with even comparatively feeble resources, will generally be able to repel invasion so long as it is true to itself.

But it is not from the power of the conqueror that free nations have most to dread. Their own follies and vices are their worst enemy. Of these follies, the love of conquest is at once the most common and the most fatal. History is full of examples of republics which have owed their overthrow principally to this cause. Abuses, corruptions, oppressions, and the exercise of arbitrary power, necessarily follow in the path of war. And to a republic so engaged, success is as fatal as defeat. The last thing which she ought to desire, is an extended territory. Free government can scarcely be strong enough to be duly felt in the extremities of a vast dominion. Authority, like a circle in the water, becomes more and more indistinct and faint the farther it is extended. Government, weakened by its very greatness, becomes incapable of controlling its own agents. The reins of discipline are relaxed; licentiousness takes the place of liberty; disorders ensue; anarchy prevails, and at last, the despot is called in to protect the people against themselves. I think it is true, at least of military republics whose territories have been large, that the first indications of their decline have been seen in the provinces and distant governments.

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can drive him to arms. Satisfied with his own condition, he rarely desires to change it; conscious of the blessings which surround him, and properly appreciating them, he has no motive to invade the rights of others. He is too wise to put the peace, the security, the independence and the comfort of his fireside, upon the uncertain issues of war. Where the chief occupation of a country is agriculture, foreign war can present no adequate motive for withdrawing from the cultivation of the soil, either the labor itself or the skill which directs it. It rarely happens that such countries contain any large portion of that loose and idle population out of which alone a free government could hope to form an army of invasion. And to that better class who live in comparative comfort, home, however humble its enjoyments, possesses far more charms than the labor, the servitude, the dangers and the privations of the camp. The military adventurer is generally the creature of idleness, poverty, vice and misery; he is not often found amid the abundance and comfort of rural life.

Aggressive war is forbidden by the very nature of slave population. The slave requires the continual presence of the master, both to control and to protect him. Nor would it be at all times safe to withdraw from a slave-holding country any considerable portion of its military force. It is true, the history of our revolutionary war attests the general fidelity of our slaves in the presence of an invading enemy. Indeed, whatever their tempers may be, they are least formidable and most easily checked and controlled when the country is armed and its military power organized and in the field. A very small squadron of disciplined troops, prepared to march promptly and rapidly to any point of danger, would be sufficient to put down the best planned servile insurrection and to keep the slave population of a whole country in awe and subjection. An equal degree of security could not be reasonably expected in the absence of the military power of the country. Even if the opportunity should not be used for the purpose of open resistance and rebellion, such a condition of things could scarcely fail to relax discipline, to encourage disobedience, idleness and disorder, and thus to render the slave less valuable as a laborer. A slave-holding country, therefore, has the double motive of safety and of interest, not to desire foreign conquest and to abstain from aggressive war.

I am aware that history presents examples of slaveholding republics, who have not always acted upon these maxims; but the same examples are proofs that the maxims are sound, and that a departure from them is sure to be fatal to liberty. We should be unwise indeed, if we could not profit by the experience of other countries, so strongly enforcing the suggestions of our own interest and safety.

The great cause, however, of the overthrow of free governments, ever has been and ever will be the corruptions of their own people. An increase of wealth is the chief source of these corruptions. Wealth naturally leads to luxury, and luxury produces effeminacy, weakness and vice. The necessary restraints of true liberty are odious to the love of self-indulgence. A luxurious people are always corrupt and venal. The cutting reproach of Jugurtha was not applicable to

and with such, even liberty itself has its price. From this deep sin of republics, slave-holding and agricultural nations are comparatively free. That equality of rank of which I have already spoken, presents few of the usual inducements to extravagance and ostentation; and, indeed, it is impossible for these to prevail to any considerable extent, except where wealth abounds. The moderate estates of an agricultural people do not admit of a high degree of luxury, and both their habits and their pursuits teach them to avoid it. Luxury makes its first lodgment in large cities. It is there chiefly and almost exclusively that redundant fortunes are found, and there alone are assembled, in irresistible numbers and force, all those seductive pleasures which cheat the imagination and betray the heart. From the cities these corruptions spread throughout the country, slowly it is true, but surely; and whenever they do so, public virtue is overcome, public spirit is broken and subdued, and public strength is paralized and destroyed. It is fortunate for an agricultural people that their habits and pursuits are unfavorable to the establishment of large cities. I do not speak of those cities of moderate size, which are necessary as marts for the produce of the country, and which that produce will always, under proper systems, invite into existence. From these, little danger to public morals is to be apprehended. I allude to those swollen capitals which engross the trade, absorb the wealth, and control the industry of nations. These are the peculiar abodes of luxury, the fruitful mothers of public and private vices, the nurseries of sedition, riot and disorder, and the worst enemies of rational, regulated liberty. It is rare that cities of this sort arise in slave-holding and agricultural countries. In them, the farm is the station of profit, usefulness, influence and dignity. The country does not look to the town for its examples, nor borrow from it either its morals or its manners. It may be received as an infallible indication of the decline of republican simplicity, that the city is looked to as the retreat of the wealthy. This never happens until the country is prepared to take on new manners and a new character.

It is the natural tendency of liberty to run into extremes. Communities that are free to govern themselves, are always prone to govern too much. Men seem to forget that they possess power, unless they are in the constant exercise of it. All that is evil in their condition, whatever disappoints their hopes or embarrasses their exertions or defeats their plans, is apt to be laid to the government and laws; and conscious that those laws are subject to their will, they are constantly devising new expedients for relief. The necessary consequence is, that they acquire the habit of depending too much upon the government and too little upon themselves. The great and rival interests of society are engaged in a constant struggle for the control of public legislation, as the surest means of advancing their own success. This rivalry would probably be favorable to liberty, if a proper balance could be preserved between the different interests. But it cannot be long preserved; it would be as reasonable to expect a continued equality in the strength of men. The strongest will acquire an ascendancy, and the weakest must yield to its power. This is a condition of things Rome alone. Every luxurious nation is a venal nation, absolutely inconsistent with true liberty. The worst

of all despotisms is that which operates through the forms of free government. Its oppressions are in exact proportion to the strongest and worst of our passions; and there is no relief from them except in revolution, because the oppressor is irresponsible, and there is no power to which the oppressed can appeal. The law is the oppressor, and those who make the law have the highest interest to render its burthens as heavy and galling as can be borne. The chain which thus binds a large portion of a people who claim to be free, must either be kept together by open and undisguised force, or else it will, at some time or other, be broken by violence and revolution. It appears to me that this view of the subject has not generally been duly considered. Free government, which depends on the will of the people, cannot be more stable than that will itself. Of course, that condition of society is most favorable to liberty, in which the interests of the different orders are the most identical, their habits the most uniform, and their pursuits the most fixed and permanent. Such is the character of our slave-holding communities. We are all cultivators of the soil, and all owners of slaves. Whatever difference there may be in our occupations, there are few among us whose largest interest is not land and negroes. Thus the identity of our interests insures equality in the laws; the permanency of our interests insures stability in the laws, and the uniformity of our manners and occupations saves us from all those jealousies and discontents which lead to disorder and outrage. A population homogeneous in character, in interests and pursuits, is best suited to free institutions, because the laws necessarily operate alike on all; and all, having the same stake in the government, are alike interested to support it. Men do not abandon their liberties without some motive stronger than the love of liberty; and what stronger motive can there be with men, who find in liberty itself the best protection of all their rights, the best encouragement for their industry, and the best security for their happiness.

I have said that the nature of our institutions is calculated to insure stability in the laws. This is a much more important safeguard of free institutions than may be generally supposed. Instability in the laws leads to the insecurity of rights, and the insecurity of rights brings the laws into contempt. A mutable and unsettled code soon loses the respect of the people, and ceases to be a protection for any right, because it ceases to possess any power. A want of respect for the laws is one of the surest indications of the decline of liberty. I do not speak of those occasional outbreakings of popular fury, which set all law and all government at defiance. These are the mere results of temporary excitement, and are liable to occur among all people, whatever be their form of government. I speak of that disregard of the laws which is seen in the frequent impunity of crime, in the defiance of the public authorities, and in the bold assumption of juries to set the law aside, in favor of their prejudices, their passions, their interests or their caprices. These things always proceed from a depraved state of public morals, where the laws are not objectionable; but they also occur, even in the purest communities, where the laws are regarded as unjust and oppressive. It is a difficult thing to enforce an unpopular law among a free people.

Yet, from whatever cause they proceed, they indicate either great corruption in the people or a wide departure from the pure principles of justice and equality in the government. I know not what is better calculated to produce such a state of things than those fluctuations to which the laws are always subject from the alternate successes of rival and contending interests, and the consequent disgusts and resentments of the defeated party. Men do not feel that either their rights or their interests are secure, where the laws which profess to protect them are liable to perpetual changes, and to be moulded only to suit the particular interest which may happen for the time to be predominant. They soon cease to respect laws which are not founded in any general principle, and which may exist only for an hour; and the government itself, with all its institutions, naturally sinks into contempt and imbecility. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the laws should not only be just and equal, but that they should be as uniform and stable as the condition of the country will allow. To this stability, domestic slavery with its inseparable incidents, necessarily contributes in a high degree, because that institution is itself stable, permanent, and so engrossing, as to give character to all others. Our reasoning upon this subject is confirmed by examples. The northern states have much more frequently changed their constitutions of government than the southern. Virginia lived fifty-four years under the same constitution, and her people, during all that time, were remarkable for their attachment to their government, for their obedience to the laws, and for the contented, quiet and good order of their conduct. It is to be regretted that so wise an example was not more generally followed; and she herself has the greatest cause to regret, that she did not continue to present that example through all succeeding years, to this time.

The remarks which I have made, apply with peculiar force to the exercise of the taxing power. There is no subject upon which the public mind is more sensitive than it is upon this. All history proves (and the history of our own country, not less than that of others,) that unequal taxation is an unfailing source of popular discontent and resistance. A slave-holding community is much less liable to inequality in this respect than any other. As land and negroes constitute much the largest part of the property of the country, they must of course, bear much the largest share of the expenses of government; and as these are owned by all classes and almost by every individual, no one can complain that he is unequally taxed. This is not equally true, if it be true at all, of countries in which slavery does not exist. Society in such countries is necessarily divided into a great variety of classes, each having, or believing that it has, its peculiar interests; and among these classes there is a continual strife to throw the burthens of government from themselves upon others. The successful classes are too apt to push their advantage to an imprudent excess, and the unsuccessful classes are discontented and ready to regard their government as their enemy. This has, not unfrequently, been the cause of the overthrow of government. But revolutions thus commenced, rarely result in favor of liberty. Even if successful, the angry passions which cause them are inconsistent with those temperate counsels by which alone liberty can be established or maintained; and if unsuccessful, the attempt serves only to confirm the power which it could not overthrow.

But the great danger which liberty has to fear in the United States, is to be found in that agrarian spirit which strikes at all that is above it, and spares nothing that is good or great in the institutions of society. This deformed offspring of popular discontents and vices, has too often been at once the reproach and the bane of free governments. It does not, it is true, belong peculiarly to them, but it is in them only that it has scope for action. The love of distinction is natural to man, and whatever confers it is an object of desire and of envy. Here, in the United States, the distinctions of birth and family do not prevail; and public office, which is generally held only for short periods-which supposes the incumbent to be the servant and not the master of the people-which is attended with no trappings nor insignia, to attract the public gaze, and which is generally laden with duties and responsibilities very disproportioned to its compensations-confers but little honor and possesses but few attractions. Wealth alone, (except that commanding order of genius which elevates its possessor conspicuously above other men, and which very few possess,) can confer any substantial distinction in the United States; and hence wealth is the object of universal desire, and the end which all ambition proposes to itself. It has been often remarked that avarice is the strongest feature in the American character. It could not well be otherwise, for where wealth alone can give us any real advantage over others, it is natural that it should be sought as the greatest earthly good; and it is equally natural that he who possesses it should be viewed with envy, jealousy and ill-will. The wealthy individual may, by an inoffensive and useful life, escape this fate; but the wealthy as a class, never can escape it. Hitherto we can scarcely be said to have had any such class in the United States. So infinite are the resources of our country, and so various our modes of industry, that abundance and independence have every where prevailed. Besides, our public lands have held out a continual invitation to all those who have found it difficult to prosper in the old states. In the fertile regions of the west, the poor become rich in a day, as thousands upon thousands of the needy and destitute are proving every year. This continual drain of the very poor, tends to preserve a comparative equality among those who remain; a circumstance to which the non-slaveholding states, who have redundant populations, owe much of the tranquillity they have enjoyed. But this state of things cannot exist forever. The time will come when this outlet will be closed, and when our people, greatly increased in numbers and confined within their ancient limits, will press inconveniently upon one another. Then, if not before, the distinction of rich and poor will be clearly established; it will be both seen and felt. The usual jealousies of the one class and the consequent fears of the other will then commence, and from that moment the rights of property will be in danger. Property, which is protected only by the law, is always at the mercy of those who make the law. It will probably be very long before an actual majority of very poor will be found in any one of our states; but it is not necessary that this should be the case, in

are too apt to compare our condition with that of the ranks who are above, instead of that of the ranks who are below us. Hence, where the differences in point of wealth between different classes are very great and striking, there are few who do not consider themselves poor, and who would not hope to be benefited by a general commingling of property. Besides, there are never wanting those among the more wealthy who are ready to inflame the discontents of the inferior classes, in order to make them the instruments of their ambition. The middle class are the true conservators of public liberty. They have neither cause for jealousy nor motive for discontent; they have every thing to lose and nothing to gain by change. Whilst Rome limited the landed possessions of one man to seven acres, she was free, virtuous and powerful; when she extended it to five hundred acres, she began to be luxurious and effeminate; and when even this restriction was disregarded, and the lands of the country were engrossed by the wealthy, that circumstance accelerated and rendered inevitable the ruin of the republic. In all attempts upon public liberty the highest and the lowest orders are natural allies. The one is urged on by ambition and the other by indigence and suffering. The middle class can affiliate with neither, for it is indifferent to the objects of the one and above the motives of the other. The extremes only unite, and the intermediate class who alone are true lovers of liberty, are sure to be crushed between them. But their union, although fatal to liberty, is not less certainly fatal to themselves. The wealthy demagogue who allures the indigent by the hope of plunder, is apt to be himself the first victim. It is much easier to excite the storm of popular passions, than either to allay or to direct it. I think it is no bold prediction to say, that if the time shall ever arrive—and it will arrive—when labor cannot find its proper reward in any of our states, and when a large portion of the people, suffering with want, cannot look to other regions for relief, the rights of property will no longer be respected. It is in vain to talk of the blessings of liberty to those who are galled with the servitude of their own necessities. You cannot persuade men to think that the law which allows them to starve is a holy thing. With the right of property, perishes every other right. The social condition rests only upon that, and when that is destroyed, the whole fabric falls into ruin.

It would be a dangerous self-delusion in us, to suppose that there is any thing in our forms of government, or in the character of our people, to exempt us from this common danger of all republics. It has its source in the human heart, and that is very much the same at all times, in all places, and in all conditions of the social state. If we would escape it, we must remove the causes which excite it to action; and this is effectually done by the institution of negro slavery.

felt. The usual jealousies of the one class and the consequent fears of the other will then commence, and from that moment the rights of property will be in danger. Property, which is protected only by the law, is always at the mercy of those who make the law. It will probably be very long before an actual majority of very poor will be found in any one of our states; but it is not necessary that this should be the case, in order to call the agrarian principle into action. We

have nothing."\* And here again I would be understood to speak not of individuals, but of classes. There is no form of regular government, which can preserve an equality of wealth among individuals, even for a day; and it would be absurd to say that domestic slavery can produce any such result. But it approaches that result much more nearly than any other civil institution, and it prevents, in a very great degree, if not entirely, that gross inequality among the different classes of society, from which alone liberty has any thing to fear. Indeed there is but one class in our slave-holding states. Merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, and all the various modes of industry, are found in all of them; but their numbers are comparatively small, and their influence, as classes, is scarcely felt. Besides, these are all slave-holders themselves, and land-owners also. The one great interest of all our communities is agriculture: an interest so predominant in extent, and embracing so large a portion of our people, as to be, to all practical purposes, the sole interest. The difference in the wealth. even of individuals in such a state of society, is never very striking. The profits of agriculture are comparatively small, and its returns, although very certain, are also very slow. The most successful farmer becomes only moderately rich, by the labors of a whole life; the few exceptions which we see, serve only to prove the truth of the general rule. The fluctuations of value; the spirit of speculation; the daring enterprise which seeks to become suddenly rich by putting every thing to hazard; do not belong to agricultural life. That life demands industry, patience, economy, prudence; and it seldom fails to reward these qualities with independence and comfort, though it rarely rewards them with wealth.

There is then, in truth, nothing in the condition of our slave-holding states, upon which the jealousies of the different classes into which societies are usually divided, can act. We have among us, but one great class, and all who belong to it have a necessary sympathy with one another; we have but one great interest, and all who possess it are equally ready to maintain and protect it. Equal in our rank, the spirit of levelling sees nothing to envy; equal in our fortune, the spirit of agrarianism sees nothing to attack. All rights are safe and all interests are secure, because there are none who can assail, except those who possess them.

There is a natural jealousy between labor and capital; a jealousy which, in a particular condition of society, amounts to actual hostility. It is a strange hostility too, since labor lives only by the aid of capital, and capital yields no return without the assistance of labor. This mutual dependence is felt and acknowledged by both, so long as there is a due proportion between them. So long as there is labor enough to employ capital, and capital enough to give labor its due reward, they work together in perfect harmony. Even where capital superabounds, their harmony is not destroyed, for labor then soon becomes capital. This has been, and probably now is, the condition of the United States, but it is not the usual condition in any thickly peopled country, and probably will soon cease to be our condition. Whenever labor shall superabound, and when of course capital can no longer employ and re-

ward it, labor will become discontented, and the war upon capital will commence. Liberty cannot survive this contest; she must perish when the only right which gives her any value ceases to be respected. In slave-holding countries this contest cannot easily arise. In them, labor and capital unite in the same person. The laborer is the slave, and the capitalist is the owner of the slave. Capital has a direct interest to see that labor be not oppressed, and labor has nothing to hope from an attack on capital. So far from being hostile, they aid and support each other; so far from shaking the foundations of government by their strifes and contentions, they have a common interest to sustain it, and they necessarily work together for the establishment of good order and the maintainance of right. It is owing chiefly to this cause, that the condition of society at the south has always been more tranquil and less disturbed by factious outbreakings of the people, than it has been at the north.

When the Almighty decreed that man should eat bread by the sweat of his face, he laid the foundation of all the differences which we see in the orders of society. It is the necessary consequence of this decree, that one portion of mankind shall live upon the labors of another portion. Such is the case all over the world, and such it will continue to be, until the world shall either abandon its civilization or become one Eden, yielding all fruits spontaneously. It is then an object of first importance, that the regulations of society should be such as to render the lot of the laborer as free from discontent as possible. This is not to be done by any change in that lot itself. You may indeed benefit the individual in that way, but the class must still remain. The laborer of yesterday, who becomes the capitalist of to-day, does but make room for another laborer in his place. If the condition of society were such as to hold out the hope of this change to every laborer, it would indeed be the best means of reconciling him to his lot. But this cannot be, so long as it shall be the pleasure of God that man shall work for his subsistence. The free laborer always has his hopes, and it is the disappointment of those hopes which renders him discontented and factious. He sees before him the thousand roads of industry, perfectly open and free; he feels secure that he will be protected in the enjoyment of all that his industry may earn; and he knows that even the distinctions of high place and preferment are not interdicted to him. These reflections certainly encourage his exertions and often make him a wealthier and more valuable man. But they as often inspire him with unfounded hopes, and teach him to look above the realities of his condition; to struggle for some distant good which eludes his grasp, and leaves him a prey to disappointment and mortification. Seeing constantly before him a class in the enjoyment of that case, comfort and distinction, for which he sighs and labors in vain, can it be expected that he will charge his humbler fate to his own demerit? This would require a degree of candor which is found in very few, for it belongs only to the best order of intellect and to the highest moral culture. Most men in such circumstances, would be apt to charge their misfortunes to errors in the systems around them; to the laws which recognize and maintain differences of condition among men, odious to them, because they feel them to be oppressive

<sup>\*</sup> St. Pierre, Studies of Nature.

in their own persons. Not so with the slave. He is them coercive labor would require the exercise of a born to his condition; he grows up with the conviction that it is unchangeable; he submits to his destiny with resignation, because he has no hope that he can ever make it materially better. Even freedom is scarcely a blessing to him, for the eternal brand is upon his facehis caste is irrevocably fixed-and although he may cease to acknowledge a master, he can never cease to belong to the lowest class of mankind. It is the deep conviction of this truth which so often induces the slaves of kind masters to refuse freedom, when it is offered to them. Freedom is no boon to them, since it brings with it all the cares and difficulties of self-dependence, without any of the usual advantages of independence in thought and action. The African slave is contented from necessity. He has no motive to quarrel with a lot which he knows that he cannot change, and the burthens of which are best relieved by a cheerful discharge of the duties which attend them. The history of slavery in the United States, attests the truth of this reasoning. In no part of the world has the laboring class been more distinguished for contentment, cheerfulness, and even gaiety; and such the negro slave will always be, if he be not taught to feel or to imagine other evils than those which his condition itself imposes on him.

I am aware that this view of the subject is liable to the objection, that a system of society cannot be good, if it condemn the laboring class to unchangeable servitude, and cut them off from all hope of improving their condition. I am not called on to meet this objection here. Even granting it to be true, in the view of the moralist, it does not apply to slavery as a political institution, nor does it meet the argument by which that institution is shown to be favorable to public liberty. And it is well worthy the consideration even of the moralist, whether, as labor is necessary by an immutable law, he will add any thing to the happiness of those who are condemned to perform it, by imbuing them with feelings above their condition, by inspiring them with hopes which can never be realised, and by rendering them dissatisfied with a lot from which there is no escape. The curse which condemns us to labor, is tempered with infinite mercy; for whatever be our condition in life, our true happiness must be found in the proper employment of our faculties. To all those who think that they advance the cause of humanity by perpétual endeavors to disturb the order which Nature herself has established among men, I have no counsel to offer. If they cannot be made wise by the lessons of experience, taught in the history of all such attempts, they will scarcely profit by those of any other teacher.

There is a condition of society in which the wages of labor will purchase but an insufficient supply of food and clothing. Coercion then becomes necessary. But in a free government coercion must operate alike on all classes of the people, for any discrimination between them would be wholly inconsistent with equal rights. And yet coercion to the wealthier classes would be felt as gratuitous tyranny; and indeed every class, except the very lowest, would feel in the same way, and would be anxious to shake off a government which imposed upon them such an unnecessary and degrading burthen. In non-slaveholding states, therefore, liberty could not exist under such a condition of things. With

degree of power incompatible with freedom; and this power would, in its operation, necessarily produce, in a great majority of the people, a degree of discontent under which no popular government could stand. But even this evil is avoided by the institution of domestic slavery; for that coercive energy, dangerous to freedom, which under different systems must be lodged in the frame of government, is, in slave-holding states, found in the frame of society.

A still farther security to public liberty may be found in the character of that discipline by which our slave population is controlled. The slave is protected by the law, against all wanton abuses of his person, and is answerable in his person for whatever crimes he may commit. So far he is recognised as a responsible agent, and but little farther. In most other respects, his master is responsible for him. In slave-holding states, the laboring class are in effect parcelled out and assigned to the care of competent guardians. These guardians have a two-fold interest to take care of them and to manage them properly; they receive the profits of their labor, and are responsible for their misbehavior. No system can be imagined, better calculated to insure a well-managed and orderly laboring class. Indeed it is impossible that any disorder can prevail among them, calculated seriously to endanger or disturb the authority of government, since they are placed, by the law itself, under the immediate and personal supervision and cotrol of a class by whom that law was made, and who have the strongest interest to maintain it. An enlightened friend\* once remarked to me, that in slaveholding states agrarianism is divided against itself. There is great truth and force in this idea. Even if there could be found in those states a class interested to break down the established order of society, they will always be too weak in numbers and resources to accomplish any thing by their own efforts. The only class to whom they could look with any hope of assistance, is that class over whom they are usually placed as temporary masters, and by whom they are least trusted. The last man with whom the slave would unite, is his overseer. There is then, in this institution, something which courts and solicits good order; there is a principle in it which avoids confusion and repels faction; its necessary tendency is to distract the purposes and to bind the arm of the agrarian and the leveller.

In contemplating the future decline of liberty in the United States, it cannot escape us that there is a want of perfect analogy between our republics and those of every other age and country. Many of the causes of decline are indeed common to all, and we may learn many lessons of wisdom and caution from the fate of those which have preceded us. Different as they were from us in many important particulars, we may derive much information from the study of their institutions, their manners and their character. But liberty in the United States will probably not perish as it has perished in the republics of the old world. Our form of government has no example among theirs; it is peculiar in its structure, and we may well hope that it is much more solidly founded and better balanced. We have the advantage too of being withdrawn from the neighborhood of all strong powers, whose ambition might

\*Judge Beverley Tucker of Williamsburg.

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might betray us into aggressive war. Something may be hoped also from our anglo-saxon blood, from our descent from a race of men to whom the love of liberty and the spirit of independence are natural. Yet all these securities are insufficient to insure the continuance of our institutions. Free government will have its period here, as it has had it elsewhere. The catastrophe will probably be much longer delayed, but it is not possible to escape it. Even now, the attentive observer may discern causes at work, which the true lover of his country cannot contemplate without uneasiness and alarm. To my mind it is clear, that in this country Liberty is destined to perish a suicide; she will owe her destruction to her own excesses alone. And perish when she may, I am much deceived if her last entrenchment, her latest abiding place, will not be found in the slave-holding states.

In the remarks which I have thus presented, I do not imagine that I have made any new discoveries in the philosophy of the subject, or imparted any new ideas to those who have made this institution their study. Slavery has prevailed in every age of the world. We find it in the earliest records of the Bible, and we may trace it through all the periods of authentic history, from that time to this. It has existed ever since wars were known, and will probably continue to exist, until wars shall cease. It is not a new institution which has sprung up in modern times, only to dishonor free principles in America; neither is it in this age, that the attention of the political philosopher has been for the first time called to it. It has, through countless ages, engaged the anxious study of the legislator, and has exerted an important influence upon the systems he has established. Its true character and tendencies as a political institution, were much better understood by Aristotle than by Wilberforce. On this subject, at least, the world is not more enlightened now than it was two thousand years ago. We, however, although we may profit by the lights of other ages, are not limited to their maxims. Slavery, even as it existed among them, was approved by the wisest of their philosophers, and maintained by the most practised of their states men. If they found it a safe and wise institution, how much more valuable is it as it exists among ourselves? All the reasoning by which they justified and sustained it, applies a fortieri to our condition. Their slaves were for the most part captives in war, and white men There was no natural brand, by like themselves. which the eye could at a glance distinguish them from their masters. They were indeed, often the superiors of their masters, both in civilization and in all the higher attributes of personal character. Nothing was more common among them, than for the slave to become the preceptor of his master's sons, in philosophy, in the arts and in polite letters. Slavery of this kind, could not possibly be maintained, except by the most firm, vigorous and watchful discipline. He who feels that a single chain only binds him to an inferior condition, and debars him from the higher distinctions and enjoyments of life, cannot reasonably be expected to wear that chain contentedly. For him, there is hope; bondage alone, represses his genius, palsies his energies, and cuts him off from all the rewards which genius and energy may earn. Hence, in the republics !

lead them to attack us, or whose influence and example of the old world, liberty had much to dread, from servile insurrections and rebellions. The slave could in general bring into the field, not only equal physical power, but equal intelligence, information and military skill with his master. To guard against this danger, it often became necessary that government should possess a degree of power formidable to liberty, and exert a discipline offensive to its principles. It may well be doubted whether slavery of this sort, be favorable to free institutions, or not; for, however it may be calculated to inspire a love of liberty in the master, it creates a necessity for powers in the government, which may easily be abused to the destruction of liberty. With us, however, no such danger exists. Society, public opinion, domestic discipline, exert with us all the power which they found it necessary to lodge in the government. Our safety is in the color of the slave; in an eternal, ineffaceable distinction of nature. With us, there is no magic in the word manumitto, which transmutes the slave into the free citizen. His caste is everlasting, and whether bond or free, he is the negro still. This he knows and feels continually. It gives him a habit of obedience and submission, not easy to be broken, and it teaches him not to put his own safety to hazard for objects which Nature herself has placed forever beyond his reach.

Let us then learn to view this institution only in the lights in which it exhibits itself to-us. History, whilst it affords some analogies by which our judgments may be instructed, presents no example by which we can safely regulate our conduct. We stand alone and peculiar, among slave-holding republics. The institution, as it exists among us, has its distinguishing characteristics, which did not enter into the speculations of the philosophers and statesmen of former days. We have our own reasoning to enlighten us, our own experience to guide us. And until that experience shall falsify all our speculations, and until we shall cease to regard the preservation of free and equal government, as the greatest of human blessings, we should cherish this institution, not as a necessary evil which we cannot shake off, but as a great positive good, to be carefully protected and preserved.

## FIRST LOVE.

Men may talk about the folly and falsity of first love: but who is there, married or single, who can cast from their hearts the remembrance of their early love? At all times-in the depths of black night, and in the golden noonday, sudden thoughts and associations call up the image of our first love, and immediately the whole heart is (as it were) poured out in a gush of soft and sweet feelings. We consider this as no breach of faith to the present object of our affections. Like that olden love, it seems a different sort of affection from our present one--a holy and purifying feeling rather than one deserving condemnation.

It appears to me that first love must necessarily be different from those following after it: for if it be not essentially distinct, yet the novelty of the feeling when felt for the first time would make it in some measure so. Williamsburg, Sept. 21, 1839.

# THE BALLAD OF

## SANCHA OF CASTILE AND THE COUNT ALARCÓS.

Where Tagus rolls his golden sands By famed Toledo's wall, And in a deep and lone recess Of king Alphonso's hall,

In solitary sadness sits,

A prey to grief and care,
Sancha, the monarch's only child,

The fairest of the fair.

For now she thought of days gone by, When she was wont to smile, What time she loved a far famed knight, The pride of old Castile.

A brave and comely knight was he, Count Alarcos his name— And in Alphonso's court for him Sighed many a noble dame.

In battle or in tournament,
At court or in the field,
To none this gallant cavalier
Was ever known to yield.

The count, too, loved the royal maid,
And sought her hand to gain,
And pressed his suit with many a sigh,
But sighed and sued in vain.

For she, the daughter of a king,
Was no less proud than fair,
And had refused to wed the count,
Unmindful of his care.

"Then fare thee well, thou cruel dame!
A long farewell to thee!
The spell is broke—I love no more—
At length my heart is free.

"In foreign climes, and far away,
I yet may hope to find—
Though not, indeed, a face so fair—
Less pride and hearts more kind."

This said the count, and straight away
He mounts his coal black steed,
And to the court of Aragon
He wends his way with speed.

There soon he won, for deeds in arms, Fresh laurels and renown, And blooming wreaths of glory now His knightly temples crown.

A year had passed—'twas early morn,
And on Toledo's wall
Paced to and fro the sentinel,
And watched the seneschal.

When lo! beyond the city gate,
Slow moving o'er the plain,
Was seen of knights in mourning weeds,
A melancholy train.

And now a page, approaching, sounds
A bugle loud and clear;
The drawbridge falls, the opening gate
Admits a funeral bier.

Meanwhile the heavy tramp of steeds
And muffled trumpet's bray
Caught Sancha's ear in her retreat,
And filled her with dismay.

"Now go, my trusty page," she said,
"And learn what this may be,
For to my heart these sounds forbode
Some deep calamity."

Forth went the page, but soon returned,
His face was deadly pale;
His faltering tongue essayed in vain
To tell the woful tale.

At length he said, "Oh, mistress dear,
To tell such news I dread;
Low lies the flower of chivalry,
Count Alarcós is dead!

"In distant climes that fearless heart Was struck by Moorish spear, And now beneath thy balcony They bear him in his bier."

The princess heard, and stood aghast— Her cheek turned white as snow; And so intense her grief, she looked A monument of woe.

Then rushed into the street, and stopped
The funeral on its way;
The mourners halt, and at her feet
Th' uncovered coffin lay.

Kneeling beside the lifeless corpse,

She grieved in piteous strain—

But never spoke—she could not weep—

Her heart was rent in twain!

At length she said, and clasped her hands
In bitter agony:

"Oh God! oh God! that I should live So sad a sight to see!

"That evil day, that evil hour, In sorrow now I rue, When I the proffered love disdained Of one so brave and true."

Seizing the dead count's icy hand, She pressed it to her breast, And on his forehead, pale and cold, One pious kiss impressed.

Grasped in his fingers, held the count, A lock of Sancha's hair; This Sancha saw, and, seeing, looked The picture of despair.

A mist came o'er her beauteous eyes, Life's stream has ceased to glide, And now she totters, reels, and falls By her dead lover's side. Pages and knights in haste repair

The princess to restore,
But all in vain—her spirit's fled,
Poor Sancha's now no more!

Next day they laid, with princely pomp,
Both in the self same grave—
Sancha, the fairest of the fair,
With Alarcós the brave. G. w. M.
September, 1839.

#### REJOINDER TO A

"REPLY TO THE TUCKAHOE COLONY OF VIRGINIA."

"A man must serve his time to every trade Save censure; critics all are ready made."

Byron.

An article under the cabalistic title of "The Tuckahoe Colony of Virginia" appeared in the Messenger of April, 1837; and now, after so long an interval, while it was quietly dropping down the stream of time into the ocean of oblivion, it has all of a sudden been snapped at, by the tooth of one of those voracious, critical, privateering pikes, who are ever skimming the surface of literature in quest of small game. The writer of the obnoxious article, begs leave in respect to certain of the errors charged, to put himself upon the confessional, and in respect to the rest, to offer such apology as the case may seem to demand. 'The reply' consists of some nine points, (counts of the indictment,) which will be adverted to, one by one, according to the order in which they stand.

"THE TUCKAHOE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.—My attention has been called to a publication in your Messenger, for the month of April, 1837, under the above title, which contains so many historical inaccuracies, as to induce me to correct them."

Answer:--It is an observation of Dean Swift, that "a man has no reason to be ashamed of confessing himself in the wrong, as it is only admitting that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." Yet while the writer of the erroneous article in question cannot fail to appreciate the obligations he is under, for corrections of so important a nature, made by so competent a hand, yet his gratitude is not unmingled with a certain degree of regret, that these corrections should have been postponed to so late a day as the present, which is two years and four months since the promulgation of the errors complained of. It is true, however, that a considerable period of time may be necessary to complete a work, where the object is by a series of cerebral percolations to reduce it to a state of crystalline, stalactical perfection.

"Where the writer of the article referred to, obtained his account of the above named colony, I am at a loss to know. Smith, in his second voyage up the Chesapeake, found a tribe of Indians called Tockwoghes, on the river Tockwogh."

The writer of the article referred to, is quite as much in the dark, as to the existence of this enigmatical 'Tuckahoe Colony of Virginia,' as the critic, and having never elsewhere heard of any such Colony, he is persuaded it is a terra incognita, a mere chimera, as

fabulous as Gulliver's Island of Laputa, or Sancho Panza's Island of Barataria. To explain—The words 'The Tuckahoe' in the original manuscript, were intended to be the generic heading of sundry small pieces, the first of which happened to be styled 'Colony of Virginia,' which was of course meant to be printed underneath and distinct from the words 'The Tuckahoe.'

"It is stated in the above article, that in 1605, 'Capt. Smith came over, and remained three years.' Now Smith, page 150, states that 'on the 19th of December, 1606, we set sail from Black Wall, with the first supply in Virginia.'"

Answer : - Admitted.

"Under the head Huguenots, it is stated that they settled in South Carolina in 1502. Now the term Huguenot had its origin in 1560. See Rees' Encyclopedia 9th vol."

Answer : - Admitted.

"It is also stated by Rees, (article Carolina,) that no permanent settlement seems to have been made in Carolina, until after the restoration of Charles II, who, by his first charter, dated 24th of March, 1662-1663, granted to Edward, Earl of Clarendon, and seven others, all the lands lying between the 31st and 36th degrees of north latitude, and extending westerly to the South Seas."

The critic has evidently fallen into a misunderstanding of the passage in 'The Tuckahoe Colony' here referred to. For his adducing authorities to show that no permanent settlement was made in Carolina until after the restoration of Charles II, would seem to imply that it had been asserted in the text that the Huguenot settlement mentioned was a permanent settlement, but that no such assertion was therein made, but expressly the contrary, will sufficiently appear from a quotation of the passage itself, which is as follows:

"In 1502 a settlement was effected in South Carolina by some French Protestants called Huguenots. They fled from France to escape persecution. This was the first attempt to colonize North America; it was undertaken for the sake of freedom of conscience, and like many similar enterprizes, failed. These refugees, worn out by sufferings, and distracted by dissentions, at their own request were taken back to Europe in an English ship."

That there was such a Huguenot settlement in 1562, see Keith's History of Virginia, p. 29, and Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 186. The mistake of 1502, for 1562, though important, it is conceived might occur in a work in general accurate, but it is so long a time since those scraps of history were compiled, that it is impossible to recollect from what book the date was copied or miscopied.

"Under the head, Newfoundland, it is stated that that place was discovered by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. Now Marshall, in his American Colonies, (page 13,) states, that in May, 1496, John Cabot, sailed from Bristol, and discovered the islands of Newfoundland and St. John's."

Answer:—The critic has here again fallen into a misconception of the passage he is criticising, which is undoubtedly owing to the obscure manner in which an unpractised writer has expressed himself. The text does not state that Sir Humphrey Gilbert discovered Newfoundland, but simply that he landed there, which it is submitted is a very different thing. Exempli gratid, if a writer should assert that Napoleon Bonaparte landed at St. Helena on a certain day of a certain year,

it could not (strictly speaking) be inferred that he meant to say Bonaparte discovered that island at that particular time. The passage in the text stands thus:

"1583. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh, with five ships, set sail for America. He landed at Newfoundland, and claimed it for the British crown. On his return voyage, Sir Humphrey was deplorably lost in a storm at sea."

That Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed there in 1583, see Stith's History of Virginia, book 1, p. 6 and 7, and Burk's History of Virginia, vol. 1, p. 39. In regard to the discovery of Newfoundland, by John Cabot, in May, 1496, Marshall in his life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 4, dates this discovery by John Cabot and his son Sebastian, in May, 1498; which is mentioned merely to show that there exists a certain perplexity among the best writers, as to the dates of these early and obscure events. Indeed, to say the truth, some historians seem to doubt whether Cabot discovered Newfoundland at all or not. (See Bancroft's History of United States, vol. 1, and Burk, vol. 1, p. 38, in note.) However that may be, it is certain (although no such statement was made or intimated in the 'Tuckahoe Colony') that Sir Humphrey Gilbert on landing there, claimed Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and this with considerable parade and ceremony, for which see Stith, book 1, p. 6, and Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 11.

"Uttamussack.—The author locates this place twelve miles above Richmond, near the James River. Now, Smith, (page 138,) locates it at Pamaunkee; and at page 117, says that fourteen miles northward from the river. Powhatan is the river Pamaunkee. Smith says, that near Uttamussack is a temple or place of Powhatan's. I think that this temple was Orapakes. On his map you will find it near the head of Chickahomony, not far from Pamaunkee, in the direction of Cold Harbour, in Hanover."

Answer: —This fact was gathered from the following passages in Beverley's History of Virginia, pp. 108, 109.

"The golden mine, of which there was once so much noise, may, perhaps, be found hereafter, to be some gold metal," &c. \* \* \* \* \* This I take to be the place in Purchase's fourth book of his Pilgrim, called Uttamussack, where was formerly the principal temple of the country, and the metropolitan seat of the priests in Powhatan's time, &c. \* \* \* \* \* \* \* There also was their great Pawcorance or Altar-Stone, which the Indians tell us was a solid crystal of between three and four foot cube, upon which in their greater solemnities they used to sacrifice. This they would make us believe was so clear, that the grain of a man's skin might be seen through it, and was so heavy too, that when they removed their gods and kings, not being able to carry it away, they buried it thereabouts. But the place has never yet been discovered.

"Mr. Alexander Whitaker, Minister of Henrico, on James River, in the company's time, writing to them, says thus: Twelve miles from the Falls, there is a Crystal Rock, wherewith the Indians do head many of their arrows."

From the location of this 'Crystal Rock,' twelve miles from the Falls, and the circumstance that there was a 'Crystal' of that description at Uttamussack, (it being reckoned there were hardly two of that sort,) it was probably inferred that Uttamussack was twelve miles from the Falls. The hypothesis of the critic

that Uttamussack was at Orapakes, however ingenious in itself, is accompanied by several difficulties; for a temple at Pamaunkee could hardly with propriety be said to be near the head of Chickahominy, which by Smith's map is some ten miles distant. Nor is the critic's conjecture that 'this temple was Orapakes,' without difficulties of a truly embarrassing nature, for Captain Smith calls it a town, and a town can hardly be properly termed a temple. " And in a triumphant manner, led him [Smith] to Orapakes, where he was after their manner kindly feasted and well used. \* \* \* \* \* But arriving at the Town [i. e. Orapakes,] (which was but onely thirtie or fortie houses made of mats, which they remove as they please as we our tents,) all the women and children staring to behold him," &c. Smith's History of Virginia, p. 143, and Stith, book 2, p. 51. It is rather a matter of surprise, that this critic, who is imbued with so refined a spirit of accuracy, (homo usque ad unguem) and who is apparently so very familiar with Smith's map, should not have perceived that Uttamussack is set down on that map, at Pamaunkee, which would have at once relieved him from all further solicitude about the matter, and from the necessity of locating it at Orapakes, which is apparently some thirty miles distant, and which the itinerant antiquary might be somewhat puzzled to find from the topographical data of the critic, inasmuch as the direction of Cold Harbor, (unless it differs from all other harbors in the world, whether cold or hot, or like the Laodiceans neither,) will vary considerably, according to the point of departure, from which you start for it. But 'de minimis non curat lex.'

#### 'I leave topography to classic Gell.'

It may, however, not be amiss here to suggest, that by the phrase 'at Pamaunkee,' Smith, perhaps, did not mean at a river of that name (for at a river is rather an odd expression) but at a place so called, which idea is confirmed by the word Pamaunkee on Smith's map, being printed not parallel to the line of the river, but perpendicular thereto, as is the case with other places along the river. This river was then called the Youghtanund, and the name Pamaunkee was applied to the York. See Smith, p. 117, and 142. Stith, book 2, page 53.

"Colonies.—Under this head the author states, that 'James Town sent out two colonies.' One he locates six miles below Richmond. Now according to Smith, (page 236,) West's colony was seated 'by the Falles,' "in a place not only subject to the river's inundation, but round environed with many intolerable inconveniences."

Answer: "Anno 1609. This year Jamestown sent out people and made two other settlements, one at Nansemond on James River, and the other at Powhatan six miles below the Falls of James River, (which last was bought of Powhatan for a certain quantity of copper,) each settlement consisting of about a hundred and twenty men. Some small time after another was made at Kiquotan, by the mouth of James River." Beverley, page 19.

"The author locates Kiquotan, near Norfolk; whereas, reference to Smith's map will show that Kiquotan includes Hampton and Old Point."

it was probably inferred that Uttamussack was twelve With due deference, it is submitted whether it be miles from the Falls. The hypothesis of the critic not consistent with common usage, in this case, to say

Kiquotan [Hampton] is near Norfolk, the object of the writer being simply to give the distant reader some general idea of the position of that place, by referring it to the nearest town of consequence in that part of the country; as we say in common parlance, Cambridge near Boston, or Germantown near Philadelphia; Qui hæret in litera, hæret in cortice. It was unnecessary to descend into these hypercritical minutiæ since there are some errors (at least two) of much more importance, which the critic has allowed to pass with impunity.

'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.'

Juvenal, Sat. 2, v. 63.

"The author says that Williamsburg was laid off in the form of a W. It was not. Governor Nicholson proposed it; but it was not done."

Answer:—"Here [at Middle Plantation] Governor Nicholson projected a large town, and laid out the street in the form of a W, calling the same Williamsburgh, in honor of the reigning king." Keith's History of Virginia, page 171. It is proper to mention that this part of 'The Tuckahoe Colony' consists merely of some notes of a three or four days excursion in the lower country. Such fugitive productions, as they do not pretend to the accuracy of history, ought to be received with such indulgence as is expressed in the verse,

'Be to their virtues very kind. Be to their faults a little blind.'

"Secretary Nelson's house in York Town was demolished by the artillery of the combined armies; and not Governor Nelson's, as the author states. The latter is still in good preservation."

Answer:—"The Virginia Militia, at the siege of York Town, were commanded by General Nelson, at that time governor of the State. The following anecdotes were related to me by General Lafayette.

"When the cannon were prepared for bombarding the town, Governor Nelson was requested to direct the pointing of them to those parts where they would do the greatest execution. He showed to officers a large house, which was a conspicuous object, and which he said was probably the head-quarters. He advised them to aim at that house. It proved to be his own. This evidence of patriotism was regarded with high admiration by the French officers." Spark's writings of Washington, vol. 8, page 201, in note. This passage is quoted not so much to deny the justice of the correction of the critic, as to show that the error has prevailed somewhat extensively.

"The author, in his rude remarks on the country gentlemen who 'have eaten up their estates; their property has gone down their gullets;' was unmindful of the old adage, 'nil nisi,' &c., and must have forgotten that his maternal ancestors were included in his philippic. Chelsea, in the olden time, was a very hospitable mansion; and may have been 'more generous than just.' But I cannot agree with the author, that they were among those of whom he says, 'fools make feasts, and wise men come to eat them.'"

Answer:—The writer of the article in question had (probably owing to his ignorance on that head,) always conceived that the maxim, De mortuis nil nisi bonum, was intended to exclude animadversions on deceased individuals, and not those which are of a general nature, applicable to an age or class of mankind, in respect to

which writers have ever been accustomed to use a considerable latitude of remark. Thus Juvenal has

" Nam de tot pulchris, et latis orbibus, et tam Antiquis, una comedunt patrimonia mensa."

Goldsmith in his 'Deserted Village,' has inveighed with a good deal of warmth and severity against the depopulating evils of luxury; and in his preface, alluding to this feature of his poem, he somewhat oddly remarks, "merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would wish to be sometimes in the right."

The homely proverb, which "coming between the wind and his nobility," seems to have offended the perhaps too sensitive nostrils of the critic, it must be admitted, is somewhat coarse and vulgar; but it may be, that like some other coarse and vulgar maxims, under an uncouth garb, it contains a salutary and important truth.\* Perhaps "the shoe pinches," and " hine illa lachryma." Whether there was ground for the remark, (in reference to a former age,) in that portion of the state, may be safely left with the country gentlemen of the present day to determine. They have continually before them, the melancholy forms of decayed churches, dismantled seats, impoverished fields, the disinherited with tears bidding a final farewell to the play-ground of childhood, the ancestral hearth, and patrimonial oak, endeared to them by every tender consideration, and ancient families scattered, like autumnal leaves, before the winds of Heaven.

What were the particular habits, manners and customs of the ancestors, of an anonymous writer, (and so erroneous and rude a one,) or whether such a person ever had any ancestors, are matters rather of curious conjecture (something like the critic's, that the temple was Orapakes,) than of any practical importance.

If there ever were such people, and if they were now living, it is likely they would not care "three skips of a flea," either for the supposed aspersion of their descendant, or for the superfluous generosity of this uncalled for vindication.

"He'd undertake to prove by force Of argument, a man's no horse."

During the trial of Aaron Burr, Luther Martin said of one of the prosecuting counsel, that "he was continually hopping up like a parched pea;" on quitting the capitol, the gentleman of whom Mr. Martin had thus spoken, was complaining of the remark to Mr. Jack Baker, (who was also engaged in the cause,) in a manner rather lugubrious and prolonged for the occasion, when Mr. B., who had not much taste for the pathetic, interrupted him, exclaiming—"Have done my dear sir, I am perfectly convinced." "Convinced! convinced of what?" cried the other. "Convinced (said Baker,) that you are not a parched pea."

If a writer passing through the lower country where his ancestors lived, should remark that "mill ponds had destroyed many lives," it could hardly be fairly inferred from that that he meant to say that there was a mill-pond on every plantation in the country, or that there was a mill-pond at the seat of his great grandfather. While the critic reproaches the writer of the obnoxious article with "rudeness" and "false statements," that writer so far from recriminating any thing of the sort, is only at a loss to know, how the critic could preserve

<sup>\*</sup> Sæpe sub attrità latitat sapientia veste.

so much equanimity in the midst of so much that was calculated to try the patience of a person so profoundly learned in the history of Virginia, and who studies accuracy with such fastidious scrupulosity. Although his sole object was (as he mentions) to correct the errors of another, he has undoubtedly effected something more, for he has succeeded in committing several himself. In regard to the matter of "rudeness," the critic's precept was wholly unnecessary, as his example alone could not fail to prove amply satisfactory in that particular.

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Petersburg, Va., Aug. 20, 1839.

# SKETCH OF FERDINAND,

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

Ferdinand VII, king of Spain, and the sixth prince of the Bourbon dynasty in that kingdom, was born at the Escurial, in October 1784. He was recognised as prince of Asturias, or heir to the crown, in 1789, by the Cortes which had been assembled in that year for the purpose. He was married in the first instance to Marie Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of Ferdinand IV, king of Naples; and this marriage took place at Barcelona, in October 1802. It appears that the youth and personal merit of this princess inspired him with a sincere attachment, and that he was deeply affected by her death, which happened in May 1806.

His second wife was Isabel Maria de Braganza, daughter of John VI of Portugal, to whom he was united in September 1816. This princess shared the throne of Ferdinand for a still shorter period than the preceding one: she died in child-birth, in 1818. Her personal appearance was good; her features regular, and might even have been styled handsome. But there was a vacant look, and a want of expression in her countenance, that deprived her of all pretensions to beauty. She had a taste for the fine arts, and patronized the professors of them, especially the celebrated painter Lopez, under whose directions she herself attained no inconsiderable skill in painting and design.

The torch of Hymen was lit once more in 1819, and Ferdinand was espoused to Maria Josepha Amelia, daughter of the duke Maximilian, brother of the king of Saxony. In respect of education and acquirements, she was perhaps the most accomplished queen that ever sat on the throne of Spain. She spoke several languages, was acquainted with the latin, and had a taste for poetry. Of the latter, she gave the public one or two specimens in Spanish, which, considering that she wrote in a foreign language, did no little credit to her talents. With such accomplishments, this princess might have been the admiration of her subjects; but, unhappily, there was in her disposition a melancholy and moroseness, which, added to a severe and forbidding countenance, imposed an undue restraint on all who approached her, and cast a gloom on every thing around. Josepha Amelia was an ascetic, austere in her morals, and devoted to religion and religious practices. She was by nature better fitted for a convent than a court; but she was charitable and humane, and died regretted by the poor, at Aranjuez, in May 1829.

The throne of Ferdinand was still without a direct heir, and the king was induced to enter the conjugal state for the fourth time. The fatality which seemed to attend a union with Ferdinand, and the example of three princesses who had sunk into the grave soon after ascending the Spanish throne, did not deter Maria Christina de Bourbon, daughter of Francesco Genaro, king of Naples, from accepting that honor, and before the expiration of 1829, she became the wife of Ferdinand and queen of Spain.

The reputation of this princess had spread through the kingdom long before her arrival, and on her appearance in the capital, her youth, beauty and affability, realized the most sanguine expectations, and filled all with rapture and enthusiasm. She studied from the first to make herself popular, and succeeded; she flattered the prejudices of the people, conformed to their usages, and adopted their dress. All this, aided by an expressive countenance, and an indescribable smile always playing about her lips, soon caught the hearts of the people, to whom she was fond of showing herself, and who admired her the more from the contrast of her manner compared with that of her predecessor.

With the exception that Providence refused him a son, Ferdinand, who in the great political drama lately represented in Europe, acted no inconsiderable part, succeeded in attaining nearly all the objects of his wishes. During a long and turbulent reign, chequered by a variety of events, the fortune of this prince constantly prevailed, and bore him in safety over the rocks and quicksands which threatened his political career, if not his personal existence. Other men with more firmness of character, or with talents superior to those which Ferdinand was believed to possess, would, if placed in the same circumstances, have fallen perhaps the victims of their opinions, or sunk under the weight of their misfortunes. But Ferdinand, yielding always to the blast, or suffering himself to be carried away by the stream, saw many a storm pass harmless over his head, and avoided, by a patient resignation, all the evils of resistance when unsuccessful. Without attempting to control the course of events, he seems invariably to have placed his destiny in the hands of Providence. Called to the throne in 1808, by the abdication of his father and the voice of the people, he assumed the supreme authority, and found himself at the head of a loyal and devoted people. A few months only elapsed, when being summoned to Bayonne, and apprised of his father's protest against the abdication, he relinquished his rights, yielded up the crown, and surrendered himself a prisoner at Valencey. On his restoration in 1813, the unfortunate constitution of 1812 was alternately sanctioned and abolished, supported and abandoned by him, according to the circumstances and spirit of the times, and in proportion to the prevalence of the parties in favor of or against it, and still he remained the sovereign of the country. When in 1830 the succession to the crown became a matter of serious consideration, he yielded to the solicitations of the queen, and declared his eldest daughter, the young princess Maria Isabel, lawful heiress to the crown, and this same declaration was in the space of a few weeks cancelled and renewed without difficulty, and without any of the consequences which such an act was calculated to produce. Neither the designs of a corrupt court, threatening his very existence, while yet a youth, nor the daggers which surrounded him in Seville, nor the bomb-shells that fell around him while in Cadiz, were able to reach a life which seemed to be guarded by a charm.

Ferdinand, at the time of his death, was about fortynine years of age. He was rather above the middle stature, and corpulent. His complexion sallow, his hair of a
dark brown and scanty, and his features strongly marked and not the most becoming; the projecting underjaw of the Bourbons being in him more remarkable
than in any of the family. There was, however, one
agreeable feature in his countenance—a mild expressive
eye, indicating a benevolence of character, which, by
many, will scarcely be accorded to him. He is believed
to have been a man of good natural talents, but credulous and irresolute, and too susceptible of impressions.

Don Carlos, the late king's brother, is now about fifty years of age. His resemblance to the deceased Ferdinand is but slight, except that he too is distinguished by the characteristic feature of the Bourbons. In regard to his character and disposition, such is the variety of opinions, that it would be difficult to fix upon a criterion. By those who were attached to his household, and knew him best, he has been represented as a good father, a good husband, and a kind master. In his manner he is grave and dignified; he is particular on points of etiquette, jealous of his rank, and tenacious of his privileges. He was ever remarkable for the deference he paid to the clergy, and for his adherence to old practices and old opinions; and it was the dread, so fully verified in the sequel, of his entering too fully into the views of the priests and ultra-royalists, on coming into power, that deterred many a powerful friend from joining him when he asserted his claim to the crown and gave the signal for the revolution that is now consuming the vitals of the nation.

The right of Don Carlos and of the young Maria Isabel respectively to the crown of Spain, has been too often and too ably discussed to require any notice here. The former, doubtless, was excluded by an ex post facto law in favor of the latter. This sacrifice of justice (if it was one,) may perhaps be defended on the principle of permitting a little evil for the sake of a great good; since it cannot be denied, that the welfare and improvement of the country, and the success of the liberal institutions lately introduced there, can only be hoped for under the more enlightened sway of the youthful Isabel.

What the result may be of the struggle going on in Spain, which is, in fact, a war of succession, it would be difficult to conjecture. The strength of the two parties is almost equally divided; the one possessing the physical, the other the moral power of the kingdom; the queen having the resources and revenues of the country, the prince maintaining a decided ascendant over the hearts and minds of the great mass of the people; Isabel reigning in the capital and in the cities, Carlos lording it in the villages and in the mountains.

G. W. M.

## AFFLICTION.

Affliction is, to the good, as a storm to the atmosphere—they both purify that which before was almost purity.

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# SONNETS:

To "J. D." author of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Sonnets.

1

Bard of the pleasant lyre! where'er thy strain
Breaks on the stillness of the listening air—
Whether in Spring-time, o'er the grassy plain,
With carcless step you rove, 'mid flowrets fair—
Whether through Summer's fervid walks you stray,
And mark the waters and the winds at play—
Whether 'mid Autumn's stores of ripening gold,
Thou rovest, pensive, 'mid the dying flowers—
Or Winter calls thee, with his voices cold,
To muse, instructed, 'mong the leafless bowers—
My heart is with thee: Through the joyous hours
I roam, with thee, through scenes so proudly told!
By brook, by glen, on mountain-top I stand,
Turns my fond soul to thee, and my loved Father-land!

II.

Dixon! our own New-England land is fair,
And happy faces glad its pleasant vales:
And voices whisper on its haunted air;
Where olden memories breathe their hallowed tales!
But come, my friend, and rove awhile with me,
And Southern scenes shall spread a feast for thee:
The bard is Nature's priest: where'er she reigns,
There may he find an altar: and his soul
May offer up its incense! Seek the plains,
Where the bright South doth woo with sweet control:
Here noble hearts will cheer us: while the strains
Of warbling birds, more sweet than notes which stole
From Orpheus' lyre, shall win us, for a time,
To linger from our own, to bless the Southern clime!

North Carolina, Aug. 22, 1939.

# THE REVEL.

"Fill, brothers, fill! heed not the storm,
Tho' Heav'n to Earth were sinking!
Drink, brothers, drink! the thirsty earth
The streaming show'r is drinking."
"No! we heed not the storm, at the lightning we laugh,
While the life-giving liquid we merrily quaff."

The glasses are fill'd, and are sparkling on high;
But the wine is untasted:—A bolt from the sky,
As if borne on the wings of a warning from Heaven,
With a shivering crash, ev'ry goblet has riven.
Hush'd then were the guests, but their silence was brief,
When the hall rang again with the voice of the chief.

"Bring cups, fresh cups! we'll fill again:
No coward banquets here;
Tho' Death's bright arrows round us gleam,
Wine, wine shall drown our fear."
"Then a fig for the storm; at the lightning we laugh,
While a health to the tempest we merrily quaff."

The glasses again sparkle foaming and bright;
They are raised to the lips! Mark that quick, flashing light!

Why drops ev'ry goblet? Why quivers each form? Is their mirth aw'd at last by the rage of the storm? Ay—the peal that re-echoed, burst over the head Of a ghastly and motionless Feast of the Dead!

# HOPE.

I've never known an hour of joy,
Since manhood dawn'd upon my brow:
My life is love, and yet alloy
Has blasted every hope till now.

And what is hope?—a bubble bright,
That floats upon the treacherous stream;
A flash, a wild illusive light,
That lumines some gay mid-day dream.

It is a phantom of the mind,
That but beguiles us to betray;
Then spreads upon the wanton wind,
Its glittering wings, and flits away.

It is a butterfly—that flies,
Ere we its beauties have surveyed—
A summer cloud, that gilds the skies,
Yet dies as soon as it was made.

MILFORD BARD.

# N. P. WILLIS.

Literary readers are, for the most part, apprised, that the gentleman whose name heads this article, (who, as a writer of both prose and poetry, has acquired no inconsiderable distinction,) has recently united with Dr. Porter in the establishment of a new periodical in the city of New York, with the title of the "Corsair." As was to be expected in that great emporium of fashion and novelty as well as of commerce, this paper, aided by the reputation of its editors, has suddenly sprung into the full maturity of patronage, and promises to hold a high rank in the well contested field of competition. In order, we presume, to render its pages more attractive, Mr. Willis embarked early in the summer for England, on a voyage of literary picarconing; and since his arrival there, has regularly supplied the " Corsair" with contributions under the somewhat untasteful title of "Jottings down in London." These consist, for the most part, of scraps and gleanings, picked up by the writer from his old familiar haunts in the English metropolis, and are, many of them, strikingly descriptive of the manners, fashions, and follies of that "Great Babel." We have read them as far as No. IV; and whilst it is admitted they contain much of the force, piquancy, and originality which distinguish the author's prose compositions, they are by no means free from the affectation, puerility, and egotism, that have likewise marred especially his later writings, That we do not point out these faults and blemishes without reasonable cause, we instance in proof of the author's affectation, the everlasting straining after epigrammatic smartness and point, the profuse sprinkling of French and Italian quotations, and the constant introduction of phrases peculiar to particular classes and professions, which are any thing but pure English; and we certainly do not regard it as otherwise than puerile in Mr. Willis gravely to inform his readers through the pages of the "Corsair," that Bulwer and Count D'Orsay had formed an alliance to introduce the

white cravat into fashion-that the latter's "beauty is in high preservation-his life altogether reformed-his diet milk, and his hour of retiring to bed ten o'clock, P. M." That "Lady Blessington's different carriages, are each, in their style, the most beautiful turn-outs in England"-that the "Crack-men ride without martingals, and the best turn-outs are driven without a check rein"-that the queen's riding hat is not becoming, owing to the shape of her nose; and that her majesty, when in full gallop, is apt to hold her mouth open. These are but a few of the very important similar items of information with which the republicans of New York are amused and enlightened. It is possible that the exquisites and "crack-men" of old Gotham may relish such diet, but for ourselves we confess that our appetites would incline us to prefer more simple and solid food.

The sin of egotism is too glaring, throughout these London jottings, to escape the most careless observer. Without a superabundance of charity, a person might well suppose that the end and aim of the author was to celebrate his own achievements and illustrate his own importance in the circles of high life. Indeed Mr. Willis's personal vanity so constantly throws him into the foreground of his own pictures, that it is often unpleasant, if not painful, to contemplate them. In representing the great difficulty of procuring admission to "Almack's,"-the sanctum sanctorum of London fashion,-he fails not to inform us that the Lady Patronesses (who we shrewdly suspect are a very silly set of beldams,) had favored him with a ticket; nor does he conceal the boast, that in that mysterious inner temple of exclusiveism, he, Mr. N. P. Willis, felt quite at home in familiar tête-a-tête with dowagers of rank and maids of honor, conversing about the busts of English and French Venus's-and the pretty ankles of He is quite familiar with the American women. highest political dignitaries,—with the most renowned in art, science and literature,—with the most splendid in title and wealth, and the most beautiful in the empire of fashion. He sits in the opera box and chats familiarly with Lord Brougham-rides out with the "beautiful" count D'Orsay, (very bad company we should think,)-perambulates with Bulwer-is invited to Lady Stepney's and Lady Morgan's, along with the Persian ambassador and his royal highness the duke of Cambridge,-sits by "Boz," at the dinner to Macready, which is presided over by another royal duke-dines one day with a whig baronet, and the next with three tory lords-and, in fine, neither eats nor drinks, rides nor walks, without coming in close contact with some of the "Corinthian pillars of polished society." But one of the best of good jokes remains to be told. Our countryman, Webster, it is known, is now on a visit to London, and his great reputation has won for him, there, independently of the usual attentions paid to distinguished strangers, the particular courtesy and kindness of such men as Brougham, Hallam, Milman, &c .- and yet he, we are told, is indebted to Mr. Willis for the great favor of satisfying the higher circles that the American statesman, orator, lawyer Webster, is not Mr. Noah Webster, who wrote the dictionary. This most interesting fact is communicated by Mr. Willis himself in No. II of the "Jottings down in London," and the natural inference will be, let who will imagine

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the contrary, that Mr. Willis is a much greater man in ] London, than Mr. Webster is, or can ever possibly be. We confess, when we first read this self-soothing paragraph from the author of "First Impressions in Europe,"
"Letters from Under a Bridge," &c. &c., we could not suppress something like a smile of derision, and it was difficult to avoid the conclusion, either that Mr. Willis's last impressions were entirely erroneous, or that his associates in London high life, were a much more egregious set of ninnies than we had supposed them to be. Can it be that the statesman who has so long shared the supremacy in the American Senate, from the time of the war of 1812, to the present moment, should not be distinguished by intelligent Englishmen and English women from the highly respectable lexicographer of We own, if the fact be true, it is the same name? most marvellous.

After informing us, in Jottings, No. II, that "there are great numbers of American ladies in London, and that they seem to be a good deal the fashion"-that "Mrs. Van Buren's quiet and high bred manners are very much talked of,"-and that "Major Van Buren himself, like his brother, has been received quite as a prince royal-admitted to the floor of the House of Lords," &c .- Mr. Willis makes the following very unchivalrous remark: "Miss Sedgwick is here, but she seems to require a trumpeter." Now we ask, in the name of charity, why did not Mr. Willis step forward and become the trumpeter of this neglected lady himself? No one better knew her distinguished claims to respect and attention; and he, who could familiarise with lords, and flirt with duchesses, who could even place the character and qualifications of Daniel Webster himself in their true light before London society, could have had no difficulty in trumpeting Miss Sedgwick. Cruel, unkind "Corsair!" Not only to turn your back upon your gifted country woman, but absolutely to wound the feelings of herself and friends by publishing a sarcasm upon her friendless condition! Verily, Mr. Willis must suppose that no misfortune can befall man or woman, so great, as to be out of the fashion. That the elevated mind of the authoress of "Redwood" and " Hope Les. lie," could sustain itself, even against the affliction of London neglect, we do not doubt; and that she would be more likely to be contaminated than improved by intimate contact with its heartless society we doubt still less. Of what materials that society is composedhow frivolous, insincere, vapid and unprincipled-is abundantly shown by Mr. Willis himself in almost every page of his "Jottings."

We have now to prefer a charge against Mr. Willis of very grave import—one which we should gladly have passed over, but that our agency, humble as it is in the moral and literary censorship exercised by the American press, imposes upon us a strong obligation to notice it. It is, that in one gross instance at least, he has manifested a reckless disregard of his own reputation, by wantonly betraying to the world conversations of a private, delicate, and confidential nature. That we do not venture this accusation rashly, we transcribe from Mr. Willis's own account of his sayings and doings at

" Almacks !"

"In the course of the evening I found myself vis-a-vis honor. She is daughter of lord Rivers, rather tall, and eagerness and vivid anticipation. How sadly are our

combining a most majestic embonpoint of figure, with a slightness of limb, and a slenderness and stateliness of neck, seldom seen in such graceful proportion. To the three hundred pounds a year, which the maids of honor receive for dress, the queen, my partner informed me, has added another hundred, thinking the sum insufficient. You know, probably, that on their marriage they receive also a dowry of one thousand pounds. Then there are the ladies in waiting, who are of the highest rank of nobility, and the bed-chamber woman, who receive also three hundred pounds a year, and are generally ladies of good birth in reduced circumstances. These all take their turns of service for two months together. My pretty and noble informant gave me these household statistics, very good naturedly, between pastorale and dos à dos; and as she was closely connected with those who had the best opportunity of knowing, I asked her a question or two touching the personal qualities of her majesty. She thought Victoria fancied herself very beautiful, 'which she was not,'-and a very good horseman, 'which she was not decidedly,'-and that she was very impatient of a difference of opinion when in private with her ladies. She admitted, however, that she was generous, forgiving, and 'cleverer than most girls of her age.' When alone with two or three of her maids, she said the queen was 'no more like a queen than any body else,' and was 'very fond of a bit of fun or a bit of scandal-or any thing that would not have done if other people were present.' As far as it went, I should think this might be relied on as the impression her majesty makes upon those who daily associate with her."

Now, we hold it to be clear, that whether the beautiful and confiding daughter of lord Rivers, should ever be informed or not, that these revelations of palace secrets had been published to the world, Mr. Willis stands wholly unjustified in the part that he has acted. Whether the young lady loses or retains her place near the queen's person, for her indiscreet candor in representing majesty what it really is-a jest,-the odium will nevertheless cling to Mr. Willis for having wound himself into the confidence of a credulous young girl with the deliberate design of betraying her. This is indeed a species of piracy, or "plundering by the way," which, however it may suit the taste or accord with the designs of a " Corsair," will merit the reproof of every honorable man, and every honorable woman too.

Before we conclude our notice of Mr. Willis, and his new periodical, we will state, that in No. IV of his "Jottings," he announces, that he had engaged, as "a regular correspondent of the Corsair," a Mr. Thackeray, who is styled the "cleverest and most gifted of the magazine writers of London." He is also stated to be the author of the "Yellow Plush Papers," and the "Reminiscences of Major Gahagan"-"a writer for Frazer, and Blackwood, and the principal critic of the Times." In fact, the editor of the "Corsair" represents him "as one of the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers"-and when they parted, Thackeray was to pass over to Paris the day after, and forthwith commence his weekly contributions to the " Corsair." Now it so happens, that the first letter of this "cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers" has in the quadrille to the queen's most beautiful maid of appeared, and we have read it through with great

hopes sometimes destined to be crushed! We do not find in it that evidence of superlative merit which the author of "Pencillings by the Way" would discern at a single glance. On the contrary, we think that Mr. Thackeray has much of the dandyism, affectation, and puerility of Mr. Willis himself. Let us take, for example, one or two of the concluding paragraphs in the first letter from Paris:

"What feelings we may have in finding good friends and listeners among strangers, far, far away—in receiving, from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities, which at home, God wot, get little of this delightful food—in gaining fresh courage and hope, for pursuing a calling of which the future is dreary, and the present but hard. All these things, O "Corsair," had better be meditated by the author in private, than, as the fashion is now-a-days, poured over yards of paper, in fluent streams of ink. With which, farewell. I hear the dinner bell ringing, and lo! white aproned scullions bear smoking soups across the court."

We doubt very much whether Mr. Thackeray will elevate the literary tone of this country, which is now low enough, Heaven knows. He belongs to that school, we apprehend, whose whole ambition it is to minister to the frivolous tastes and appetites of the most frivolous and fantastic class among us-the exquisites in literature as well as in dress and manners. Strong sense and classical refinement he may have, and doubtless has,-but we are afraid, like a great many others, he looks upon literature as a trade, and speculates far more upon the amount of pleasure he is to give, than the good he is to do. Let us not, however, prejudge this "regular correspondent" of the "Corsair." Some of his subsequent efforts may justify the high-sounding notes of praise with which his first appearance before the American public has been heralded.

We have thus indulged in free, but we hope impartial, commentary upon Mr. Willis's metropolitan gossip. We have no expectation, however, that any arrow which we can speed, will even ruffle his plumage. Like the peacock in his stately strut, the gentleman is evidently so much in love with himself that even keener reproaches than ours would fail to disturb his composure. We leave him, therefore, to his destiny, consoling ourself with the reflection, that our remarks may possibly benefit others if not the author of "Jottings Down in London."

# THE POETS OF AMERICA,

Illustrated by one of her Painters. Published by S. Colburn, New York.

We have just received a copy of this truly splendid book. It contains selections from our best poets, several of them elegantly illustrated. We think it, decidedly, the most tasty American work we have ever seen, and indeed we know of no English publication equal to it in that point. It will be a choice Christmas and New Year's gift. We intend to bestow upon it a longer notice hereafter, and to transfer some of its gems to the pages of the Messenger.

# CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES:

TO THE EDITOR.

By the Author of " The Tree Articles."

#### NOS. IX AND X.

# UNPACKING MY BOOKS.

Two numbers in one, this month, my dear Messenger. The heats of summer have kept my pen idle, while I have been striving to find a cool corner in this big Babel, in which to lie down and simply live, worklessly. In the midst of this sloth-like life, I have suffered the ninth month, since I began these papers, to slip away, without taking pen in hand for your behoof, and here I find myself, early in September, a cold northeast wind blustering around my windows, while a clear anthracite fire glows merrily in my grate, unpacking my library from the boxes in which, for two years they have been lying perdu. As the tone of these papers has ever been desultory and various, I will even make up this double number out of the random readings and reflections, which are incident to my employment.

And what is this? "Shakspeare, in seven volumes, with notes by Singer." This is the Boston edition of Hilliard and Gray, and defies comparison in a key loud enough to be heard by the Murrays, the Colburns, and the Valpys, over-sea. What paper,—how smooth, white, and glossy! What ink,—how black, clear, and equal! What binding,—but that is another man's matter. I love a dark green goat back, with half binding of the same, marble sides, and edges, plainly lettered, and a broad rich gilding in the centre. I hate ruling on my books: tooling in every other variety of shape and form than that. How beautifully this volume opens, and what have we first? Hamlet! The line?

"But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of you high eastern hill!"

Are you not a great admirer of Times and Seasons,—each for itself? I am: and have never yet been able to settle it to my own satisfaction, whether morning or evening, twilight or midnight, noon-day or day-dawn is the happiest hour for me. Something depends upon the mood in which these seasons severally find me,—and yet, while enjoying each, each seems, in turn, the loveliest. All, as they change, seem fraught with the same spirit of beauty and delight,—all possess for me the power alike, to bless and to beatify. What can be more descriptive of the dawn of day than these two lines, over which I have been poring? or these, in Henry VI?

"See! how the Morning opes her golden gates And takes her farewell of the glorious sun! How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!"

Or these, in the same play?

"—— the morning's war,
Where dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can call it neither perfect day nor night!"

Here, too, is a most expressive bit of coloring, in the next play, in order; RICHARD III.

"The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east!"

#### From CYMBELINE, too!

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise:
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden e. es,
With every thing, that pretty bin,—
My lady sweet, arise!"

Yes! Morning's breath is indeed the gentlest, sweetest, and most invigorating of all the breezes that fan the brow. Who needs to be told, that the hour of the birds' matin-song is the time to enjoy the loveliest music, and to see the gayest sights? The warbling of a thousand harmonies, and the flashing of a thousand glancing colors, and the scaling and soaring away of many thousands of tiny feathered forms amidst the clear blue heavens! Reach me that Milton. It is to stand on the same shelf with the Shakspeare. Ah! Here is a passage in point!

"And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven arrayed in gold
Empyreal; from before the vanished night
Shot through with orient beams."

Some of our own poets have done fitting homage to "this sweet hour of prime." FRISBIE, (if I do not misquote,) has these lines:

"His genial rays the Sun renews;
The scene is bright with glittering dews;
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume."

#### And thus DAWES :

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"The laughing hours have chased away the night Plucking the stars out from her diadem; [beautiful!] And now, the blue-eyed morn with modest grace, Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east, Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy!

The mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons,—and the vales below
Send up a welcoming. Nature hath
The very soul of Music in her looks,—
The sunshine and the shade of Poetry!"

Who comes next? Old Cowley, as I live! An antique, in black calf, with a score of worm-holes in each cover, and mousings made in the edges. Rare old Cow-LEY! "The eleventh edition, adorned with cuts; 1710." Doubtless a wonderful book in its day! It contains all the works of this celebrated poet, published from the MSS. of the author. I wish I could copy a portrait of SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE, which is among the "cuts" with which this curious old volume is "adorned." My readers would thus have a rare specimen of engraving from the burin of "M. V. Gucht, sculp.," who was, doubtless, the Charles Heath of his day. It represents the great painter in a reverie, half resting on his elbow, the forefinger of the hand that leans playing with the points of his sur-coat, and the little finger ornamented with a stone seal-ring, covering almost the whole joint. If Mon. Von Gucht were a faithful limner, Vandyke was certainly no beauty. As the portraiture of a Yorkshire yeoman, or a Cornwall miner, one would have a great deal more confidence in the fidelity of the sketch.

It was Cowley who called "books, my best friends:" and it was he, too, who asked,—

"What shall I do, to be forever known, And make the age to come mine own?"

# Here are sense and philosophy:

"Friendship is less apparent, when too nigh,
Like objects, when they touch the eye.
Less meritorious, then, is love;
For, when we friends together see,
So much, so much both one do prove
That their love then seems but self-love to be!"

#### He thus describes Hope:

"Empty cloud, which th' eye deceives, With shapes that our own fancy gives, A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears, But must drop presently, in tears."

Here is an EPIGRAM, which must have "told home" to the painter, against whom the poet levelled it. It was written on viewing a badly painted picture of Prometheus:

"How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest, tortured as he stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands!
It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove; and his bold theft allow!
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now!"

Place Cowley next to Milton, and take we up another. "Aiken's British Poets:" good! A glance through its pages before we set it up.

Samuel Daniel. The author of a history of England, and poet-laureat of Elizabeth. He was born in 1562, and died in 1619, in Taunton, Somersetshire. In addition to his celebrity as an elegant historian, a clear and lucid politician, and a fine moral writer, he has handed down to posterity a distinguished fame as a poet. His plays are not the best of his productions, though they are very far from being meritless. A celebrated writer has remarked of him that he was the Atticus of his day. Here is one of his sonnets; certainly a most remarkable specimen of the poetry of that golden age of literature. Beautiful conceptions, and just and perfect versification characterise this effusion. It will be seen that a disappointed lover is addressing an inexorable fair one:—

"Restore thy tresses to the golden ore;—
To Cytherea's son those curls of love;—
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And, to the Orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white,—
T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet;
Let Venus have thy graces her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres:
But then, restore thy fierce and cruel mind,
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again,
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to 'plain!"

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. The imagery in the first three or four lines of this SONNET, by the graceful SIDNEY, is rather forced, and contrasts strongly with the beautiful impatience of love, so strikingly developed in the latter verses.

"Be your words made, good sir! of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you courted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phænix, Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late!
Oh God! think you that satisfies my ear;

I would know whether she do sit or walk?
How clothed? how waited on? Sighed she, or smiled?
Whereof? with whom? how often did she talk?
With what pastime, time's journey she beguiled?
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name?—
Say all! and all well said, still say the same!

PHINEAS FLETCHER calls "FLATTERY, the rich coat's moth."

PRIOR has this distich: which one would think would operate as a cure for poetry, indeed:

"Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer, dead: Through which the living Homer begged his bread!"

Who has never heard of the famous question which puzzled all the wise men of Greece, giving rise to as much controversy among these sages as the authorship of Junius among modern speculators? "If a man tell me that he never speaks the truth,—am I, or am I not, to believe him? If he never does speak the truth, he is not to be believed now; if he tells truth, now, he lies, because he says he never does so!" Now here is a poet, in the volume before me,—the celebrated Donne, who expresses a similar idea in a single couplet:

"I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies!"

JOHN DONNE was an English poet and divine, and was born in London, in the year 1573, being a descendant, by his mother's side, from the family of the great Sir Thomas More. In 1621, he was presented with the deanery of St. Paul's, by the hands of king James, which monarch was so attached to him that he invited him to dine at his own table; and then facetiously apprised him of the advancement he had proposed for the poet-preacher. " And now, Doctor," said his majesty, "if you like the dish I have given you for dinner, take it home, and, after saying grace over it, carve it up as may best suit your taste, and much good may it do you!" After his death, there was erected over his remains a monument in the cathedral of Saint Paul's. His poetry was not equal to that of some of his cotemporaries, and consisted chiefly of light effusions, as songs, sonnets, epigrams, &c. The celebrated Dryden has said of Donne, that he was "the greatest wit, it not the first poet, of the nation," at that time. And Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, eldest son of Henry I, who was killed at the battle of Newbury, in 1654, has borne this testimony to his character :- "The doctor may justly be called the most witty and most eloquent of modern divines." The famous Izaak Walton has left on record a very interesting memoir of this writer, in his "Lives of Eminent Englishmen," a copy of which, though very rare, I have had the good fortune

The following lines from old Donne are peculiarly quaint and original, containing some beautiful ideas, and conveying, in simple but affecting language, a delicate and impressive moral reflection:

"Donne's Valediction, 1608.

As virtuous men fall mildly away,

And whisper to their souls to go,

While some of their sad friends do say,

'The breath goes now'—and some say, 'no:'—

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No wind-sighs, nor tear floods us move,—
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love,"

So much for AIKEN. Bring us the next. "Anecdotes of Literature, and Scarce Books." By WILLIAM BELOE. I remember well the day and place, when and where I purchased this book. It were as good as the best eyewater to an antiquarian with lamp-bleared optics, to witness such a stall as that. But hang reminiscences,—and let us open the volume! Page 27th, volume ii. (two volumes in one;) a pair of verses from "The Rival Friends" by HALLSTED, who died in 1632. The poet, by a most beautiful prosopopæia, calls upon Grief, as a relentless creditor, to whom a debt of tears is due, which will not flow at his bidding.

"Have pity, Grief! I cannot pay
The tribute which I owe you, tears;—
Alas! those fountains are soon dry,
And 'tis in vain to hope supply
From others' eyes—for each one bears
Enough about him of his own
To spend his stock of tears upon.

Woo then the gentle heaven's love
To melt a cloud for my relief;—
Or woo the deep, or woo the grave,
Woo what thou wilt, so I may have
Wherewith to pay my debt;—for Grief
Has vowed, unless I quickly pay,
To take both life and love away."

And here is another, by P. Thompson, author of "The English Rogue," &c. 1668. A song, free and spirited, fine and sparkling enough for Anacreon Moore himself. It has the charms of age and rarity, simplicity, and striking beauty. How quaint the thoughts,—how smooth and euphonous the versification!

"What need we use many beseeches,
Or trouble our brain with long speeches?
If we love, 'tis enough—
Hang poetical stuff,
As the rule of honesty teaches.

Why should we stand, whining like fools?
Or woo by Platonical rules?
If they love,—we'll repay 't,
If not,—let them say 't;
What need we the help of the schools?

But this must be won by romances, And that, by verse and fine dances; A third does delight In a song—&c. &c.

This must be extolled to the sky,—
That you get, do but flatter and lie:
But that lady's for me
That loves fine and free,
As real and ready as I!"

Aha! here are some of the moderns, all in a row. Give them air! Begin a new shelf! Whom have we here? Sheller! "Lines Written in Defection." I had a friend, whose composition contained about as many grains of deceit and duplicity as of poetical taste. He would often evince this by murdering, most remorselessly, a most beautiful idea of some favorite poet of mine. Upon my reading these touching stanzas to him, he stopped me, in limine, with the question; "Lines written in Dejection? Where's Dejection? Somewhere near Naples, I suppose!"

And here are LEIGH HUNT'S Works. Do you remember his "Paulo and Francesca?" The whole of it is as sweet a morceau as ever was enjoyed. I have it nearly all by heart, and have lingered over that tablet in my memory upon which it is impressed, for many a

stretched myself in sleepy indolence, beneath the oak boughs, that have been waving over that self same sward, for hundreds of years. Here is a quatrain from it.

"One day,-'twas on a summer afternoon, When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune, And grasshoppers are loud, and day work done, And shades have heavy outlines in the sun."

Was ever any thing more beautiful, and natural, and sweet?

There are people among "the wise ones of the earth," who love to laugh, - the heartless and fanciless !-at the affected and foolish, and silly prettinesses, and sweetnesses of Leigh Hunt. They may be better judges than I am of taste and genius, -but, for a summer poet, a bard to enjoy amidst trees, and brooks, and leafy shades, there is none among all the moderns whom I hold more dear than the author of "RIMINI." can be richer, finer, better than that gorgeous description of the garden,-so full of beauties, so overflowing with delightful thoughts, so instinct with every characteristic we love to discern in poetry! The man who can sneer at such lines as these, because they are quaintly, (or, as he would say, affectedly,) expressed, deserves to have a Bævius for his laureat, and "Cottle's Alfred" for his vade-mecum.

"There was the pouting rose, both red and white, The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light; Blush-hiding strawberry, supny-colored box. Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks; The lady-lily, looking gently down, Pine lavender, to lay in bridal gown, The daisy, levely on both sides,-in short, All the sweet cups to which the bees resort."

" And all about the birds kept leafy house, And sung, and sparkled in and out the boughs; And all about a lovely sky of blue Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through, And here and there, in every part, were seats, Some in the open walks-some in retreats With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye Looked up, half sweetly, and half awfully-Places of nestling green--for poets made, Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade, The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight, Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light."

TAYLOR'S "HOLY LIVING AND DYING." Put him on a new shelf: we will have a row of duodecimos, there. But first, what is that my eye caught about "women's tongues?" oh!

"These women have tongues rough as cats,' and bite like an adder. All their reproofs are scoldings: their common intercourse is open contumely."

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This is by no means a fair specimen of old Jeremy's manner. He was a quaint and forcible writer, and has been called "THE SHARSPEARE OF DIVINITY."

Here is another set of large volumes for The POET'S SHELF! "The works of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER." These poets lived in the latter part of the sixteenth, and early in the seventeenth centuries. The former died at about thirty years of age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey: the latter, of plague, at London, aged about fifty. It is said that "Rare Ben Jonson" submitted his dramatic writings to Beaumont for correction, and even borrowed largely from | plot,-replete with fine sentiments, and professing to

luxurious hour, as, "upon a summer afternoon," I have | him, in the contrivance of his plots, and the general style of his composition. It is not known what particular share Beaumont and Fletcher bore in the composition of their plays, though the latter appears to have possessed the rich vein of brilliant wit, so perceptible in the joint productions of the two: while Beaumont, with more judgment and taste, was employed in tempering, correcting, and perhaps pruning the sparkling sallies of his partner's exuberant fancy. This opinion must, I think, obtain with those who read those works of the one, in the composition of which the other had no share.

The dramatic works of these authors are filled to overflowing with coarse allusions, profane and vulgar humor, and ribald jests: yet they contain scenes of great power, and scenes of unequalled strength. The age in which they were written, when the licentious courts of "the merry monarch," and of his father, imparted their baneful influence to the formation of the national manners of the people of England, was one peculiarly favorable to the success of such productions. The wise and good were charmed with the imaginative and highly-wrought descriptions of human nature, in all its workings, even though, at the same time, their approbation was awarded simultaneously with that of the vulgar and unlearned, who were "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show," ribaldry and obscenity. Now, after all, there were few of the plays of these authors, which, through all their imperfections, had no redeeming excellencies: and, indeed, I know of but one, in all these volumes, of which this remark could, with justice, be made. This is a play, published in the year 1639,-full of disgusting and licentious slang, and weak as it is wicked. It is called "Mon-SIEUR THOMAS;" and appears to have been the production of Fletcher, alone; although here published in the name of both.

Beaumont and Fletcher's dramatic works may thus be read to great advantage, and with much pleasure, by those who well know how to separate the scenes, which naturally repel the virtuous mind, from those that are full of beauty and morality: but, in the hands of the reader, who only seeks the gratification of low and licentious curiosity in the perusal of their pages, the dramas of these authors may doubtless be made vehicles for the dissemination of a wicked and depraved

I have just opened the volume before me to an instance in proof,-the play, called "THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY." The subject, like many others selected by these poets as the themes of their dramas, leads to the introduction of many disgusting scenes: still, we want nothing from the dunghill but its jewels, and these are scattered profusely upon it. This "Custom," which made every newly married woman in Scotland sacrifice her honor to the landlord of her husband, is said, (but upon slight authority, so far as I could ever trace it,) to have existed in that country, from the year of grace 535 to 1061. Blackstone rather yields, I believe, to the opinion that it did, and it has been mentioned, I know, by various writers besides, as having existed for many years.

This drama is full of the most varied and interesting incidents. It is ingenious in its plot, and in its underembrace, as its main object, the purest virtue. Yet, with wonderful inconsistency, it is shamefully low and licentious in some of its subordinate parts, and one of its principal characters (Rutilio) is exhibited in the most disgusting views imaginable. He is represented as vile, but frank and open-hearted—like "Charles Surface" and "Tom Jones:" a picture of human nature, which cannot be condemned with too much severity.

If we can tear out the threads of coarseness, which so mar the moral of this play, and exhibit, in any degree, its sterling beauties, perhaps the scenes, from which the mind of the strictly virtuous would shrink, may be passed by, as only evincing the depravity of the age in which they were written; while, it is to be hoped, such readers may find reason to be convinced, that the poets themselves felt strongly the elevation of that virtue, which they have vindicated with so much eloquence. But so deeply, I admit, are the delineations of Vice interwoven in the pictures of these authors, that Beaumont and Fletcher can be safely read by those only, who, admiring genius, may not be swayed by its obliquities, nor be led by it to taint a single thought, nor awaken a vulgar and base emotion, even for a moment.

And there are, indeed, purer and safer fountains, The writers before us have nothing of genius which Shakspeare and Milton had not. Let the mind and the heart be accustomed to the refined, the pure, in morals and in taste, and then it may safely venture to gather the riches, which unblest genius has sometimes perverted into ornaments of depravity, and nobly and successfully redeem them, to grace the cause of human greatness, purity and virtue.

Having already alluded to the characteristics of RUTILIO, one of the most important of the "dramatis personæ" before us, it is necessary to explain that ZENOCCIA, the heroine of the piece, resists the "Custom of the Country" I have described; and, from the consequences of this, her noble and virtuous bravery, is woven the plot. Into her mouth, the poet puts many fine and beautiful sentiments: and here is one of them:

"The purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureness, and their coolness perish;
And, though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed."

Who, from his soul, does not despise the man who can torture this passage into any thing exceptionable?

Rutilio, vile as he is, is filled with admiration of the pure and virtuous love of Zenoccia and (his brother) Arnaldo. In the speeches of Rutilio there are spirit and wit, but I must pass them over. The black threads prevail in this portion of the play. Rutilio, Zenoccia, and Arnaldo effect their escape, and they leave their country to preserve her fame. They then fall into the hands of enemies, and so closes act the first.

The second act commences, (as if entirely unconnected with the other,) with the representation of a vain, boasting Portuguese, (DUARTE,) whose insolence is overheard and reproved,—as he is talking to his page,—by his uncle, (MANUEL,) and his mother, (Guiomar.) The former thus addresses him:

"You are too insolent,-And those too many excellencies that feed
Your pride, turn to a pleurisy and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think

All blessings are conferred on you alone?
You're grossly cozened. There's no good in you,
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? So
Are many, and as knowing! Are you valiant?
Waste not that courage, then, in brawls; but spend it
I' th' wars, in service of your king and country!"

In the next scene, Zenoccia is introduced at Lisbon, as the prisoner of a sea-captain, (LEOPOLD,) who employs her to be a servant to HIPPOLITA, of whom he is enamored. Leopold had suffered Arnaldo, and Rutilio to escape, by plunging into the sea. In the next scene they appear, too, at Lisbon. Hippolita, meanwhile, had, by chance, seen Arnaldo, and become much in love with him, and had sent ZABULON, a Jew, to bribe his fidelity and virtue. The Jew finds the brothers, and is left alone, in conversation, with Arnaldo. Rutilio, immediately after, accidentally witnesses a quarrel between the Portuguese, Duarte, and his brother, Arnaldo. He takes sides with the latter, is insulted by the former, they fight, and Duarte falls. Rutilio, making his escape, encounters the mother of his opponent. She is represented as kneeling, in solicitude for her son's long absence:

"I'll rest no more
Till he returneth! Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much to find my fears;—
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book,
And I shall read them there, without a taper?"

Rutilio claims her protection. Guiomar conceals him; and says:

"How he quakes!
Thus far I feel his heart beat! Be of comfort,-Once more I give my promise for your safety."

The officers enter with the body of Duarte, and say that they have traced the murderer to the house of the mother. The mother, however, keeps her word, and Rutilio is liberated. Guiomar says:

"Come fearless forth,—but let thy face be covered,
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee;—
For motherly affection may return
My vow, once paid to Heaven," &c.

The third act commences with the introduction of Zenoccia, by Leopold, as about to become the favorite attendant of his mistress, Hippolite. He offers her encouragement, to soothe her melancholy, as follows:

"Make much of what you're mistress of—that beauty; Expose it not to such betraying sorrows:— When you are old, and all those sweets hang withered— Then sit and sigh."

In the next scene, we find Ornaldo conducted by the Jew (Zabulon) to a scene of festivity, at the same house, (Hippolita's,) to which he had been invited, by the lady's procurent, as already described. I would remark, en passant, that this scene may possibly have been in the mind of Miss Porter, in her tolerably poor story of "The Hungarian Brothers;" and, perhaps, again, in that of the more poetical Moore, while he wrote that gorgeous description of the blandishments and seductions, which Selim so beautifully and nobly rejects, in "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." This scene is very exceptionable in its descriptions; but Arnaldo resists, in all the dignity of virtue. He even out-Selims Joseph himself! He says to Hippolite:

" — give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder, A building of so goodly a proportion,—
Outwardly, all exact,—the frame of heaven,—
Should hide, within, such foul inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning made you—
Imagination never made a sweeter.
Can it be possible this frame should suffer,
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heaven has bestowed;—make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they are trusted to a weaker keeper."

In the next scene, Hippolita, is informed that Arnaldo is arrested (on her accusation,) and condemned to be beheaded, on the testimony of Zabulon, for a crime, which, of course, he has never committed, the murder of Duarte. Then we are introduced to Clodio, (who is the landlord of Arnaldo, and to whom "The Custom" required the virtue of his tenant's new wife should be sacrificed; and) who, with promises of "honorable love," had followed them to Lisbon, to seek out Zenoccia. He is in disguise, and meets the Governor, with Arnaldo, in chains. A physician informs the Governor that Duarte will recover, and Hippolita, (with Leopold, Zabulon, and Zenoccia,) enters with the design of rescuing Arnaldo; for, she says:

"My love,
Which made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him."

Arnaldo is pardoned, and grows jealous upon finding his wife the attendant of Hippolita.

At the commencement of act the fourth, we find Duarte restored to health, and cured of pride. He resolves to discover and forgive the person who had wounded him, and, for that purpose, his recovery is concealed. Leopold, jealous of Arnaldo, bargains with a bravo.

"Who had perused all dungeons in Portugal,"

to give Arnaldo a beating, "but the obduracy of the rascal makes him tender." Zabulon acquaints the Captain that he has promised Arnaldo a conference with Zenoccia. Upon this interview Hippolita and Zabulon enter unperceived. The scene deepens in interest. Hippolita is resolved on vengeance, and the Jew prepares to strangle Zenoccia. Arnaldo sues for the life of his wife at the feet of her mistress, upon which Zenoccia says:

"Kneel not, Arnaldo! Do her not that honor!
She is not worthy such submission!
I scorn a life depends upon her pity!
Proud woman! do thy worst, and arm thine anger
With thoughts as black as hell,—as hot and bloody!
I bring a patience that shall make thee blush!
An innocence, shall outlive thee, and death tov!"

This is great poetry, and so is that which follows. Arnaldo is then renewedly solicited for his love, by Hippolita, and Zenoccia thus expostulates with him against his consenting:

"If thou dost, Arnaldo! If thou dost but move,— But move one foot, to guide thee to this sin, My curses, and eternal hate pursue thee! Redeem me at the price of base disroyalty?" &c.

Clodio, (the landlord, to whom "the Custom" is due,) and Leopold, with the Governor, arrive at this juncture, and Zenoccia is released from servitude. In the next

scene, which I shall pass over, we have deep misery portrayed in close connection with its parent vice. Duarte then finds Rutilio, who begs him to carry proposals of marriage to his (Duarte's) mother, he (Rutilio,) not knowing her as such: (for Duarte pretends to be an enemy of the man, whom Rutilio supposes himself to have killed;) and suspects his mother, on learning that she had protected Rutilio. Hippolita is next seen contracting with a poisoner, who promises her that her, who takes his drugs,

"Health takes its last leave of her: meagre paleness, Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies, That spring, which youth and love adorned her face with."

Zabulon, soon after, reports this catastrophe to have actually occurred, and then the Governor and Clodio are introduced, lamenting the death of Zenoccia, in a scene of great beauty. This changes, and represents Duarte watching his mother, as she weeps over his picture, (she supposing him to be dead.) He presents himself disguised, and gives her Rutilio's proposal of marriage, narrowly observing her countenance, as she reads the letter. She resolves to dissemble with the writer, and thus to avenge the (supposed) death of her son.

Then we are called to see Zenoccia, supposed to be dying. Arnaldo says:

"Oh thou dread power!—
That madest us all, and, of thy workmanship,
This virgin wife—this masterpiece—look down on her;
Let her mind's virtues, clothed in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and blood, now rise and prevail for her!
Or, if these are denied, let Innocence,
To which all passages in heaven stand open,
Appear, in her white robe, before thy throne,
Once mediate for her! Or, if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun,
In his diurnal progress, never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on."

Zenoccia, recovering a little from the effects of the poison, says:

"Oh! my best Arnaldo,—
Thou truest of all lovers! I would live,
Were Heaven so pleased, but to reward your sorrow,
With my true service!"

She then attempts to dissuade him from exposing himself to the infection the poison had created: upon which he declares, that

"Despite of fortune, in his death he'd follow her, And guard his love,"

and the sentiments of the whole scene are in a very high moral strain. Hippolita and the poisoning minion are introduced, like Satan into Paradise, and Arnaldo addresses her in these beautiful and moving words:

"Are you there, madam? Now,
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections; or hardness,
Give it what name you will; you are revenged of;
For now you may perceive our thread of life
Was spun together; and the poor Arnaldo
Made, only to enjoy the best Zenoccia,
And not to serve the use of any other," &c.
"We are now

Going our latest journey, and together One only comfort we desire; pray give it! Your charity to our ashes, (such we must be,) And not to curse our memories," Then come relentings. Hippolita is moved to tears. Clodio yields, also, and swears solemnly to destroy the barbarous "custom of the country," which has been the cause of all these mishaps. Then Hippolita, finding that Zenoccia and Arnaldo are perishing together, compels the poisoner to administer an antidote, and so undo the deadly charm.

We are next presented to Guiomar, waiting the arrival of her suitor, (Rutilio.) This is a splendid scene, and that part of Rutilio's character which is redeemed from his vices, is here exhibited with great spirit. Duarte attends him, still disguised. Rutilio is seized by Guiomar's orders, as the murderer of her son. Enter the Governor and Clodio, and Rutilio proposes to yield himself a willing sacrifice upon the altar of maternal revenge. Hereupon, Duarte makes himself known, and so

"The evening sets clear after the stormy day !"

Hippolita restores Zenoccia to health, and then smiles upon the patient and faithful Leopold. Guiomar sees no special objections in Rutilio, upon the whole, (though, I think, touching his morals, it suited so grave a personage as that high dame, to make an inquiry or two, just to save appearances, if nothing more!) Every body is reformed, who was bad; every body revived who was dead; and every body who was single, is married! And what does Arnaldo, but close the play, (as with good reason he should,) with these fine lines?

"Come, my Zenoccia!
Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbor,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
We instruct others by our fair example:
That though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heaven still guides such, as are good!"

The play we have been reading, dear lector, together, is certainly one of the finest specimens of dramatic poetry in the language, and I sincerely hope you have found entertainment in its perusal. But I think you will find the poetry of "Valentinian," a tragedy, with Fletcher's name only affixed thereto, equally to your liking. If you will permit me, therefore, I will now go on with my "unpacking," in the meanwhile laying these volumes aside, in readiness to be resumed for the next number of these papers.

So, adieu for another month! J. F. o. New York, September 1, 1839.

# BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

From Gallagher's Hesperian.

Young womanhood!—"the sweet moon on the horizon's verge"—a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy down that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—

"A flower which is not quite a flower, Yet is no more a bud!"

#### EXTRACTS

From a Poem "On the Meditation of Nature,"
BY PARK BENJAMIN.

# INTRODUCTION.

Of Nature's pure philosophy I sing:—
And my entire devotion and the flame
Of quenchless love upon her altar fling;

For she has ever been to me the same Unchanging parent, generous and kind; And all its better nourishment my mind Draws from her bosom, and my heart would be Cold as an iceberg of the northern sea, If, when I gaze on her undying forms, I did not speak the gratitude which warms The flowing water of its deepest fountains. Her quiet vales and her majestic mountains, Her angry seas, that struggle with the wrath

Of the fierce Tempest, rushing from the sky To rend the earth in his destructive path,

Or flash revenge from his dark shrouded eye,— Her still lakes, sleeping in the starlight beams, Her warring cataracts, her peaceful streams, The boundless prairie where the eagle soars,

The solemn grandeur of her ancient woods, The haggard rocks that guard her bending shores,

Her green retreats and leafy solitudes, All fill my soul with reverential awe; For every where I read the changeless law That tells its immortality!

# INVOCATION.

Let us go forth and hold communion sweet
With the invisible spirit that surrounds

Earth's silent altars—let us go forth to greet
The woven strains of most enchanting sounds
That stir the clear waves of the golden air;
Let us go forth and mutely worship there!
From life's unvarying round, oh let us steal

Some fleeting moments we may call our own,
When, unrestrained, the heart can deeply feel
The quiet happiness to be alone.

Alone with Nature in some voiceless glen, Or by some forest brook, or on the height Of some uprising hill—away from men,

The city's busy tumult and the sight
Of all the sons of pleasure and of pain,
Where the free soul must feel its human chain.
Then, if within our hearts reflected lie
The perfect glories of the earth and sky,
If every feeling they inspire be fraught
With the pure essence of exalted thought,
Well may we deem, that round each bosom's throne
Float the white robes of Innocence alone!

#### SKEPTICISM.

The man, who cannot see the light divine Which circles round Creation's altar-shrine, Can, through his tuncless spirit, never feel The magic sweetness of her spirit steal:—

And though upon the sapphire arch above Glowed the bright beacons of eternal love, Vain, vain would be our ardent search to find One star-beam mirrored on the skeptic's mind!

## THE SUN.

Behold the Sun in his imperial height, Beneath his eye uncounted planets lay-Wide o'er creation pours his lavish light; From the beginning he has ruled the day. How kingly is his sceptre! see him wave Its lustre o'er the firmament-and where Fly the wild tempest-clouds? deep in a grave Of rosy vapor sinks th' expiring air, And o'er the east the rainbow's arch is thrown, While sinks the Day-god, gorgeous and alone! There's glory in his setting-but the time, When, like a monarch, from his throne sublime He gazes o'er the world in mightiest power, Is in the silence of his rising hour. On all alike his equal radiance streams; The humblest flower receives his earliest beams, The smallest fountain revels in his ray, Beneath his glance old ocean's billows play; His smiles upon the lowliest valley rest, And proudly glisten on the mountain's crest; He looks as sweetly on the cottage home As on the splendor of a regal dome; And each faint star, that gems the distant sky, Drinks the full lustre of his glorious eye!

# THE STARS.

Oh, when to rest the wearied day retires, How, on God's temple, burn the unwasting fires! Pure, soft and still, each in its own blue sphere, As when at first the mighty Maker framed The bending arch, and bade its gleams appear Where the great sun had through the ether flamed. For ever beautiful! for ever bright! What is your hidden mystery? do ye stream From the clear fountains of celestial light, And each to earth display a broken gleam Of Heaven's immortal glory? are ye strown Along the borders of that fadeless shore, Which lies beyond those depths unseen, unknown, To light the course of angel-plumes, that soar High through your rainbow-colored atmosphere? Or are ye brilliant melodies--embodied forms Of thrilling sound made so divinely clear-Bright tones from lips that inspiration warms? Or, as such perfect loveliness ye fling, With hope and joy the spirit to inspire, Are ye not glimpses of those chords that string, In glittering order, Heaven's melodious lyre?

# THE SEA.

On the free waters let your vision dwell;
See how they flash beneath the golden ray!
Hark, how they murmur—as their surging swell
Breaks at your feet and slowly rolls away!
Like nodding plumes and helms and glistening spears
The serried waves come rushing o'er the main;

Then, like a host, subdued by sudden fears, They scatter brokenly to charge again ! There the horizon meets the glimmering sea, What fragile mists are floating!-Look once more! sail! a sail! and yet it cannot be 'Tis but a sea-bird that doth lightly soar; And where you billows, like strown diamonds, gleam, I soon shall hear his shrill, rejoicing scream ! And can such radiant beauty ever wear The shadow of the tempest? Will its proud And vengeful rider, in deep midnight tear The folded blackness of the thunder-cloud,-Unchain his lightnings and arouse these waves, Which now are whispering to the peaceful deep Or calmly resting in their hidden caves, To leap like lions startled from their sleep? The whirlwinds wrestle and the billows rage, And yet God holds them in his hollow palm; He frowneth war-in conflict they engage :-He smileth peace-and lo! there is a calm.

#### CHANGE.

Change-change-the fate of each created thing ! Change, swift and constant change, the seasons bring. Mark how they change !- upon the Summer's brow Twine clustering wreaths of golden-crested grain, The ripened fruit drops slowly from the bough, Stirred by the gale that breathes along the plain. Then bounteous Autumn yields her liberal stores, The tired laborer to bless and cheer, And from her lap in glad profusion pours Her copious gifts to crown the perfect year. Then are the leaves all tinged with vermeil dyes, And withering fall upon the faded grass, And o'er the azure of the changing skies Pale fleeting mist and drifting vapor pass. Stern Winter comes to scatter over earth High crests of snow and jewels icy-cold; And manhood seeks his dear, domestic hearth, Where glow affections which are never old. Then Spring, with all her bird-like melodies, And rose-leaves twined 'mid her dishevelled hair, Stirs the young foliage of the forest trees, And with soft radiance paints the stilly air. And there are lesser changes-Heaven is pure To-day-no scattered mists its smiles obscure To-morrow comes-and one continual cloud Throws o'er the green earth an unbroken shroud-To-day we taste the morning's dewy breath, To-morrow brings disease, and pain, and death-To-day we drink the blushing cup of health, And see its waters sparkling soft and clear; To-morrow comes the pestilence by stealth,

# ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY.

Robed in thick darkness, heralded by fear!

The best and noblest characters, "the splendors of the firmament of time," have generally been formed by the joint influence of adversity and prosperity; as the rainbow, the most beautiful phenomenon of nature, is owing to the joint influence of sun and cloud.

# OH! PITY THE STRANGER.

Written by a Young Lady on her return from Ireland.

Oh! pity the stranger, whoever he be, Who wanders from home o'er the dark rolling sea; For sad is his heart, while around you there's mirth In each smiling face which enlivens your hearth.

As you value the blessings which smile round you now, Oh! mock not the sadness which rests on his brow! For how can he join in your revel and song While his sorrowing thoughts to the absent belong?

Oh! speak no light word of reproach when he weeps, Nor rudely disturb his repose when he sleeps-For you know not how dear to that lone heart may be, The dream which restores him his home o'er the sea!

I was far-far from home-and my heart was so sad, That it scarcely remembered it ever was glad; For lost faces of friends, and their tones of delight Were lingering around me by day and by night.

I have trod the throng'd streets, and lonely have felt-In the echoing temple I lowly have knelt-And have heard in the organ's deep chanting the while Voices calling me far from that "Ocean-girt Isle."

But my footsteps now wander the wild woods among, Where the glad birds are pouring their early spring song, And the faces and tones which I mourned for before, Have welcomed me back to my own native shore!

But do I forget-ah! how can I e'er!-That the heart of the stranger is burthened with care? For a vow to afford such my utmost relief, Was made when my own heart was bursting with grief! Camden, South Carolina, 1839.

# OLIVER TWIST.

Charles Dickens, alias Boz-the author of the Pickwick papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, &c., &c., is one of the lions of modern English literature. We extract from a late number of the London Quarterly Review part of a racy and original critique upon Oliver Twist, which presents in strong language both the excellencies and defects of the author. The whole review is too long for insertion, besides containing much matter that is irrelevant.

"His works are a sign of the times; their periodical return excites more interest than that of Halley's comet. They, like good sermons, contribute to our moral health; for mirth, cakes, ale, and ginger hot in the mouth do us good; Mr. Froude's negation of negus to the contrary notwithstanding. The works of Boz come out in numbers, suited to this age of division of labor, cheap and not too long-double merits; there is just enough to make us rise from the feast, as all doctors of divinity and medicine do from dinner, with an appetite for more: in fact, Boz is the only work which the superficial acres of type called newspapers leave the human

print-shops-Boz furnishes subjects to playwrights and farce-writers; he is the play himself, now that brutes feed where Garrick trod; he brings home to us tragedy, comedy, and farce; the mountain comes to Mahomet, to us in our easy chairs, by our fires, and wives' sides, unpoisoned by the gas and galleries, unheadached by the music and bill of the play. Boz, like Byron, has his imitators: since the increasing demand for the Nickloby extinted Port and being protected by patent Nickleby article, Boz, not being protected by patent, like Mackintosh, has been pirated; cuckoos lay their eggs in his nest; countless are the factory-boys which Mrs. Trolloppe has turned loose; even history becomes Pickwickian; Gurwood, cut like Romeo into small shooting stars, despatches majors and minors, Scott and lot, all aiming at the life of England's Duke, which we hope (not with standing he has escaped a hundred victories) is still insured. These biographers run shilling handicaps—the more subscribers the better—nos numeri sumus. Whatever may be the merit of these imitations, for which we are not now looking, the strength of Boz consists in his originality, in his observation of character, his humor—on which he never dwells. He leaves a good thing alone like Curacon, and does not dilute it; wit, which is not taught in Gower street, drops out of his mouth as naturally as pearls and diamonds in the fairy tale; the vein is rich, racy, sparkling, and good-natured—never savage, sarcastic, malevolent, nor mis-anthropic; always well placed and directed against the odious, against purse-proud insolence, and the abuse of brief authority. Boz never ridicules the poor, the humble, the ill-used; he spares to real sorrow "the bitterest insult of a scornful jest;" his sympathies are on the right side, and carry his readers with him. Though dealing with the dregs of society, he is never indelicate, indecent, nor irreligious; he never approves nor countenances the gross, the immoral, or offensive; he but holds these vices up in a pillory, as a warning of the disgrace of criminal excess. Boz, like the bee, buzzes amid honey without clogging his wings; he handles pitch charmingly; the tips of the thumb and fore-finger of the cigaresque senoras of Paraguay are infinitely more discolored. He tells a tale of real crushing misery, in plain, and therefore most effective language; he never then indulges in false sentimentality, or mawkish, far-fetched verbiage. Fagin, Sikes, and the dog especially, are always in their proper and natural places, always speaking, barking, and acting exactly as they ought to have done, and, as far as we are able to judge, with every appearance of truth. Boz sketches localities, particularly in London, with marvellous effect; he concentrates with the power of a camera lucida. Born with an organic bump for distinct observation of men and things, he sees with the eye and writes with the pen of an artist—we mean with artistical skill, and not as artists write. He translates nature and life. The identical landscape or occurrence, when reduced on one sheet, will interest and astonish those who had before seen with eyes that saw not, and heard with ears that heard not, on whom previously the general inci-dent had produced no definite effect. Boz sets before us in a strong light the water-standing orphan's eye, the condemned prisoner, the iron entering into his soul. This individuality arrests-for our feelings for human suffering in the aggregate are vague, erratic, and undefined. He collects them into one burning focus; a practical oppression is perfectly understood by the mass, even by the irrational "masses," however they may be ignorant of the real causes and appropriate A general wrong, a poll-tax, will be borne remedies. without resistance, while a particular outrage shown to the daughter of Wat Tyler came home to the clenched fists of a million fathers; for private feelings pave the way to public outbreaks. Death, again, as an abstract idea, is a thing for declamation. Boz gives race time to peruse. His popularity is unbounded—not that that of itself is a test of either honesty or talent; O'Connell is the delight of Tipperary, and the Whigs were not unpopular in England. Boz fills the approach to the corpse, the more appalling is death.

The circumstantiality of the murder of Nancy is more harrowing than the bulletin of fifty thousand men killed at Borodino. Bloodshed in mid-day comes home to our peaceful threshold; it shocks the order of things; it occurs amid life. Wholesale carnage, battle's own daughter, is what we expect, and is gilded with glory and victory, not visited by shame and punishment.

and victory, not visited by shame and punishment.

Boz fails whenever he attempts to write for effect; his descriptions of rural felicity and country scenery, of which he clearly knows much less than of London, where he is quite at home and wide awake, are, except when comical, over-labored and out of Nature. His "gentle and genteel folks" are unendurable; they are devoid of the grace, repose, and ease of good society; a something between Cheltenham and New York. They and their extreme propriety of ill-bred good-breeding, are (at least we hope so) altogether the misconceptions of our author's uninitiated imagination, mystified by the inanities of the kid-glove novelists. Boz is, nevertheless, never vulgar when treating on subjects which are avowedly vulgar. He deals truly with human nature, which never can degrade; he takes up every thing, good, bad, or indifferent, which he works up into a rich alluvial deposite. He is natural, and that never can be ridiculous. He is never guilty of the two common extremes of second-rate authors—the one a pretension of intimate acquaintance with the inner life of Grosvenor Square—the other an affected ignorance of the doings, and a sneering at the bad dinners of Bloomsbury—he leaves that for people to whom such dinners would be an unusual feast. We are bound to admit that Boz's young ladies are awful—Kate Nickleby is the best of them—but they are all bad enough; but we must also admit that, both in fiction and reality, these bread-and-butter budding beauties are most difficult to deal with, except we are in love with them. They are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and as Falstaff says of Dame Quickly, no man knows where to have them.

Boz is regius professor of slang, that expression of the mother-wit, the low humor of the lower classes, their Sanscrit, their hitherto unknown tongue, which, in the present phasis of society and politics, seems likely to become the idiom of England. Where drabs, house-breakers, and tavern-spouting patriots play the first fiddle, they can only speak the language which expresses their ideas and habits. In order fully to enjoy their force, we must know the conventional value of these symbols of ideas, although we do not understand the lingo like Boz, who has it at its fingers' ends. We are amused with the comicality, in spite of our repugnance that the decent veil over human guilt and infirmities should be withdrawn; we grieve that the deformity of nakedness should not only be exhibited to the rising generation, but rendered agreeable by the undeniable drollery; a coarse transcript would not be tolerated. This is the great objection which we feel towards Oliver Twist. It deals with the outcasts of humanity, who do their dirty work in work, pot, and watch-houses, to finish on the Newgate drop. Alas! for the Horatian precept, "Virginibus puerisque canto." The happy ignorance of innocence is disregarded. Our youth should not even suspect the possibility of such hidden depths of guilt, for their tender memories are wax to receive and marble to retain. These infamies feed the inmate evil principle, which luxuriates in the supernatural and horrid, the dread and delight of our childhood, which is never shaken off, for no man entirely outlives the nursery. We object to the familiarizing our ingenious youth with "slang;" it is based in travestie of better things. Noble and generous ideas, when expressed in low and mean terms, become ludicrous from the contrast and incongruity; "du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas." But the base vehicle conveys too frequently opinions and sentiments which could thus alone gain admission. The jests and jeers of the "slangers" leave a sting behind them. They corrupt pure taste and perv

shame when treated as a fool-born joke, and those who are not ashamed to talk of a thing will not be long ashamed to put it into practice. These Dodgers and Sikes break into our Johnsons, rob the Queen's lawful current English; they, at least, are unfettered by grammar. They speak the energetic tone of this era of popular outbreaks—potus et ex lex. The classics, like other dogs, have had their day. Fagin, reasoning well, votes Plato a bore. Can Cicero sharpen the "Artful Dodger," or Euclid enlighten the speculative Mr. Sikes? "D— Homo!"—these "ancients," dead and buried, can't go the rail road pace of "them lifers." Boz is no reader of Aristotle—

"Laws his Pindaric parents minded not, For Box was tragl-comically got."

His muthos, or plot, is devoid of art. This, a fault in comedy, is pardonable in tragedy—where persons, not events, excite. We foresee the thunder-cloud over Edipus and the master of Ravenswood without decrease of interest, which is not diminished even on reperusal, by our perfect knowledge of the catastrophe; but Boz must remember that he is not in the high tragedy line, which deals more in expression of elevated persons and thoughts, in an elevated manner, than in the mere contrast of situations and events; and make a better story next time. He should also avoid, in future, all attempts at pure pathos—on which he never ventures without reminding us of Sterne and his inferiority to that master. Let him stick to his native vein of the serio-comic, and blend humor with pathos. He shines in this; his fun sets off his horrors as effectually as a Frenchman's gravity in a quadrille does his levity in an emeute, or a massacre."

We extract the following beautiful and pathetic lines from Mr. Willis's "Jottings Down in London." Mr. W. says, "I picked up a volume of poems at the club to-day, which I had never seen before, and here is one good thing from it."

#### LINES TO A SISTER DEAD.

# BY JOHN KENYON.

I think of thee, my sister, in my sad and lonely hours, And the thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath of morning flowers.

Like music that enchants the ear—like sights that bless the eye; Like the verdure of the meadow—the azure of the sky—Like rainbow in the evening—like blossom on the tree, Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte—is the tender thought of

I think on thee, dear sister; I think on thee at even,
When I see the first and fairest star steal peaceful out of heaven.
I hear thy sweet and touching voice, in each woft breeze that
blows.

Whether it wast red autumn-leaf, or fan the summer rose. Mid the waste of this lone heath, by this desert, moaning sea, I mourn for thee, my Charlotte, and shall ever mourn for thee.

# ETERNITY.

At all times we have two eternities before us: the one, that of time, in our imagination; and the other, that of space, in the blue heavens, which reach above and around us, we know not where. And nightly we have the third, that of number, completing the triad, in the countless stars; themselves the gems of eternity—an eternity alike of space and time.

# THE STUDENT

# IN AGRIPPA'S MUSEUM.\*

It was a spacious vaulted room,
And many a carving grim,
In torch-light now, and now in gloom,
Scowled fearfully on him.
In the midst a brazen table bore
A mighty volume old,
And sealed it was with five and four
Clasps of pure burnish'd gold.

Hard by a silver censer stood,
And as nearer the student came,
The smouldering fire of sandal-wood
Shot up into a flame.
And he thought as it met his eager sight,
He would open and therein look
On the hidden things, be what they might,
Of that old nine-clasp'd book.

The clasps he openeth one by one,
And little dreaming of ill,
The words uncouth to read begun,
That did the pages fill.
The incense flame, of late so clear,
Now into vapor passed,
While mingled tones of glee and fear,
Swept by upon the blast.

And as those accents rang around,
A knock comes at the door;
Yet he, it seem'd, heard not the sound,
For he read as before.
On, on, he went, when, lo! there came
A second and louder blow!—
Is it the breeze that fans the flame,
And makes it flicker so?

But, with a third and furious stroke,
The iron door now rang,—
Like one from fearful dream awoke,
To his feet the student sprang.

\* "But the most extraordinary story of Agrippa is told by Delrio, and is as follows:-Agrippa had occasion one time to be absent for a few days from his residence at Louvaine. During his absence he entrusted his wife with the key of his museum, but with an earnest injunction that no one on any account should be allowed to enter. Agrippa happened at that time to have a boarder in his house, a young fellow of insatiable curiosity, who would never give over importuning his hostess, till at length he obtained from her the forbidden key. The first thing in the museum that attracted his attention was a book of spells and incantations. He spread this book upon a table, and, thinking no harm, began to read aloud. He had not long continued this occupation, when a knock was heard at the door of the chamber. The youth took no notice, but continued reading. Presently followed a second knock, which somewhat startled him. The space of a moment having elapsed, and no answer made, the door was opened, and a demon entered! "For what purpose am I called?" said the stranger sternly; "what is it you demand to have done?" The youth was seized with the greatest alarm and struck speechless. The demon advanced towards him, took him by the throat and strangled him, indignant that his presence should be thus invoked from pure thoughtlessness and presumption."-[Vide Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers : article " Cornelius Agrippa."

Then with a crash the door gave way,
And forth before him there,
One shrouded all in mantle gray
Stepped from the turret stair.

With angry mien and aspect fell,

('Twas a fearful sight to see,)

"I am here," he cried, "thy bidding tell—
What seekest thou with me?"

No word, no sign, the student gave—
He saw that form of ill—
And as though he had been in a dead man's grave
His very heart stood still!

"So ho! for nothing then, I learn,
Hither have I been brought—
But thou shalt find, ere I return,
I come not up for nought!"
He seized him with a deadly hold—
Ah! well I ween that none
Escape, however strong or bold,
Who meet that Evil One!

F. H. F

# THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

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The image of her whom he loves, in the mind of one that loves truly, is as the evening star in the pure depths of space. And like that star, though far away, her image is as bright and vivid as though she were near.

There are some feelings and changes of the human heart, at whose action we cannot help being grieved; and indeed whose existence, even in ourselves, we will scarcely acknowledge; and which yet tend greatly to our happiness. Such, for instance, is the gradual diminution and final cessation of grief for friends who have died, or who by circumstances have been removed

vion of them in our memory.

III.

from us forever, and the sometimes almost total obli-

Most of the eminent astronomers have lived to a very old age. This I suppose has been owing to the abstraction, produced by the peculiar nature of their science, from the petty cares of the world. We might almost imagine, that with the beams of the stars, which they so often gazed upon, they had imbibed a portion of their wondrous duration.

IV.

The reviewer of Crabbe's life and writings, in the Edinburgh Review, whilst speaking of his being a great reader, observes "But the reading which was constantly going on, was mostly reading for amusement. Nineteen twentieths of their principal supply of modern literature are said to have been novels." Perhaps it was a romantic tendency produced by such reading, that led him, when an old man, to imagine himself in love; for it is said that he then fell in love with several ladies, one after the other in quick succession; and these passions could hardly have been otherwise than imaginary.

The expressed idea coincides but faintly with the original, as it existed in the mind. The one is to the other, as the purple and amber clouds which float

mass, which they become, when night, like the car of a conqueror, has rolled over the earth. This is, owing in some measure to the imperfection of language. Some men too have a greater command over words than others, and a greater knowledge of their exact meaning and differences, and hence what are most suitable to convey an idea in the strongest possible manner. But the great cause, in all cases, which renders the expressed idea inferior in strength to the original, is, that every idea enters the mind with many beautifying, or strengthening associations, and when it is expressed, most of these must necessarily be lopped off: or in fact, they are frequently so intangible, that they cannot be expressed at all, in words. Every one who has transcribed his ideas, must feel this weakening process in a greater or less degree. But if such be the case with the multitude of writers, how great must be the difference with a Shakspeare or a Shelley. How little must the world know of their glorious imaginings.

VI.

Industry may be carried so far as to become an evil: for all amusements being forsaken, making money becomes the only one; and being thus made the sole occupation and thought of life, it becomes an idol, upon whose altar all the noble feelings of the heart, one after the other, are sacrificed.

Presentiment of evil is oftentimes nothing more than a modification of fear. When, for instance, we are entering upon any undertaking, whether of amusement or business, however great may be the pleasure that we expect from it, still we have always some fears lest we should meet with something unpleasant. knowledge gained by experience, that we are almost always disappointed in our expectations, is in itself sufficient to damp our hopes, and mingle them with fears. And this feeling is the stronger, accordingly, as our mind is more or less tinged with sadness at the time, or as there are just grounds for some fear. If, on such occasions, we meet with no accident whatever, we think no more of our preceding feelings, or as only under their real character-but if we do meet with one, we change the name of fear into that of presentiment. In most cases, we deceive ourselves in this manner. We imagine that we had a presentiment of a thing happening; whereas there existed some cause for this expectation, of which cause we were unconscious, and therefore thought that there was none at all. cause may have existed only to produce the expectation, and then to vanish from our memory; or, as is most commonly the case, it may still continue to exist along with it-we being unconscious of such existence. Thus a state of joy or sadness, existing just before we had fixed our thoughts upon something of whose event we were doubtful, whether it will be good or evilaccordingly as this previous or perhaps accompanying state was joy or sadness, so will our expectation, or in other words, our presentiment, be of good or evil. We may say then, generally, that presentiment is nothing more than expectation produced by some cause, of the existence of which cause in our mind, we are unconscious. This cause, of which we are unconscious, is often nothing more than the association of ideas. Thus, for instance, if we have formerly enjoyed our- Williamsburg, Va.

through the twilight heavens, to the dark and colorless | selves in any place, when going there again, we are almost sure to expect pleasure, even though perhaps that which formerly caused this pleasure, is not supposed by us to be now there; if our expectations are realized, we say that we had a presentiment of it, whereas it was only the action of the principle of association-i. e. from having once enjoyed ourselves there, we ever after associated with it the idea of pleasure.

When we are in doubt which of two courses of conduct to pursue, the great motives being balanced, it is frequently the small ones which turn the scale. And we often act unconsciously rather from the impulse of these less motives, than from that of the greater. When, too, events occur, favorable to our happiness in several respects, frequently we rejoice rather from the expectation of the more trifling benefit, than from that of the more important-particularly, as is often the case, if the former be the more immediate. And the same thing takes place with regard to our grief at the loss of any thing that was beneficial to us in several respects.

If you wish a friend to admire a favorite volume, never praise it too highly; for he, expecting too much, will be disappointed; -or, at any rate, the desire and expectancy of being pleased, alone, by their mixture with the pleasure taken in reading it, will diminish its intensity by the complexity produced. We often desire a person to like a book, as much as if this were a great acquisition to ourselves. However it is sometimes: for a mutually admired book has a great tendency to cement friendship.

They who have religion, must necessarily be more happy at all times than those who have it not. For in the midst of pain and affliction, their faith will lift their minds unto the joys of Heaven-joys in which they feel that they must soon participate—and in this contemplation their immediate earthly troubles are forgotten: as the eagle, surmounting the clouds that hang loweringly over the earth, floats far above in the sunny and unclouded heavens.

Judging from past history, fanaticism appears to form an essential trait in the New England character. It was this spirit, which, in the reign of Charles I, plundered and despoiled the churches, and which, finally, beheaded him. After the Puritans had emigrated to America, it was owing to this same spirit, that they were persecuted who differed from them in religious matters, and that the old women were burnt as witches. It must have some channel of discharge, and this it has at the present time found in abolitionism.

Obscurity in writers is, I have no doubt, often owing to the want of some associated idea. An author, in thinking of a subject many times, upon which he is about to write, views two ideas so often together, that he at last involuntarily regards them as inseparably connected. And in expressing a thought of which both of these ideas form a part, he puts down only one of them, unconsciously taking it for granted, that his readers also associate them invariably together.

# THE SILENT TEAR.

Ah! lady, say, when I am nigh, Why always sad—why always sigh? 'Tis ever thus when I am near— I'm doom'd to mark the silent tear.

There was a time, when thou wouldst smile, My weary moments to beguile— And chide me, if I was not near, With many a sad and silent tear.

Thou weepest now, if I but twine
Thy small, white, trembling hand in mine;
And tho' I smile and still am near,
I only mark the silent tear.

There was a time, when thou wouldst prove, By every languishment, thy love, And grasp my hand, when I was near, To wipe away thy silent tear.

Ah! well I know the secret grief— But, oh! I cannot yield relief; Mine is the same—the grief of years— Witness, alas! my silent tears.

MILFORD BARD.

# THE "KNICKERBOCKER," AND THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

We desire to notice more frequently than we do, some of the magazines of our country, distinguished for literary excellence. In future we are resolved to do it, even to the exclusion of other matter. If our instrumentality can recommend them to southern patronage, we shall lend it with pleasure. We are all laboring in the same cause, and if we can help each other, it is our duty to do so. In Virginia, to say nothing of other southern states, there are many country gentlemen of wealth and education, who, by subscribing for a dozen, or even half a dozen periodicals, might diffuse in their neighborhoods a taste for the delightful recreations of literature, and that taste, if excited, would supplant the relish for gross pleasures. How few of our families are reading ones, in the strict sense of the term ! the newspaper, the Farmers' Register, the Sporting Magazine, and the year's almanac, a few trashy novels, constitute, it is feared, the major part of the libraries of our otherwise social, agreeable and hospitable country houses. If our squires won't read themselves, why don't they provide solid and substantial nutriment for their wives, sons and daughters? We insist upon it, that they cannot spend their surplus cash better. Here, for example, is the Knickerbocker of New York; we have before as the August number, and a very pleasant, instructive, and delightful one it is. The letter on the "London theatres," from the author of an "American in Paris," is absolutely worth, to a man of true taste, a whole year's Knickerbocker subscription. Not Washington Irving himself, nor " Boz," nor Willis, nor any of the host of periodical writers, ever delighted us more. We wish our readers could share the pleasure we experienced in reading that one article. The Knickerbocker, by the way, is not only freighted in its monthly voyages by the rich, adventures of "Geoffrey Crayon"—but another great name will be shortly added to the list of its contributors. Charles Dickens, the inimhable "Boz;" the author of Pick Wick, Oliver Twiet, &c. &c., is about to adorn its pages with his truly original and fertile mind. His thoughts will appear on this side of the Atlantic, in their fresh and virgin state. We are all tiptoe to see how he will first address an American audience.

Here too, on our table, is "Burton's Gentleman's Magaz'ne," for September, and a very gentlemanly magazine it is. If our

readers have never seen Burton on the stage, they have been deprived of a rare pleasure, and his recent great success on the New York boards, has given him a new claim to the rank of the very first of American comedians. How truly praise worthy is it in Burton, in the midst of histrionic fame and popularity, not to forget that he is also a useful and effective member of the republic of letters. He is not only a fine actor, but an admirable writer; as a critic, he cuts with one of the keenest edged knives we have ever seen, and woe be unto the luckless wight who is obliged to submit to his operations. They are absolutely withering, as one or two specimens in the September number will abundantly testify. We are pleased to find that our old assistant, Edgar A. Poe, is connected with Burton in the editorial management of the "Gentleman's Magazine." Mr. Poe, is favorably known to the readers of the Messenger, as a gentleman of fine endowments; possessing a taste classical and refined; an imagination affluent and splendid, and withail, a singular capacity for minute and mathematical detail. We always predicted that Mr. Poe would reach a high grade in American literature, but we also thought and still think, that he is too much attached to the gloomy German mysticism, to be a useful and effective writer, without a total divorce from that sombre school. Take for example, the tale of "the Fall of the House of Usher," in the September number of the Magazine, which is understood to be the production of his pen. It is written with great power, but leaves on the mind a painful and horrible impression, without any redeeming admonition to the heart. It resembles a finely sculptured statue, beautiful to the eye, but without an immortal spirit. We wish Mr. Poe would stick to the department of criticism; there, he is an able professor, and he uses up the vermin who are continually crawling, unbidden, into the literary arena, with the skill and nonchalance of a practised surgeon. He cuts them up by piece-meal, and rids the republic of letters, of such nuisances, just as a good officer of police sentences to their proper destination, the night-strollers and vagabonds who infest our cities. We sincerely wish Mr. Poe well, and hope that he will take our advice in good part. The September number of the Magazine, is embellished by a fine portrait of Richard Penn Smith, a respectable American dramatist and poet. Besides various other interesting pieces, it contains an excellent article on Gymnastics, understood also, to be from the pen of Mr. Poe.

# THE SUNBEAM.

I flit o'er the ocean—'tis shrouded in light;
I smile on the landscape—'tis verdant and bright:
I touch the blue heavens with saffron and gold,
And the bright hues of Iris resplendent unfold.

The blush of the rose is awoke by my gaze; I whisper,—young zephyr obedient plays:
All beings of beauty, o'er streamlet and dell,
Are called into life by the power of my spell.

The sparkling of fountains—the glow of the rill— The shadows that rest on the breast of the hill— The gay wreaths of light, that the wild billows ride, All owe to my magic their glory and pride.

I peer through the casement, and scatter the gloom That broods o'er the captive, and lighten his doom: O dearest of triumphs that flows from my art, To banish one pang from the sufferer's heart.

And thus, 'mid the tempests and storms that arise, A rainbow of hope will I spread in the skies— And on hearts, or o'er landscape, wherever I stray, A joy and a glory shall follow my way.

Camden, S. C.

S. P.